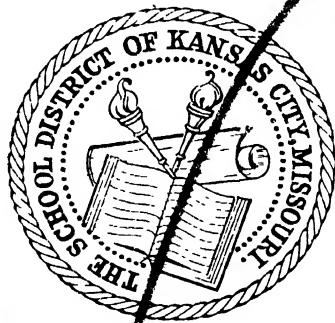


FOLK-SONGS  
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Folk-Songs from the Southern Highlands



*Folk-Songs  
from the Southern Highlands*

Collected and Edited  
by  
MELLINGER EDWARD HENRY



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J. J. AUGUSTIN PUBLISHER  
NEW YORK CITY

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*TO*

*MY WIFE*

*WITHOUT WHOM THIS BOOK WOULD NOT  
HAVE BEEN POSSIBLE*



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## PREFACE

It behooves me, first of all, to thank those about me for their kindly forbearance while this book was being prepared. The task has been a long, arduous, and exacting one. The swimming was not always with the current. Choppy seas there were a plenty. However, helping hands have always been ready. I am indebted to so many that I feel helpless to express my sincere appreciation. I have not experienced a single bit of unwillingness to assist in any way whenever help has been sought. To all I am profoundly grateful.

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Thanks are due to the editors of the *Journal of American Folk-Lore* for permission to reprint a number of these songs. Likewise I am indebted to the courtesy of the editor of the *Bulletin of the Folk-Song Society of the Northeast* for permission to reprint two of the songs. I acknowledge also the willingness of the editor of the *Publications of the Modern Language Association of America* to permit the reprinting of "King Henry Fifth's Conquest of France" with the introductory note. Finally, I wish to thank the editor of the *New Jersey Journal of Education* for permission to reprint some of the songs.

Ridgefield, New Jersey,  
May, 1933.

Mellinger Edward Henry



## INTRODUCTION.<sup>1</sup>

The discovery in recent years that the traditional ballads of England and Scotland are still perpetuated in oral transmission to a somewhat surprising extent in the Southern Appalachians of America has not only turned the attention of scholars in that direction, but has added a new element of romance to that deeply interesting region. The charm and lure of these highlands are gripping. Let the traveler once tread their paths and he will be drawn to them again and again irresistibly because of the peculiar attractiveness and friendliness of these southern peaks and ranges with the soft blue atmosphere. "A pastoral charm seems to rest upon the scenery,"<sup>2</sup> said an English traveler many years ago. Owing to climatic conditions and to the fact that these regions were not affected during the glacial period, the mountains are often cultivated, or are used for orchards or for grazing purposes, to much higher altitudes than are those in the northern ranges of America. "Nearly all of them," says Horace Kephart, "are clad to their tops in dense forest and thick undergrowth. Here and there is a grassy 'bald': a natural meadow curiously perched on the very top of a mountain. There are no bare, rocky summits rising above timberline, few jutting crags, no ribs and vertebrae of the earth exposed. Seldom does one see even a naked ledge of rock. The very cliffs are sheathed with trees and shrubs, so that one

<sup>1</sup> The Introduction is in part rewritten from various articles by the editor appearing in *The New York Evening Post* ("Outings" page), some of which are: (1) "The Blue Ridge of North Carolina", March 23, 1923; (2) "North Carolina Trails", August 13, 1923; (3) "South as a Summer Resort", August 17, 1923; (4) "Trampers' Trails through North Carolina Highlands", August 31, 1923 (Copied in *Asheville Citizen*, October 8, 1923, and followed October 9 by an editorial entitled, "Our Mountain Trails"); (5) "North Carolina Trails", October 31, 1923, (6) "North Carolina Field for Exploring Hikes", December 28, 1923; (7) "Hunting Mountain Ballads", August 22, 1930; (8) "Adventures in the Great Smokies", August 29, 1930; etc.

The editor's articles and head-notes to ballads in the *New Jersey Journal of Education* have also been drawn upon as material for the *Introduction*. These may be found in the following issues: February, 1926, p. 5; March, 1926, p. 6, September, 1926, p. 20, February, 1927, p. 7; June, 1927, p. 9, December, 1927, p. 11, March, 1928, p. 13; February, 1929, p. 10; March, 1929, p. 12; April, 1929, p. 10; May, 1929, p. 9, September, 1929, p. 9; November-December, 1929, p. 10; January, 1930, p. 10; March, 1930, p. 8; October, 1930, p. 4; November-December, 1930, p. 6; January-February, 1931, p. 15.

<sup>2</sup> Charles Lanman. *Adventures in the Wilds of North America*, London, 1854, p. 177.

## *Introduction*

treading their edges has no fear of falling into an abyss.”<sup>3</sup> These mountains are therefore more thickly populated than those in the north. The scenery is magnificent. The atmospheric condition lends a peculiar charm to the panoramic views, for these highlands cover a great area and do not lie in perceptible ranges. They appear as one vast whole, though they are distinguished as ranges by name, such as Blue Ridge, Great Smoky, Black, Pisgah, Balsam, Nantahala, Cowee, Tusquitee, Beech, Roan, etc. Here is the superb sight of mountain overtopping mountain and reaching over vast areas of North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Virginia, and Georgia and here in this still somewhat isolated region the people speak, to some extent at least, a language of the past — a language in many respects like that of Shakespeare’s time — and sing the old ballads and folk-songs.

“The Blue Ridge! What mountains ever offered themselves to the sun so enchantingly as the long curve of the Appalachian chain where it passes through Virginia and North Carolina down to Alabama, running all the way full southwest! This battlement of heaven was not named by accident. It was named Blue because there was no other name for it. It is blue; tremendously, thrillingly blue; tenderly, evasively blue. And the sky that contains it is also entrancingly blue; even the storms do not make it sullen, and when they pass, the sun breaks out more radiantly than ever. Beyond the Blue Ridge in North Carolina, other and higher mountains rise like spirit forms into the deep sky, rank upon rank, height upon height, guarded as it were and protected by the encircling wall of the Blue Ridge.”<sup>4</sup>

Strictly speaking the southern highlands are located in western North Carolina and eastern Tennessee. The average tourist from the North takes a run into Virginia and thinks he is seeing the high mountains of the South. However, a visitor can soon reach the southern plateau either from Bristol, Tennessee, or from the east *via* Winston-Salem, North Carolina.

The two ranges seen in Virginia, the Blue Ridge and Alleghanies, continue into North Carolina and Tennessee, but there they reach great heights. There are two hundred and eighty-eight peaks in the southern highlands above 5,000 feet; there are forty-six peaks above 6,000 feet; and twenty-one peaks are higher than Mt. Washington in New Hampshire. Mt. Mitchell in North Carolina is 6,711 feet, and Clingman Dome, Le Conte, and Mt.

<sup>3</sup> Horace Kephart. *Our Southern Highlanders*, New York, 1913, p. 51.

<sup>4</sup> Margaret W. Morley: *The Carolina Mountains*, Boston, Houghton Mifflin Co., 1913, p. 6.

## *Introduction*

Guyot in the Great Smokies lack only a few feet of that height.<sup>5</sup> There is a boundary ridge between Tennessee and North Carolina about sixty-five miles long with an average altitude of 5,000 feet. These mountains are the oldest in the world. On them were born all the hard wood trees in America — probably in the world. There are one hundred and twenty different kinds of trees in the Great Smokies. Starting amid sycamores, elms, gums, willows, persimmons, chinquapins, one comes into a region of beech, birch, basswood, magnolia, cucumber, butternut, holly, sourwood, box elder, ash, maple, buckeye, poplar, hemlock and a great number of other growths along the creeks and branches. On the lower slopes are many species of oak with hickory, hemlock, pitch pine, locust, dogwood, and chestnut. Oaks reach a diameter of five or six feet. Chestnut trees grow from six to nine feet across. Tulip trees are ten to eleven feet in diameter and are often two hundred feet high. It is sometimes seventy or eighty feet to the nearest limb. Beech, birch, buckeye and chestnut persist to 5,000 feet. There are more plants in the Smokies than anywhere outside of the tropics. As has been said before, these mountains escaped the glacial periods; they are, therefore, rounded and wooded to the tops. Wild streams, waterfalls, cascades, and deep gorges abound. More varied scenery is found here than in the Rockies. Moreover, these highlands cover an area equivalent to that covered by the Alps, or, a territory as large as that of England and Scotland.

As weather conditions in that region are commonly misunderstood, it will not be out of place to point out that one sleeps there under blankets the year round. Let it be remembered also that there is an average altitude of 2,700 feet in these mountains. The nights are always cool though the sun may be hot at times during the day. During some summer seasons it rains about two days out of three, though usually only a short shower. No more equable climate is to be found short of California.<sup>6</sup>

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<sup>5</sup> The statistics are from Horace Kephart's *Our Southern Highlanders*.

<sup>6</sup> *The New York Evening Post*, August 17, 1923, has the following. "McLingger L. Henry . . . writes us from Montreal, N. C., to tell us how cool it has been there this season. 'Why do you go south in the summer time?' is a question so often asked by New York friends that I feel quite certain that it will be a long time before the charm of the Southern Highlands will send anything like a universal call northward,' he writes. 'Popular prejudices are deep rooted. One of the most amusing instances has been a letter from a New York friend asking me to observe the thermometer daily and let him know the registration. This friend has heard me praise the delightful summer climate of the North Carolina mountains. All my eloquence fell on barren soil. "Do you want to roast?" exclaimed one friend. Another cried, "Lord, you must like hot weather."

## *Introduction*

The reader, or the stranger, visiting the southern highlands for the first time, should visualize as far as possible the Blue Ridge and the Great Smoky Mountains as two separate and somewhat parallel ridges running nearly north and south, the former, of course, lying farther east than the latter. These two ranges of the Appalachian Mountain system, the Blue Ridge and the Alleghanies, running across Pennsylvania and through Virginia, coalesce in southwestern Virginia and then again spread and become distinct in North Carolina and Tennessee, where their peaks become the highest points east of the Mississippi. A great mass of cross ranges lie between and connect the Blue Ridge and the Alleghanies, chief of which are, as in part mentioned before, the Stone, Beech, Roan, Yellow, Black, Newfound, Pisgah, Balsam, Cowee, Nantahala, and Tusquitee. As a whole they are much higher than the Blue Ridge. The natives refer to the great western range running north and south as the Alleghanies, but the geographies name it the Unakas. This system is cut into segments by rivers, namely, the Nolichucky, the French Broad, the Pigeon, the Little Tennessee and the Hiawassee. The segments thus formed are known as the Iron, the Northern Unakas, the Bald, the

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'I have spent many summers here in the mountains of North Carolina. I have experienced more heat here in the last few weeks than ever before. Following my New York friend's advice, I have watched the thermometer through July and have not seen it go over seventy-nine degrees. . . . . We have been sleeping under foul covers and many an evening we have been glad to warm ourselves at the open fire'''

In a later issue of the *New York Post*, that of October 31, 1923, is the following comment: "I am much gratified that we are sowing good seed on fertile soil" writes Mellinger E. Henry . . . who has sent articles on hikes in North Carolina. *'The Asheville Citizen'* of October 8, just received from friends in Black Mountain, quotes *'Trampers' Trails through North Carolina Highlands'* giving the *Evening Post* prominent credit. *'The Asheville Citizen'* of October 9 follows this with an editorial. I believe we may get some blazes and lodges there yet."

Referring to the article in the *Post*, the *Citizen* says: "Mr. Henry tells more about the trails, the mountain scenery available to the hiker, and about the lack of lodges and inns than most of the natives have learned, excepting, of course, the men who carry on the work of the United States Forest Service. There is little hiking through these mountains, or comparatively so, judging from the popularity of this pastime in other sections of the country. For years the Forest Service has been marking out trails and urging the people to give aid in opening lodges for the entertainment of travellers overnight. But even yet an inexperienced hiker would soon get lost in the woods, and if he doesn't, he wants a comfortable place when darkness falls. When Western North Carolina, Inc., begins its work, there will be common efforts put forth in twenty-five counties, at least, to mark trails, establish inns and advertise to the whole country the attractions of the trails through the mountains of this region. And then many will come in response to this invitation just as Mr. Henry comes and finds more than enough to repay him for the extra efforts now required in locating trails and points of interest."

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Great Smoky and the Southern Unakas, the order being from north to south as named. The Cumberlands of Tennessee are not attached either to this range or to the Blue Ridge but are a continuation of the low mountains of Kentucky. Until recently little was known of these high mountains of the South. Horace Kephart, the author of *Our Southern Highlanders* and probably the best informed man of the southern mountains, tells us that when he first went to the Great Smokies he could not find so much as a magazine article that had been written about them. Kephart published his book in 1913. Four years later I made my first visit to these highlands.

A more intimate picture of life in this interesting region can best be given by drawing from personal narratives of experiences as written down at the time. The following is a detailed account of a day's wanderings down the Broad River in the Blue Ridge Mountains during the summer of 1922. Farther on its way the stream is known as the Rocky Broad. It should be distinguished from the French Broad.

There is almost invariably a foot-log at each crossing, though you have to search to find it. The trick is to follow the obscure path beginning at the point where the road crosses the stream and continue along the river till you find the log. Twice I found it had been washed away, and I had to take off my shoes and wade the stream.

This section is inhabited by people who are not very well to do. The houses, if they may be called such, are of the simplest structure, being usually built of logs, and containing often only a kitchen and a sleeping room. At a place where I stopped for a drink of water there were two immaculately clean double beds in the kitchen whose bare oak floor showed no speck of dust. These people may be poor, but they are not slovenly or careless in their homes. Nor are they lacking in politeness or hospitality. At this particular place I was entertained with the sprightliest of conversation by the woman of the house and two young ladies dressed in their Sunday best. Some miles farther on the way I called for lunch. Such as they had was supplied — salt pork, hard and unpalatable cornbread, a glass of milk, and (after some search in the hen-coop) an egg, which I regarded as ample lunch, indeed.

It would be misleading to describe the land about these houses as farms. They are often mere patches of steep mountain slopes. How they can be worked at all is a wonder. A still greater wonder is how a living can be eking out. There are growing usually a little corn and a few potatoes, but not

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often more than these. Generally a hog or two and a cow complete the make-up of the farm. Horses are rare for they are of little use on these mountain sides. Oxen, if they can be afforded, are better. One man with a two room house assured me that he had brought up nineteen children on the place.

I began to ask for a place to remain for the night and was told of a village which I was able to reach just at dark. It bore the name of D. . . . , though there were but two or three houses. I at once recognized the place, recommended to me as a better-class "farm." The little woman I met, weary under two pails of milk, referred me to "him" when I sought supper and bed. As the man of the house was for the moment not to be found, the little woman kept repeating "whatever he says when he comes." At last "he" came and we had supper of salt pork, hard corn bread, and fried potatoes — the latter, I believe, being special. Before retiring, in spite of the darkness and the fear of rattlers, I made my way through the tall grass and bushes to the Broad River where I refreshed myself after the day's long tramp by a plunge into the cooling waters. The floor of my bed-room, as were those of the other rooms throughout the house, was bare, but the bed was clean and comfortable. I slept soundly and arose to a breakfast of salt pork, corn bread, and fried eggs.

I have tramped these Southern Appalachians during summer seasons for many years.<sup>7</sup> I have been obliged at times to leave high altitudes for valley ways. This has given the opportunity for intimate acquaintance with the manners and customs of different communities. I have learned many things of trees and plants. I have seen much of bird life and the ways of wild animals. I have fished in mountain streams and have eaten of the fish. I have bathed and been refreshed in the wild mountain pools and lakes. Thus I have made the hike of the great Appalachian Trail not a job but rather — a joy.

The great Appalachian Trail project with a walking path over the crest of the entire length of the Appalachian system from Mt. Katahdin in Maine to

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<sup>7</sup> "The lure of the mountains held me as a boy. I was at an early age scrambling over ranges of the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia and West Virginia. In 1899, immediately after graduating from college, I did many of the mountains of the Odenwald and the Schwarzwald in Germany, making the ascent of the Feldberg, the next highest mountain of that country. I walked from Lucerne, Switzerland, over the Alps *via* the St. Gothard Pass to Milan, Italy, except for a few miles between Bellinzona and Como. In America I have climbed Graybeard, Grandfather Mountain, and Mount Mitchell in North Carolina, the latter being the highest peak east of the Mississippi, Katahdin in Maine, all the higher peaks of the Green Mountains of Vermont and Whiteface and Marcy in the Adirondacks" ("The Swastika", January 10, 1923).

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Georgia has taken hold of the imagination of many out-of-door lovers. To Mr. Benton MacKaye, of Shirley Center, Massachusetts, belongs the distinction of originating the idea. That the idea is not a dream, but a reality was brought home to me in a striking manner. Motoring north from Atlanta, Georgia, to the summit of Neel Gap, a large placard met the eyes:

APPALACHIAN TRAIL.  
STATE OF MAINE TO STONE  
MOUNTAIN, GEORGIA.  
2,000 MILE HIKE.\*

And there was the AT marker.

Later, on making the ascent of Clingman Dome in the Great Smokies, I found that Ranger R. R. Ozmer had blazed the trail with the AT marker. Recently this veteran woodsman had blazed a way over Mt. Guyot, doubtless the wildest and most rugged section of mountains to be found anywhere in the eastern half of the United States. Ozmer has this to say: "While this trail has now been blazed along the top of the mountain through the new National Park area, that fact does not mean that just anybody could go up in those mountains and expect to follow it. Even a good woodsman, well-equipped, would find it a very rugged experience." *The New York Times* of September 8, 1929, notes that "The Appalachian Trail is being sponsored by public and private agencies and outdoor clubs to meet the increasing demand for definite footpaths and camping routes well removed from motor highways. It extends from Mount Katahdin, Me., to Cohutta Mountain in the northern part of Georgia, and traverses some of the best-known scenic areas in the East. It includes southern branches to Stone Mountain, near Atlanta, and to Lookout Mountain, near Chattanooga, Tenn. It runs partly through private land and partly in public parks and forests. In New York State it runs through Putnam and Dutchess Counties to Bear Mountain Bridge, through The Harriman State Park, around the west side of Greenwood Lake, along the New York-New Jersey border to High Point State Park and then on to the Delaware Water Gap."

Ballads and folk-songs accumulated during a fifty-mile hike across the Blue Ridge Mountains of Georgia. No where do the Blue Ridge Mountains show to better advantage than in the northern end of this state. The valleys

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\* Note: Since the above was written, it has been decided to make Mt. Oglethorpe, Ga., the southern terminus of the Appalachian Trail.

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are pictures of fertile fields and fruitful orchards. The peaks stand out here in the blue haze most sharply. I recall vividly a hike of one summer's vacation from Highlands, North Carolina, through Rabun Gap. There through a week-end we were the well-cared-for guests of the Rabun Gap-Nacoochee School. Now we had the joy of the fifty-mile hike from Rabun Gap to Neel Gap. Here the Blue Ridge appears in somewhat broken ranges as if a backbone was dislocated and the joints of the skeleton had become somewhat disarranged. The high altitude is maintained (nearly 5,000 feet in some instances) but the ever thrilling sights of the journey are the loftier ranges of the Nantahala Mountains to the northward in North Carolina. Sharply outlined and striking is the changing view of these peaks. They appear all the more majestic in the distance because ten miles of the journey over the Blue Ridge are made without a sight of human habitation. First is the gradual rise to Burton Lake, passing Glassy Mountain and Charlie Mountain on the south. Then there is a steep ascent until one thinks he has surmounted the Blue Ridge, but the hiker is sure to be thus deceived many times before he emerges on the final ridge with a clear view of the Nantahalas on the north and the sea of mountains southward towards Cornelia. Back eastward lie Rabun Bald, Flat Top, and Double Knobs. But again the eye wanders to the distant Nantahala range to the northward with its strikingly outlined peaks till at last the decent is begun at Dick's Creek Gap and the hiker passes from Rabun County into Towns County. Thence one crosses the Hiawassee River below Hightower. It is said that the Chattahoochee River near its source flows at one point within one hundred yards of the Hiawassee, but the latter goes northward, breaks its way through the mountains and flows into the Tennessee, while the Chattahoochee wends its way quietly southward to the Gulf of Mexico.

Lunch was enjoyed by a stream pouring down the side of the mountain. But the greatest thrill was the violent but short-lived mountain storm. These storms are quite terrifying to the stranger, though in summer they are almost of daily occurrence in this region. A most vivid account of the danger of these storms is related by Miss Margaret Morley in her "Carolina Mountains" (See p. 254). She relates the manner in which she was overtaken by one of these mountain storms on Whiteside Mountain near Highlands, North Carolina. Here it is said more rain falls than anywhere in America outside of Puget Sound. The sight that greets one on the downward western slope towards Hiawassee is enchanting. Here lie prosperous farms. The way then

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lies through Brasstown Gap to Neel Gap and down the great Appalachian Trail to Mt. Oglethorpe.

Whereas the calm and peace of the friendly spirit are always with one in the Blue Ridge Mountains, the Great Smokies have in their wildness and ruggedness that which forbids intimacy.

"The basic foundation of the Smoky Mountains is a terrible, giant monolith of varied conglomerate sixty-five miles long, of rather forbidding countenance when viewed in the more serious and lonely aspects of Nature, such as storm, frozen fog, or thundercloud. It is then that the beholder is rather estranged from intimacy with the sixty-five miles of solid rock buttressed and braced with its cross-and-counter ridges countless in number, clothed in the abundant garments of soil and tree and shrub, when its serene moments of vast benignity and grandeur are for the moment withdrawn or veiled in a more forbidding presentment."<sup>8</sup>

The chief interest to most tourists at the present time is the Great Smoky Mountains National Park. Although the Great Smokies are America's oldest mountains it is only recently that the general public has begun to know their charm and beauty.<sup>9</sup> Within the confines of the park, a veritable paradise of

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<sup>8</sup> Robert L. Mason: *The Lure of the Great Smokies*, Boston, Houghton Mifflin Co., 1927, p. 11.

<sup>9</sup> Since writing the above, the new highway over the Great Smokies has been completed. One can now quickly pass from Whittier, North Carolina, through the Cherokee Indian Reservation to Knoxville, Tennessee. There has never been any other road over the Great Smokies except the one built by Colonel W. H. Thomas in 1861 by help of the remnant of the Cherokee Indians. It fell into disuse, became impossible for travel even on horse back, and at last was almost obliterated and imperceptible. The new highway on the Tennessee side utilizes the course of the old road for some distance but swings into Newfound Gap in its passage over the great divide. Robert Lindsay Mason in *The Lure of the Great Smokies*, p. 6, gives the following interesting information in regard to Colonel Thomas and the road he built through Indian Gap:

"Colonel W. H. Thomas — Will Usdi (Little Will), as the Cherokees lovingly called him — was adopted when an orphan by one of their counsellor chiefs, Youna-guska (Drowning Bear), and was made chief upon the death of the latter at the Indian's suggestion. Thomas was placed in charge of Cherokee affairs at the Yellow Hill Reservation, North Carolina, by the United States Government in 1841. This little remnant of the Cherokee Nation, after the removal to the Indian Territory in 1838 numbered only 1220 souls. The removal was conducted in such a vicious and disgraceful manner that it was no wonder that the white chief turned against his government and adopted the cause of the Secessionists upon the outbreak of the Civil War.

"He resigned his position as government agent at the Qualla Reservation in 1861 to join the Confederate cause, and, as a strategic measure to hold the wavering Cherokees who were offered bribes of all sorts to desert their 'Little Will', he employed the total number of fighting men — about six hundred — to build the only road that has ever

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native conditions and a splendid base for expeditions to Gregory Bald, Clingman Dome, Thunderhead, etc., is to be found at Cade's Cove, Tennessee, an oasis-like spot three by six miles in the midst of wilderness. Entirely surrounded by mountains, the Cove can be reached by automobile by only one way, a hard surfaced road over Rich Mountain. The approach from Knoxville is either *via* Sevierville, Gatlinburg, Elkmont, and Tuckaleechee Cove; or *via* Maryville and Tuckaleechee Cove. Cade's Cove is the best center for exploring the Smokies that we were able to find during our summer's visit (in 1928) and it is practically free from the haunts of men except for the native mountaineer in his natural state. The tourist rarely passes beyond Gatlinburg. Cade's Cove is about forty-five miles farther in the interior. The post office is Cade's Cove, Tennessee.

In addition to the scenery of the mountains, the trees, and the plants, the mountain people are most interesting, hospitable, and kindly. As intimated before, they still talk to some extent the language of Shakespeare's time and sing the songs and ballads of that period. They cling even yet to the manners and customs of the 18th century. They are mostly descendants of immigrants (Swiss, German, Scotch-Irish, English) who came to eastern Pennsylvania about 1682 and again about 1740. Many Germans arrived at the former date. Large bodies of the persecuted Scotch-Irish came from the north of Ireland at the latter date. These people later followed the mountains southward as far as North Carolina and Tennessee. In eastern Pennsylvania were born the ancestors of Lincoln, Boone, Calhoun, Davy Crockett, Stonewall Jackson, and Sam Houston.

In "Americans the Twentieth Century Forgot"<sup>10</sup> Miss Laura Thornborough has the following interesting comment on the people she knows so well:

"'It's a mystery how they make a living,' you murmur to yourself. But is it a mystery? These descendants of pioneer ancestors, proud of their spanned the backbone of the Smokies. This road was built at Indian Gap above the headwaters of Little Pigeon River at an elevation of 5317 feet. It was an impossible grade from its very inception, and during the sixty-odd years of abandonment since that time it has fallen into such disuse that now only a trace of it remains and this is difficult of negotiation even on horseback

"There has never been any other road over the Smokies except bear- and man-made trails. Only travelers afoot could traverse its steeps from the Tennessee side of the divide or from The North Carolina slopes. The sinuous trails worn knee-deep in some cases by Indians were precarious enough at their best to the uninitiated and often misguided wayfarers vanished forever in the intricate maze never to return again."

<sup>10</sup> *TRAIL EL*, April, 1928.

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Anglo-Saxon stock, cling to pioneer ways because of the conditions under which they live. They are dependent upon their own industry for the necessities of life. They are their own carpenters, plumbers, wheelwrights, masons, and shoemakers as a matter of course and of economy. Their versatility is amazing. Many mountain men build their own houses and make their own furniture. The women weave towels, rugs, draperies, coverlets and piece quilts.

"For the most part their wants are few and Nature is kind. The forests furnish necessary fire-wood and in some cases lumber for the home. A space is cleared, the inevitable patch of corn planted and frequently a garden. Many own a cow, pig and chickens and the more prosperous a horse or a mule. The men farm, hunt and fish. Between seasons they work on the public roads or for one of the lumber companies that own most of the two hundred thousand acres of virgin timber that exists at this writing. The fireside industries help to support many a family. In and around Gatlinburg there is scarcely a home without its loom.

"Stopping at the home of a weaver you find her singing to a flaxen-haired, blue-eyed child of two or three, playing at her knees. You pause to catch the words of the song. It is an old English ballad.

'Is this your bride? I think she's miserable brown;  
And you could have married as fair a skinned girl  
As ever the sun shined on,  
As ever the sun shined on.'

"The weaver pauses in her song but not in her work. You are about to knock when she begins a new song with a more rollicking tune.

'Kill that rooster, shoot him dead.  
Don't want him eatin' that shortenin' bread.'"

Speaking of their language, Miss Tornborough quotes the following passage from John Fox, Jr.:

"In his speech the mountaineer touches a very remote past; he keeps in use old words and meanings that the valley people have ceased to use, but no where is this usage so sustained and consistent as to form a dialect."

Then she goes on: "And Cecil Sharp, the Englishman, declared that though the southern mountaineer may be uneducated he is not uncultured." John Powell in "Virginia Finds her Folk-Music"<sup>11</sup> also refers to the effect made on Cecil Sharp. He says, "The impression made by the folk-musicians

<sup>11</sup> *MUSICAL COURIER*, April 23, 1932.

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upon Sharp is doubly interesting since he was a complete stranger to them and their ways and since he had behind him the experience of similar collecting in England." He then quotes the following from *English Folk-Songs from the Southern Appalachians*.

"That the illiterate may nevertheless reach a high level of culture will surprise only those who imagine that education and cultivation are convertible terms. The reason, I take it, why these mountain people, albeit unlettered, have acquired so many of the essentials of culture is partly to be attributed to the large amount of leisure they enjoy, without which, of course, no cultural development is possible, but chiefly to the fact that they have one and all entered at birth into the full enjoyment of their racial heritage. Their language, wisdom, manners, and the many graces of life that are theirs are merely racial attributes which have been gradually acquired and accumulated in past centuries and handed down generation by generation, each generation adding its quotum to that which it received."

Mr. Powell then goes on in his own words:

"In connection with this tribute, it is equally interesting to know with what feelings the stranger from London was received by his hosts. Maud Karpeles, who accompanied Mr. Sharp on his tour, taking down the words of songs in shorthand, told me in London in 1928 that one of these mountaineers paid Mr. Sharp a compliment which he valued above any praise he had ever received. He was preparing to take his leave after spending the night in a primitive farm-house. His host and hostess expressed the keenest regret that he could not linger with them. 'We all wish you could stay,' declared the old man wistfully at parting. 'You are so nice and common.' And this was merely the unlettered man's way of expressing what Mr. Sharp had felt of him and his fellows: that they shared a racial heritage which gave them, more than anything else could, a basis of understanding and mutual enjoyment."

If the people of the southern mountains still seem primitive in their mode of life, they prefer their way of life and its independence. They are a proud, brave, shrewd, reticent people. However, you will learn little of this purest of American stock by driving through the highways in a car. One must tarry with them and be one of them. One must, indeed, in their understanding of the word be truly "common" to enjoy the refreshing quality of much that is typically American. Among them the spirit of early America is less spoiled and their habits of life and speech less changed probably than in any other

part of the country. There is something very homely in the vernacular of their speech, their folk-tales, and their songs. It is not necessary to search for their strange bits of narrative and snatches of melody. If you will bide among these hospitable and cultured Americans for a time, you will hear the stories and songs. However, it is not always easy to gain the confidence of these interesting highlanders so that they will give expression to their melodies. They are naturally diffident. One must live with them, talk with them of their lives, become a part of their family interest, and tactfully suggest by the reciting of some tale, their own folk-songs. Once interested in romance and started in the songs that have been orally transmitted through the generations, they are likely to pour forth a well of literature unguessed in people so simple.

To illustrate this manner of tarrying and the way ballads came as a result, I can do no better than draw from my account of "Life in the Great Smokies" as printed in various newspapers and later rewritten and published in *The New Jersey Journal of Education* for October, 1930.

After a ballad search that took us into the mountain regions of South Carolina and Georgia, we left the Blue Ridge Range with its remarkably varied scenes, went into the great Smokies on their western side and established our headquarters in Cade's Cove, Tennessee, one of the most isolated spots in these mountains, and the base from which the ascent to the high altitudes was made.

On August the 7th, 1930, accompanied by Mr. John Oliver, whose cabin we occupied, his two boys and Edmund Waring, another young man, I went up Shuler's Creek, formerly Anthony's Creek, at Spruce Flat School House and over Bote Mountain to Thunderhead. We stopped for lunch just under Rocky Top, one of the three peaks of Thunderhead. As we finished our lunch a violent electrical storm broke with a suddenness that was startling. We were held there for an hour, protected only by our slickers. The lightning played all around us. Five trees were shattered within a radius of one hundred feet. One of the trees was set on fire and was still burning the next day. Later we found many other trees that were literally riddled. The leaves were strewn on the ground. It occurred to me that Thunderhead was well named.

While passing over Bote Mountain I was interested in the nests of "hanging birds." One I was able to reach from my horse. I bent down the limb to peep into it, but the young birds had flown. The nest was quite empty,

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but very smooth and cozy within. Mr. Oliver interested us with tales of Theo Rose, the outlaw, who haunted these regions for years. He was finally captured and brought to Maryville. So widely had his fame spread that people lined both sides of the streets to see him as he was brought in. Then they flocked to the jail to look him over till at last Theo could stand it no longer and cried, "Y' damn fools, do y' think I got horns like a cow?" Theo, after a time, was released but later met a violent death at the hands of another.

As we proceeded we recognized the location apparently of two moonshine stills. Later we came upon a real bootleggers' camp where there was, at least, one fugitive from justice.

During the storm we were under rhododendrons that rose to twenty or twenty-five feet and whose trunks were almost as thick as a man's body. The marvel of these trails, it seems to me, is chiefly the soft paths under the arched laurel and ivy, for always the mountaineer names the rhododendron, laurel, and the laurel, ivy. During part of the ascent we were on the old Anderson Road, that highway undertaken so many years ago by Dr. Anderson, the founder of Maryville College, who constructed many miles of road with the aid of Cherokee Indian labor.

We traveled over this road to Spence Field and proceeded leisurely over the three points of Thunderhead, Rocky Top, Thunderhead itself and Laurel Top. The views of the Cove from each are splendid. Across on Rich Mountain we could see the fire that for some days had been giving the warden trouble. Briar Knob lay beyond so we moved towards it. We planned to camp in Beech Nut Gap between Thunderhead and Briar Knob. The rest of the party had preceded me with the horses and were out of sight. Suddenly, without warning and in an instant, far quicker than I can write this, my head and face were literally plastered with yellow-jackets. They had been maddened apparently by the tread of the horses that had gone with the party before me. In attempting to brush the yellow-jackets from my face and head, I knocked off my glasses. Then I tried to cover my head with a slicker I carried. Being thus blinded, I fell almost upon the nest of the yellow-jackets, injuring myself severely, but was able to rise, now thoroughly covered with yellow-jackets, that attacked me with still greater ferocity. Meantime the pain was agonizing, for a yellow-jacket's sting takes effect at once. I was by this time thoroughly panic-stricken and ran as hard as I could, groaning in a muffled voice, for I was in torment. When I burst through the rhododendrons, clawing at my head, Mr. Oliver ran up and

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rubbled the squirming mass out of my hair. I was, of course, almost crazed with pain and slept little that night. All of us agreed later that it was the biggest nest of yellow-jackets we had ever seen. Mr. Oliver cheered me by telling about a man over in Weir's Cove that was stung to death and of how a sheep died in his own yard from the stings of bees.

This would seem like adventures enough for one trip into the mountains, but we found another in our search for water. That summer's drought in the South had left the mountains almost dry. The electrical storms brought little rain. We had scarcely any water in the evening in our camp at Beech Nut Gap and had none for breakfast the next morning, nor did we find any until near noon of that day.

We retraced our way over Thunderhead to the Spence Cabin, that historic and tragic place, in the hope of finding water there, but the spring was quite dry. Here some years ago Tom Sparks was shot to death by Earl Cameron. Strange as it may sound, Mr. Oliver, my guide, conducted the funeral services over Tom Sparks' body, though the latter had been a confessed accomplice in the feud that led to the burning of Mr. Oliver's barn, horses and cattle. Tom's grandson, Wade, did the actual burning along with a Gregory boy. Two weeks later the Sparkses and Gregorys shot one another up. Wade Sparks then squealed on the Gregorys. So the whole truth came out and the trial followed.

We took up our journey again and passed over Anthony Top and Little Bald, through the Sugar Tree Gap, where the lightning had played particular havoc the previous day, and into Campbell's Gap, to the Russell Cabin where we found a spring and ate our lunch.

It was over in North Carolina from this point, on Eagle Creek, that Theo Rose, the outlaw, lived. Jake, the father, and his three sons, Theo, Eagle and George, always known as "Pit", are remembered as handsome, well set-up men of great physical prowess, who could be loyal friends and soft spoken to women. Yet both "Pit" and Theo were killed in deadly combat and Eagle was shot from ambush. This kind of wild existence was impressed upon me by the fact that as we ate our lunch a fugitive from justice lay stretched out on the grass before us. There are still wild men and wild deeds in these mountains.

We now passed through Little Mill Creek Gap and Big Mill Creek Gap along Lawson's Ridge to Tater Patch Knob, Bear Pen Knob, and Lawson Gaunt Lot. Last summer season one of Mr. Oliver's cows had concealed a

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new-born calf on Bear Pen Knob. During the previous summer this same cow had "reported" to the herders' cabin over on Fork Ridge that a bear had killed and carried off her calf. She had come to the herders in evident distress and would not leave the cabin until they went with her. She led them directly to her partly devoured calf, somewhere over in Ekanetelee Gap (the herders got that bear later). The next summer a herder came off the mountain and reported that a bear had again carried off this same cow's calf. Mr. Oliver hastened up the mountain and found his cow grazing back on Lawson's Ridge and in much need of being milked. However, he was able to drive her to his field in the Cove only with great difficulty as she seemed to be reluctant to leave the Ridge. Meantime she would not stay in the field when placed there, but broke out several times and seemed to be restless and in distress. Again came a herder to Mr. Oliver to say that the calf was still alive but almost starved. The herders were driving the steers over Bear Pen Knob when the calf, hearing the bells (its mother had a bell) arose from its place of concealment behind a log, bleated, then tottered and fell. As all the cattle were steers it was impossible to let the calf suck. However, one of the herders cut off a piece of fat meat which the calf greedily devoured. Then it followed the herd to Russell's Cabin, where it was placed in an enclosure. There Mr. Oliver found it the next day, but it was very weak. He had to carry it much of the way to his automobile at the foot of the mountain. When it was placed in the car and driven to its mother, the old cow almost climbed over the gate to reach its lost baby. However, it was allowed to suck but little at a time during that day. It recovered and is now a handsome, sleek young fellow.

On Lawson's Ridge were further evidences of the destruction the lightning had worked on the previous day. These Smoky Mountains storms are frightful. A story is told of how two herders, Andy Macaulay and Joe Lawson loved to spend their Sundays a-bee-hunting. After a day spent in this wise they were wending their way towards their cabin. A storm was brewing. Andy had just stepped over a huge log with an upreared limb lying on the trail when the lightning struck the limb, ran along the log and split it in two parts. Joe then stepped over the shattered log. Neither man spoke until he reached the cabin. After both had sat down and smoked a while, "Uncle" Joe Lawson remarked, "By God! I will never hunt bees on Sunday again!"

The journey through Ekanetelee Gap is a whole story in itself. This is a place in which to spend a week, not a few hours. Here is a virgin forest of

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hardwood trees, the largest, I believe, in the world. It was still at that time the property of the Morton Butler Lumber Company, for the Park Commission had not yet been able to effect a purchase. (Other lumber companies still operating in the Great Smokies at that time were the Kitchen Lumber Company, Little River Lumber Company, Montvale Lumber Company, and the Champion Fibre Company). Here are tulip trees (yellow poplar) eight to nine feet in diameter and seventy-five feet to the first limb. I saw a wild cherry tree that I believe to be about one hundred feet tall and three feet in diameter. The "Marion Poplar" is said to be the next largest tulip tree in the Smoky Mountains. It is about nine feet in diameter and takes its name, if I recall correctly, from Marion Creek which flows into Ekanetelee Creek at this point.

Ekanetelee Gap has not only the attraction of these huge monuments of the mountain; its floor is soft with pine needles and moss, while the cascades play along the creek. Many fine box-elders (calico) and cucumber (mountain magnolia) trees give a deep shade. One of the wonders of this place of wonders has almost been destroyed recently by that blind ignorance that sometimes accompanies any general order. Men were sent into the gap to clear the path. Now, by the side of the trail lies one of those moss-covered giants of the forest, a tulip tree. From this great fallen monarch had grown several birch trees and some hemlock, not to mention rhododendron bushes. The birch trees had reached perhaps the height of twenty-five feet. Many times had photographs been taken of this interesting sight. Now, I believe, at least one of these birch trees, a hemlock and some rhododendrons, all with their roots in this great fallen log, have been chopped down. It is hard to see the reason for this. The log lay well to the side of the trail. Surely the trees growing upon it would not interfere with the path. At least the trimming off of a few limbs, it seems, would have been sufficient.

As we neared Gregory Bald, the ascent of which I made two summers ago, I thought of the many stories told of "Uncle" Cheoah Gregory, the grandson of Russell Gregory, who gave his name to Gregory Bald, and the uncle of John Oliver. Though honest and upright, he was rough and sometimes vulgar in his language, but genial and loved his moonshine. Once many years ago in crossing a particularly rough ridge on the North Carolina side of the Smokies that gave him much difficulty and an irritating injury, he gave it a name which it bears to this day and can be found on the maps.

At another time "Uncle" Cheoah had imbibed considerable moonshine.

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As he started home from the local meeting place, he invited his quaint-speaking friend, "Uncle" Billy Feezel, to get up on the horse behind him, saying, "Billy, Billy, get up behind me and I'll take you SAFE HOME, Billy." But Billy answered in his well-known mannerism, "The probability is, the probability is, I'm a little bit the safest on the ground." This dialogue was repeated by each a number of times, much to the amusement of the assembled mountaineers, but it ended in "Uncle" Billy's walking home.

"Uncle" Billy Feezel once in his old age found himself obliged to take shelter at a mountain cabin where a number of young people had gathered for an evening's entertainment and were playing the game of snap, in which the young lady snaps her fingers to the young man of her choice. One young woman out of courtesy, snapped "Uncle" Billy. Nonplussed, he blurted out in his honest, plain-spoken fashion, but with his usual repetition. "The probability is, the probability is, I was snapped many years ago."

My automobile was awaiting us at the foot of the mountain in front of "Uncle" Billy Myers' home. No story of Cade's Cove is more thrilling than the tale of how an eagle carried off his wife, Hattie Carrell Myers, as a child. Her name was then Herron and she lived with her parents in Happy Valley on Abrams Creek, somewhat beyond Cade's Cove. Her mother was doing the family washing. The child sat in the yard. Suddenly an eagle swooped down, fastened its talons in the little girl's clothing and started to fly off. However, the mother screamed so loudly that the eagle became frightened and dropped the child that fell into some bushes and was uninjured.

An interesting story of an eagle is told of Mr. Oliver's grandfather who had gone into the mountains to "call" wild turkeys. After calling them together, he noticed an eagle hovering above them and observed that the turkeys formed themselves into a compact mass, heads together. As the eagle swooped down almost upon them, every turkey disappeared in a different direction with the quickness of a flash of lightning. The eagle, of course, beat himself on the ground where the turkeys had been massed together. This same scene was enacted in the same way for several times. At last the eagle, wearied of the fruitless game, flew off, leaving the turkeys in peace.

According to "One-Armed Jimmy" Lawson, many years ago Mary N. Murfree (Charles Llibert Craddock), the novelist, lived at "Uncle" Dan Lawson's. As she was lame, "Uncle" Dan took her on horseback over the mountain trails of the Great Smokies. She wrote while here, according to

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tradition, *In the Stranger-People's Country* and *In the Tennessee Mountains*. One might suspect that she wrote while there *The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains* and possibly *The Despot of Broomsedge Cove*.

It is doubtful if ever such luck has fallen to a ballad collector as that which came to us in Cade's Cove on my return from the mountain tops. A bit of kindness to a Great Smoky mountaineer while we were visiting the Cove two years before had opened a whole field of traditional ballads. It led to an introduction to the Harmon family from whom we at that time obtained some rare songs. Among these are: "Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard", "Iamkin", "Johnny Scot", "Sir Hugh, or the Jew's Daughter", "Lady Isabel and the Elf Knight", "Earl Brand", "Young Beichan", "Lord Thomas and Fair Annet", "James Harris", "Bonny Barbara Allan", "The Maid Freed from the Gallows", etc. Then the Great Smoky Mountains National Park Commission bought out our family of singers, and all its members removed to the mountains of northern Georgia. Now the unexpected happened when our singers returned to Cade's Cove for a visit on August 11. There were sixteen of them—all in one truck. They spent the best part of two days at our cabin and sang twenty-four songs which Mrs. Henry recorded. The titles of some of the songs secured on this momentous occasion are "Sweet Trinity", "The Mermaid", "The Goodman", "Bamboo Briar", "Home, Daughter, Home", "The Twa Sisters", "Little White Babes", "The Crafty Farmer", "The Wife Wrapped in Wether's Skin", "The Farmer's Curst Wife", "The Gypsy Laddie", "The Lass of Roch Royal", etc. The two rarest acquisitions, however, came just at the end of this song fest when Mrs. Henry was able to record "King Henry Fifth's Conquest of France", a song hitherto not found in America, and "Little Dicky Whigburn", which Mr. Phillips Barry describes as the fourth known version in English of a satirical cantefable traditional in nearly every country of Europe.<sup>12</sup> Most of the ballads were recorded from the singing of the father, "Uncle" Sam Harmon and the mother, "Aunt" Polly. However, songs were also obtained from their children, Laura, Burley, Austin, and Ether. Many songs also came from the eldest daughter, Mrs. Mary Tucker, and her daughter, Rachel. Mary had been living in Georgia for some years and was instrumental in influencing her family to remove near her when its members were forced to leave Cade's Cove.

<sup>12</sup> This paragraph, with some revision, is printed by the courtesy of *Word Study* (G. & C. Merriam Co., Springfield, Mass.), June, 1932.

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We tried to find out something of their family history and from whom they learned their songs. It is almost impossible, from the piecemeal and imperfect information obtained, to give anything like an accurate account of the antecedents of this family of singers. They always spoke very fondly of Granddaddy Hicks who was "Uncle" Sam's grandfather on his mother's side and with whom he lived as a child. It is interesting to note that Sam and Polly are step-brother and step-sister and that they married at the ages of seventeen and twelve respectively, so Granddaddy Hicks was really granddaddy to both, but that is a story to tell later. Sam stated that Granddaddy Hicks came to Cade's Cove from Watauga County, North Carolina. Sam who was only a few years old and his mother accompanied his grandfather. The other grandchildren must have been left in Watauga County as Sam says he has many relatives there and insists that his brother, Andy, still lives near Brushy Creek on Beech Mountain, though our efforts to locate any near relatives have been unsuccessful.

The interesting thing to determine is whether they originally emigrated from England or Ireland. They hold to the statement that Granddaddy Hicks came from England when he was four years old, but "Aunt" Polly says that she is sure that there is Irish in Sam's blood, because "he knows lots of funny stories and has red hair". John C. Campbell in his exhaustive and excellently work, *The Southern Highlander and His Homeland*, bears out this statement in his general comment in regard to the racial descent of these early settlers. He says: "That the Watauga colonists were Scotch-Irish has been generally accepted, and in view of the fact that the areas from which they came was largely occupied by this race, the belief seems justified."<sup>13</sup>

While we have this somewhat indefinite information for the maternal side, it seems that the Harmons may have come from Germany for they tell the following interesting story of the first Harmon of their family: A Harmon married an English woman and emigrated from Germany to America. They established a home in Watauga County, North Carolina, and there had a family. One day they sent one of their sons to a neighbor, several miles distant, to borrow some needed article. In the meantime a cloudburst came and played havoc along the river where the Harmons lived. The home and all the family were destroyed. The boy, who had been sent away, was the only one that escaped. His name was Wilder Harmon. Tradition has it

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<sup>13</sup> John C. Campbell. *The Southern Highlander and His Homeland*, Russell Sage Foundation, New York, 1921, p. 59.

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that he was bound out as was the custom with orphans in that day. This Harmon was always spoken of as the "bound boy." In the summer of 1932 we recorded from the singing of Sam, a song-story of the Harmons. As it mentions Washington, they think that the history of their family in America began before the Revolution.<sup>14</sup>

<sup>14</sup> Mr. Harmon's song: "Harmon and His Sons," recorded July 27, 1932.

1. Come, all ye brave and comely boys,  
And assist me in my story, sir.  
The God above to-sends his love  
To Harmon and his sons, sir  
We went over the hill with free goodwill  
To cut and slay and eat our fill  
Of good fat bear and deer, sir  
For tore the lit, for tore the lit,  
For all the ruddle lie ding.
2. We traveled on Watauga Creek —  
Says, you may say the same, sir.  
The old man to fix the camp  
And the boys to hunt the game, sir.  
We hadn't traveled very fur  
Before there was a mighty stir.  
The fire in the laurel spur  
And the Indian sign it did incline  
To the blue stone line to stress the port and terry man  
For tore the lit, for tore the lit,  
For all the ruddle lie ding.
3. The draper being with the boys  
Was first that saw the sign, sir —  
Straightest to the old man run  
Without a loss of time, sir.  
Says, here we can no longer stay,  
We must fix to haste away,  
We must fly this mountain high  
With hue and cry for fear we die,  
The hills may save our heads, sir.  
For tore the lit, for tore the lit,  
For all the ruddle lie ding.
4. The draper says,  
To let me ride before, sir.  
For there is forty Indians  
I am sure, sir.  
And I don't know how many more;  
They pursue and we protue [protrude?]  
And make us rue the very day we come, sir.  
For tore the lit, for tore the lit,  
For all the ruddle lie ding.

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A story that "Uncle" Sam and "Aunt" Polly love to tell is the one that follows. It was related in a burst of naive confidence by "Aunt" Polly somewhat in this manner:

Her mother, who was Mrs. Haggerman, lived near the home occupied by Granddaddy Hicks with his daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Goulder Harmon and little Sam. The families were very intimate. Granddaddy Hicks had named his little grand-son, Samuel, for himself and when the little baby girl came to the Haggermans, had named her Pollyanna for his wife. One day Mrs. Haggerman and Mrs. Harmon were doing some sewing—in fact, were having a race in needle work. The baby, Polly, was lying on a bed in the room with little five year old Samuel standing close by. The baby began to cry which disturbed the racers very much. Mrs. Haggerman in her exasperation told little Samuel that she would sell him the baby for three sticks of wood. Samuel soberly brought in the three sticks of wood, laid them at her feet, took the baby out on the steps and quieted her. Later

5. And in great speed he ruined his steed  
And went on and tuk no heed, sir  
Over log and stump his hoise did jump  
And he fell dump plump, sir  
And his heart did thump  
And his breeches got bsmear-ed.  
For tore the lit, for tore the lit,  
For all the rudle lie ding
6. The Indian rushed up  
For to knock old Harmon down, sir  
And George he come nimbly back  
And got the savage down, sir  
Then, heat, you stinking son of a bitch,  
I'm sticking to you like pitch  
And he stuck to him like glue  
And tore the top of the savage screw  
And Thorner gained the field, sir.  
For tore the lit, for tore the lit,  
For all the rudle lie ding
7. And here 's a help  
For Washington and his men, sir  
From bluc stonc line to Watauga Creek  
We have summoned every man, sir,  
No flinder [flint or?] steel can make him reel  
No jaimer [jar or?] steel can make him feel  
For he will die agin the field, sir.  
For tore the lit, for tore the lit,  
For all the rudle lie ding.

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Mr. Haggerman and Mrs. Harmon died, after which Mrs. Haggerman and Mr. Harmon married, making little Samuel and little Polly step-brother and step-sister. Little Polly was too young to remember her own grandparents, so Granddaddy Hicks came to be like a true grandfather. Polly and Samuel grew up together and learned songs from Granddaddy Hicks. When Samuel Harmon, aged seventeen, ran away with Polly Haggerman, aged twelve, and married her, he stopped all objections from his step-mother (Polly's own mother) by reminding her that he had bought Polly when she was a baby for three sticks of wood.

We discovered another treasury of ballads and songs when we sought out "Big Tom" Wilson's place on Cane River at the northern base of Mount Mitchell. The road will not appear on the maps. Finding no one at home, we drove four miles to Ewart Wilson's, "Big Tom's" grandson. The wife of Ewart Wilson is one of the brightest, keenest, and best educated women we have ever found in the mountains. We soon got her interested in singing and ended with a bag of more than a dozen songs, three of them traditional ballads of the rarest kind. For the story of "Big Tom" Wilson, the great hunter of the mountains and the man who led the search for Professor Mitchell at the time that he lost his life while taking observations on the mountains, see "The Saga of the Carolina Hills" by Hodge Mathes in the *Christian Observer*, July 9, 1930. Also see "Ewart Wilson's Road Building Feat Astounds. Remarkable Mountaineer Tells of Father's Unique Career" by Ida Briggs Henderson in *The Sunday Citizen*, Asheville, N. C., July 20, 1930. The father's name is Adolph ("Dolph") and he and his wife still maintain a mountain inn at Pensacola, N. C. "Dolph" came to his son's home during the course of the evening and gave interesting information about the mountain people.

Ballad making continues to go on. There are songs about Floyd Collins, the Santa Barbara Earthquake, and the hanging of Frances Silvers. That the simplest domestic incident in a family is sometimes turned into song is illustrated by the following contributed by Mrs. Wilson who remembers her father's singing it to her as a child:

1. Oh, well do I remember  
The Wilson patent stove  
That father bought and paid for  
With the cloth the girls had wove.

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2. And all the neighbors gathered 'round  
When we got the thing to go;  
They said it would burst and kill us all,  
Just twenty years ago.

Mrs. Wilson also learned the following as a child; it has the flavor of the lowlands rather than of the highlands:

1. A soldier sat by the road one day  
And he was looking very gay;  
For by his side he had some meal  
That he'd just stole from an old tar-heel.

*Chorus*

Bye and bye, bye and bye,  
I'm going to marry before I die;  
Bye and bye, bye and bye,  
Marry a girl with a bright blue eye;  
Georgia girls none surpasses;  
They are sweeter than sorgum molasses.

2. In a canteen by his side,  
That he was trying hard to hide  
From the eye of all who passes,  
He had a quart of sorgum molasses.

*Chorus*

3. He made a fire to bake his bread  
And when it was done he laughing said:  
“In all the world none surpasses  
Good corn bread and sorgum molasses”.

*Chorus*

4. As I went up Atlanta street,  
A tar-heel girl I chanced to meet,  
Said she to me, “Are you a traveler?”  
“No, by jinks, I’m a goober<sup>15</sup> grabber”.

A number of traditional ballads and other songs were recorded from the singing of Mrs. Wilson, among which were “Sweet Trinity”, “Lady Alice”, “Our Goodman”, “Little Mohea”, “The British Lady”, “Sweet Soldier Boy”, “Frankie and Johnny”, “The Old Gray Beard a-Shining”, “The

<sup>15</sup> Used in the South for a peanut.

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Dishonest Miller", etc. Other interesting sources of the songs will appear in the head-notes.

As has been seen, the ballads of this collection have come to us from the accident almost of our habits of life in the southern mountains. The surprising thing is the ease with which they did come. The collecting has not been a job as some have been inclined to make out. Rarely have we journeyed to any particular place with the one object of obtaining ballads. I here quote a comment from the *Newark Evening News* of April 12, 1930, mainly for the purpose of showing that the manner of securing ballads therein described has not been our way of obtaining them. The author of the article says that I have "developed an unusually interesting and fertile hobby as a recent publication of . . . 'Ballads and Songs of the Southern Highlands'"<sup>16</sup> amply proves." And he continues later: "To collect his ballads from the lips of the quaint inhabitants of the Southern Appalachians in Kentucky, Tennessee, and North Carolina, it has been necessary for him to spend weeks and months living intimately in their midst, often tramping many miles a day to get some especially striking bit of balladry from the lips of an old inhabitant." All this sounds very romantic and heroic, but aside from living much in the midst of people of the mountains I have tramped few miles to obtain songs.

Nor have we ever taken the quest for ballads as seriously as our friend, Richard West Saunders, banker and author, implies in the following bit of verse in a letter of August 1, 1931:

"Why are you looking so pallid?"  
Mrs. Henry asked, nibbling her salad;  
Her husband replied:  
'All day have I tried,  
And not got a trace of a ballad'".

We have never made ballad collecting a burden. We love the mountains and we love the people. As the daily life of our summers was spent in close association with the natives, we in a measure fell into their habits of life. We talked much to them of their lives, their traditions, and their folk stories. The singing of songs often followed as a matter of course, Mrs. Henry sometimes joining in when she could. In this way many airs were learned. Others hearing of our interest in songs, came again and again because they liked us and regarded us, as they expressed it in their language, as common (able to mingle with them).

<sup>16</sup> *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, XLII, 253—300.

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The songs, consequently, came as the result of nearly a lifetime's interest in the southern mountains and of many visits in those parts of the Appalachian system. Love of Nature as manifested in the wild mountain fastnesses and a deep human sympathy with the mountain people were the first attractions. What golden opportunities for preserving ballads and songs were allowed to pass during my earlier experiences in the southern highlands! However, it was not until the summer of 1923 that my interest was turned in that direction. The spark flamed high at once, and the fascination has grown ever since. It came about in this manner: On July 23, 1923, Mrs. Henry and I were sojourning at Robert E. Lee Hall, Blue Ridge, North Carolina. On that date the late Professor C. Alphonso Smith gave a talk on *The Ballad*. He stressed the fact that the traditional ballad had survived better in the southern highlands than it had in England and Scotland. He pointed out how they had been perpetuated in oral transmission and emphasized the fact that ballads were still being commonly sung by the southern mountain people. He repeated much of what he had written in his "Ballads Surviving in the United States"<sup>17</sup> where he says:

"What is now needed above all else is that the ballads surviving in the United States through oral tradition be taken down, both words and music, from the lips of those who still sing them."

Later he adds: "That ballad-collecting if done at all must be done quickly is shown by the increasing unwillingness of illiterate people to admit a familiarity with these songs. Tact must be exercised, though only in the case of the unlettered, and the unlettered are not, of course, the only depositaries of the traditional ballad."

To Professor C. Alphonso Smith, therefore, we are really indebted for first turning our interest to ballad collecting. Soon after listening to that talk on the ballad, we met at Montreat, North Carolina, my friend, Dr. Reed Smith, who has contributed so much to the scholarship of the ballad in America. He added flame to our fire, so to speak, by relating some of his own experiences as a ballad collector.

Almost immediately we were able to record some traditional ballads through our friends, the Burnetts, with whom we spent part of the summer on North Fork, near Black Mountain, North Carolina. They invited in for the evening Mr. C. W. Riddle and his daughter, Mary, who sang for us. Mr. Riddle had been a lumberman in Madison County, and according to his

<sup>17</sup> *The Musical Quarterly*, January, 1916.

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own statement, formerly knew a number of songs. We were able to record a few. Then followed a visit to "Bloody" Breathitt County in Kentucky, where we reached our final destination by following creek beds on mule back. That visit resulted in contacts that have brought us many songs. Once the nucleus of the present collection was formed, encouragement came from Mr. R. W. Gordon, that veteran collector, who called at our home and showed much interest in what we were doing. Genuine inspiration came from the kindly interest of my former teacher, Professor George L. Kittredge, in some of the songs that had been printed. He at once cheered on our quest for ballads. He has never ceased to encourage and to help. Much enthusiasm and many helpful suggestions have come from Mrs. Fannie Hardy Eckstorm. Mr. Phillips Barry not only encouraged our work, but gave much valuable assistance in spotting rare songs and adding helpful notes and suggestions. Professor Guy B. Johnson of the University of North Carolina, has shown more than ordinary interest in the work and has been most generous of his time in answering letters of inquiry and in making valuable suggestions. The real and whole-hearted interest of these and of other friends has in no small way helped to make this collection of songs into a book.



FOLK-SONGS FROM THE SOUTHERN HIGHLANDS



*I*  
**THE ELFIN KNIGHT**  
(*Child, No. 2*)

This fragment was recalled by Dr. D. S. Gage of Westminster College, Fulton, Missouri, who writes as follows: "I heard the lines sung in Illinois when I was a boy. In those days some pioneer conditions continued and the singing of ballads was a frequent feature of social gatherings. A good number of the earlier settlers had come from southern states — Virginia, the Carolinas, and many from Kentucky — all of whom brought their songs with them. I heard many of these ballads sung when I was a boy." For American references to "The Elfin Knight," see Barry-Eckstorm-Smyth, p. 10. Four versions of the ballad are printed on pp. 3—11. Cf. also *PTFLS*, No. 10, p. 137.

The lines were obtained from Dr. Gage at Montreat, North Carolina, July, 1931.

Bring it home on a peacock's feather  
And you'll be a true-lover of mine;  
Build between the salt-water sea sound  
And you'll be a true-lover of mine.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> In a letter of October, 1932, Professor Gage made the following additional comment: "Did I tell you of another line in that 'Elfin Knight' and of the refrain? It ran this way as to meter and meaning: there would be a task set by the maiden to her lover seemingly impossible and she would say (if done)

After each line was a refrain except the last. 'And you' etc.

After each line was a return except the last, "And you," etc.  
1st line.

refrain: 'Rose Mary in time'

2nd line : (The maiden's wish, seemingly impossible to fulfill).

refrain 'Rose Mary in time

And you shall be a true lover of mine.'

1st line . . . . .

refrain: 'Rose Mary in time'

2nd line . . . (The lover's solution of the apparently impossible task).

refrain: 'Rose Mary in time

And I will be a true lover of thine'

and so on to the end.

The refrain puzzled me very much till it dawned on me that it is a corrupted form of the rather common old English refrain, 'Rosemary and thyme,' at least that might be possible.

The other line is first: something she wished (the building of a house, I think).

'Rose Mary in time.'

Second. 'Between the salt water and the sea sand,

I am not sure about the metrical structure; there may have been more verses or lines

LADY ISABEL AND THE ELF-KNIGHT

(*Child, No. 4*)

This ballad has wide circulation both in Europe and America. It rivals "Barbara Allen" and "The House Carpenter" in the number of variants that have been found in America. See Barry, No. 4; Barry-Eckstorm-Smyth, p. 14; Belden, No. 1; Brown, p. 9; Campbell and Sharp, No. 2; Cox, No. 1; Davis, No. 3; R. W. Gordon, *The New York Times Magazine*, October 9, 1927, p. 22; Hudson, No. 1; Mackenzie, *Ballads*, No. 1; Mackenzie, *The Quest*, pp. 93, 174, 182; Sandburg, p. 60; Scarborough, p. 43; Shearin, p. 3; Shearin and Combs, p. 7; Reed Smith, No. 1; Reed Smith, *Ballads*, No. 1; Wyman and Brockway, p. 82; *Journal*, XVIII, 132 (Barry); XIX, 232 (Belden); XXII, 65 (Beatty), 76 (Barry), 374 (Barry); XXVII, 90 (Gardner); XXVIII, 148 (Perrow); XXXV, 338 (Tolman and Eddy); XLII, 254 (Henry). Cf. Cox's headnote (No. 1) for further American references. Add Barry, *Bulletin of The Folk-Song Society of the Northeast*, No. 1, p. 3; Jones, p. 13; *PTFLS*, No. 10, pp. 138—140.

A

"Pretty Polly." Sung by Mrs. Samuel Harmon, Cade's Cove, Blount County, Tennessee, August 1, 1928. Recorded by Mrs. Henry. Learned by Mrs. Harmon from grandfather Harmon who came from Watauga County, N. C. He obtained it by oral transmission from his father. This, as well as many other traditional ballads in this book, came as the result of an incident while exploring in the Great Smoky Mountains. We were motoring over Rich Mountain on our first visit to Cade's Cove, which until a few years ago was unknown to the outside world. A lone mountaineer toiling along with his bag of meal was invited to ride. Through this act of assistance we came to know his relatives, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Harmon, who, apparently won by this slight help, with unusual freedom from the reserve that characterizes the southern mountaineer, sang for us as soon as they learned of our interest in songs.

1. He followed me up  
And he followed me down,  
When I had no tongue  
For to say, "Nay, nay."

*Lady Isabel and the Elf-Knight*

2. "You get part of your father's gold;  
And likewise your mother's too,  
And go to your father's stable  
Where the horses stand thirty and three.
3. "And you get the very best two  
Out of the thirty and three  
And we go to the old salt sea  
And married we will be."
4. She got part of her father's gold,  
Likewise her mother's too,  
And she went to her father's stable  
Where there stood horses thirty and three.
5. And she mounted on the Turkish brown  
And he on the dapple grey  
And they rode till they come to the old salt sea,  
Three long hours till day.
6. "You get down, my pretty Polly,  
Get down, get down," says he,  
"For I've drowned six kings' daughters  
And you the seventh will be.
7. "You pull off them fine gold clothings,  
And hang them on yonders tree;  
For I say they are too rich and costly  
For to rot in this old sea."
8. "You turn your face towards the green tree;  
Your back you turn to me;  
For I say a naked maid  
Ain't fitten for a man to see."
9. He turned hisself all around and about,  
His back he turned to me;  
She picked him up in her arms so manful  
And throwed him into the sea.
10. "Give me your hand, my pretty Polly,  
Give me your hand," said he,  
"And the very next time I make you a promise,  
I'll double it with three."

11. "Lie there, lie there, you false lying villian,  
Lie there instead of me;  
For you have drowned six kings' daughters  
And you the seventh shall be."
12. She mounted on the Turkish brown  
And led the dapple grey;  
She rode till she come to her father's home,  
One long hour till day.
13. Up spoke her little parrot  
A-setting in his cage:  
"What is the matter, my pretty Polly?  
What made you stay so long from me?"
14. "Hold your tongue, my pretty little parrot,  
And tell no tale on me,  
And your cage shall be lined with the yellow beaten gold,  
And your door of ivory."
15. Up spoke her old father,  
Oh, he spoke desperately:  
"What's the matter, my pretty little parrot?  
What makes you talk so long from day?"
16. "Nothing but an old stray cat  
A-trying to catch me,  
And I was calling to Pretty Polly  
For to drive the cat away."

B

"Pretty Polly." The song was recorded near Cumberland Gap, Tennessee, by Glada Gully, a student in Lincoln Memorial University Harrogate, Tennessee.

1. When Polly gets sleepy, she hangs down her head,  
And calls for a candle to light her to bed.  
He followed her up, he followed her down;  
He followed her to the room where she lay.

*Lady Isabel and the Elf-Knight*

“You take part of your father’s gold,  
Which lies at your mother’s feet,  
Two best horses from your father’s stable  
Wherein stand thirty and three.”

2. She took part of her father’s gold,  
Which lay at her mother’s feet,  
Two best horses from her father’s stable,  
Wherein stood thirty and three.  
She rode and rode until she came  
To the salt water sea.  
“Get down, get down, pretty Polly;  
I have some tale for thee,  
I have drowned six of the king’s daughters,  
And the seventh you shall be.”
3. “Young man, young man, is that what you promised me?  
You promised to take me to the great gold land,  
And there for to marry me.”  
“Take off that fine silk robe,  
And lay it on yonder rock  
For it is too costly and fine  
For the sand of the sea to rot.”
4. “Turn your back to the greenwood side,  
Your face to the salt water sea;  
Ain’t it a pity that such pebbles as you  
A naked woman should see?”  
He turned his back to the greenwood side,  
His face to the salt water sea;  
She picked him up so manfully  
And hove him into the sea.
5. “Give me your hand, pretty Polly,  
Give me your hand,” he cried,  
“And everything I promised you,  
I’ll make it come abide.”  
“Lie there, lie there, you false-hearted wretch!  
Lie there in the place of me;  
You’ve drowned six of the king’s daughters,  
And king over them you shall be!”

6. She mounted then the milk-white steed,  
    And led the drossly gray.  
She rode it home at her father's house,  
    One long hour before day.  
Up cried, up cried, the pretty little parrot,  
    Wherein his cage he stay:  
“What’s the matter, what’s the matter, pretty Polly?  
    What makes you ride so long before day?”  
“Hold your tongue, my pretty little parrot,  
    Tell no tales on me.  
Your cage will be made of yellow beaded gold  
    And shall hang in a willow tree.”
7. Up cried, up cried, the old lord of all  
    In his bed-room there where he lay.  
“What’s the matter, what’s the matter, pretty Polly?  
    What makes you quack so long before day?”  
“There come three cats to my cage door,  
    And threatened to weary me,  
And I had to call pretty Polly  
    To chase them cats away.”

3

EARL BRAND

(*Child, No. 7*)

See Barry, *Modern Language Notes*, Vol. XXV, No. 4; Barry-Eckstorm-Smyth, p. 35 (two versions); Campbell and Sharp, No. 3 (four versions); Cox, No. 2; Davis, No. 4 (four versions with a “modern piece” as an appendix); Hudson, No. 2; Mackenzie, *Quest*, p. 60; Mackenzie, *Ballads*, No. 2; Shearin, p. 4; Shearin and Combs, p. 7; *Journal*, XXVIII, 152 (Perrow); XXVIII, 200 (Reed Smith); XLII, 256 (Henry, the same text). For additional references, see Cox, No. 2. Professor and Mrs. I. G. Greer, of Boone, N. C., have registered the song with dulcimer accompaniment under the title, “Sweet William and Fair Ellen,” on Paramount Record, 3236A and 3236B. Add Brown, p. 9.

“Lord Loving.” From the singing of Mrs. Samuel Harmon, Cade’s Cove, Blount County, Tennessee, who learned it from Grandfather Harmon in Watauga County, North Carolina. Recorded by Mrs. Henry.



1. "Hold my horse, little Marget," he said,  
"Hold him with your hand,  
Till I go and fight your seven brothers bold  
In the meadow where they stand."
2. She stood and she stood  
And she never shed a tear,  
Till she seed her seven brothers bold fall  
And her father who loved her so dear.
3. She pulled her handkerchief out of her pocket;  
Was of the Holland so fine;  
She tuk and wiped her brother's bloody wounds  
Until the blood run as red as the wine.
4. "Choose you now, little Marget," he says,  
"Go along with me abide."  
"I must go, Lord Loving," she said,  
"Lord, you've left me nary a guide."
5. He mounted himself on a Turkish brown,  
And she on the dapple grey;  
And he blowed his bugle both loud and shrill,  
And he bled as he rode away.
6. He rode by the light of the bright shining moon  
Till he come to his mother's barried [= barred] door:  
"Open the door, dear mother," he says,  
"Little Marget, she is won."
7. "Make me a bed, dear mother," he says,  
"Make it wide and deep,  
Lay little Marget in my arms  
That the sounder I may sleep."
8. Lord Loving died before midnight  
And she along 'fore day;  
And if that be the way of all true lovers,  
Who run away together,  
God send them more pleasure than they.

4  
THE TWA SISTERS  
(*Child, No. 10*)

Campbell and Sharp (No. 4) quote four versions, one from North Carolina and three from Virginia. Pound (No. 4) gives the N. C. version from Campbell and Sharp and a Missouri version imported from Kentucky from H. M. Belden's "Old Country Ballads in Missouri," *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, XIX, p. 233. See also Sharp, *Folk-Songs of English Origin*, 2nd series, pp. 18—21; Cox, No. 3; Gray, p. 75; Hudson, No. 3; Kittredge, *Journal*, XXX, 286; Cox, *The School Journal and Educator* (West Virginia), 1916, XLIV, 428, 441—442; Davis, *Traditional Ballads of Virginia*, No. 5 (eleven versions); Shearin and Combs, p. 7; Pound, *Syllabus*, p. 11; Barry-Eckstorm-Smyth, *British Ballads from Maine*, p. 40; Belden, No. 2; Barry, No. 3; R. W. Gordon, *New York Times Magazine*, Oct. 9, 1927. Add Barry, *Journal*, XVIII, 130—132 (two texts: *A* with air, *B* reprinted in Barry-Eckstorm-Smyth, 40—41); Sharp, MSS., Harvard University Library: several texts with airs, collected in the Southern Highlands; Thomas, p. 70; *Journal*, XLII, 238; XLIV, 295; Brown, p. 9; *PTFLS*, No. 10, pp. 141—143.

The text *A* with the exception of a few verbal differences is close to that in James Watt Raine's *The Land of the Saddle Bags*, Richmond, 1924, p. 118, which is the same as that of Richardson and Spaeth's *American Mountain Songs*, New York, 1927, p. 27, though no mention is there made of the source. Professor Raine says of this ballad (p. 117): "Many of the ballads have a refrain in which all the auditors may join. Sometimes the refrain has no connection with the story, as in the short lines of 'The Twa Sisters'. 'Bowee Down!' and 'Bow and balance to me!' are a remnant from an old dance jingle, which was occasionally sung by dancers even after the music was furnished by the fiddle. 'Bowee' was originally 'Bow ye' but it has dropped the 'y' and become 'bowee', as is common in Scottish familiar speech. The triple repetition of the first line in every stanza is a frequent characteristic of ballads, — it gives intensity to the tale." *C* on the authority of Child is more nearly complete in its theme than *A* and *B* of this group. He says: "According to all complete and uncorrupted forms of the ballad, either some part of the body of the drowned girl is taken to furnish a musical instrument, a harp or a viol, or the instrument is wholly made from the body" (*English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, edited by Helen Child Sargent and George Lyman Kittredge, Cambridge, 1904, p. 18).

*The Twa Sisters*

*A*

Recorded by Mrs. Henry from the singing of Miss Cora Clark, Crossnore,  
Avery County, North Carolina, July 12, 1929.

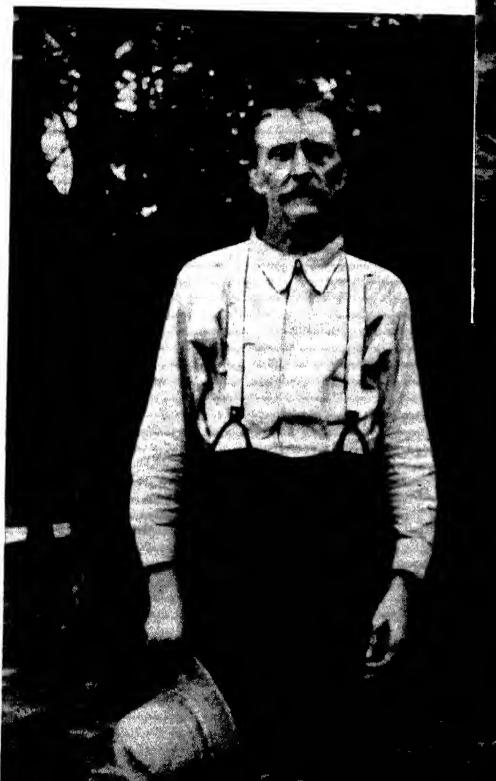


1. There lived an old lord by the Northern Sea,  
    Bow'e down!  
    There lived an old lord by the Northern Sea,  
    Bow and balance to me!  
    There lived an old lord by the Northern Sea  
    And he had daughters, one, two, three.  
        I'll be true to my love,  
        If my love will be true to me.
  
2. A young man came a-courtin' there,  
    Bow'e down!  
    A young man came a-courtin' there,  
    Bow and balance to me!  
    A young man came a-courtin' there  
    And fell in love with the youngest fair.  
        I'll be true to my love,  
        If my love will be true to me.
  
3. He bought the youngest a beaver hat,  
    Bow'e down!  
    He bought the youngest a beaver hat,  
    Bow and balance to me!  
    He bought the youngest a beaver hat;  
    The oldest sister didn't like that.  
        I'll be true to my love,  
        If my love will be true to me.

*Ballads and Songs*

4. The sisters walked down to the river brim,  
    Bow'e down!  
    The sisters walked down to the river brim,  
    Bow and balance to me!  
    The sisters walked down to the river brim;  
    The oldest pushed the youngest in.  
        I'll be true to my love,  
        If my love will be true to me.
5. Sister, O sister, lend me your hand,  
    Bow'e down!  
    Sister, O sister, lend me your hand,  
    Bow and balance to me!  
    Sister, O sister, lend me your hand;  
    I'll give to you my house and land.  
        I'll be true to my love,  
        If my love will be true to me.
6. She floated down to the miller's dam,  
    Bow'e down!  
    She floated down to the miller's dam,  
    Bow and balance to me!  
    She floated down to the miller's dam;  
    The miller pulled her safe to land.  
        I'll be true to my love,  
        If my love will be true to me.
7. From off her finger he took five gold rings,  
    Bow'e down!  
    From off her finger he took five gold rings,  
    Bow and balance to me!  
    From off her finger he took five gold rings  
    And then he threw her back in.  
        I'll be true to my love,  
        If my love will be true to me.
8. They hanged the miller on a gallows so high,  
    Bow'e down!  
    They hanged the miller on a gallows so high,  
    Bow and balance to me!  
    They hanged the miller on a gallows so high,  
    The oldest sister standing close by.  
        I'll be true to my love,  
        If my love will be true to me.

*Mrs. Samuel Harmon When She Came to  
Sing for Us at Our Camp in the Great  
Smokies*





*The Two Sisters*

B

“The Two Sisters.” Recorded by Mrs. Henry from the singing of Mrs. Samuel Harmon, Cade’s Cove, Blount County, Tennessee, August 13, 1930.



1. Two little sisters loved one man,  
Sing I dum, sing I dey;  
Two little sisters loved one man,  
The boys are bound for me.  
Two little sisters loved one man;  
Johnny loved the youngest the little the best,  
Says I'll be kind to my true-love,  
If she'll be kind to me.
  
2. Johnny bought the youngest a beaver hat,  
Sing I dum, sing I dey;  
Johnny bought the youngest a beaver hat;  
The boys are bound for me.  
Johnny bought the youngest a beaver hat;  
The oldest one thought hard of that,  
Says I'll be kind to my true-love,  
If she'll be kind to me.
  
3. Johnny bought the youngest a gay, gold ring,  
Sing I dum, sing I dey;  
Johnny bought the youngest a gay, gold ring;  
The boys are bound for me.  
Johnny bought the youngest a gay, gold ring  
And never bought the oldest a single thing,  
Says I'll be kind to my true-love,  
If she'll be kind to me.

*Ballads and Songs*

4. Two little sisters going down the stream,  
Sing I dum, sing I dey;  
Two little sisters going down the stream;  
The boys are bound for me.  
Two little sisters going down the stream;  
The oldest pushed the youngest in,  
Says I'll be kind to my true-love,  
If she'll be kind to me.
5. "Sister Martha, give me your hand,"  
Sing I dum, sing I dey;  
"Sister Martha, give me your hand;"  
The boys are bound for me.  
"Sister Martha, give me your hand;  
You may have my house and land,"  
Says I'll be kind to my true-love,  
If she'll be kind to me.
6. "Sister Martha, give me your glove,"  
Sing I dum, sing I dey;  
"Sister Martha, give me your glove;"  
The boys are bound for me.  
"Sister Martha, give me your glove  
And you may have my own true-love,"  
Says I'll be kind to my true-love,  
If she'll be kind to me.
7. "I'll neither give you my hand nor glove,"  
Sing I dum, sing I dey;  
"I'll neither give you my hand nor glove,"  
The boys are bound for me.  
"I'll neither give you my hand nor glove,  
But I will have your house and love,"  
Says I'll be kind to my true-love,  
If she'll be kind to me.
8. She floated down in the miller's dam,  
Sing I dum, sing I dey;  
She floated down in the miller's dam;  
The boys are bound for me.  
She floated down in the miller's dam;  
The miller drawed her safe to land,  
Says I'll be kind to my true-love,  
If she'll be kind to me.

*The Two Sisters*

9. The miller robbed her of her gold,  
Sing I dum, sing I dey;  
The miller robbed her of her gold;  
The boys are bound for me.  
The miller robbed her of her gold  
But he plunged her into a deeper hole,  
Says I'll be kind to my true-love,  
If she'll be kind to me.
  
10. The miller was hung on a gallows so high,  
Sing I dum, sing I dey;  
The miller was hung on a gallows so high;  
The boys are bound for me.  
The miller was hung on a gallows so high;  
Sister Martha burnt close by,  
Says I'll be kind to my true-love,  
If she'll be kind to me.

C

"The Two Sisters." Also recorded by Mrs. Henry from the singing of Mrs. Samuel Harmon, Cade's Cove, Blount County, Tennessee, August 13, 1930.



1. Was two sisters loved one man,  
Jelly flower jan;  
The rose marie;  
The jury hangs o'er  
The rose marie.
  
2. He loved the youngest a little the best,  
Jelly flower jan;  
The rose marie;  
The jury hangs o'er  
The rose marie.

*Ballads and Songs*

3. Them two sisters going down stream,  
Jelly flower jan;  
The rose marie;  
The jury hangs o'er  
The rose marie.
4. The oldest pushed the youngest in,  
Jelly flower jan;  
The rose marie;  
The jury hangs o'er  
The rose marie.
5. She made a fiddle out of her bones,  
Jelly flower jan;  
The rose marie;  
The jury hangs o'er  
The rose marie.
6. She made the screws out of her fingers,  
Jelly flower jan;  
The rose marie;  
The jury hangs o'er  
The rose marie.
7. She made the strings out of her hair,  
Jelly flower jan;  
The rose marie;  
The jury hangs o'er  
The rose marie.
8. The first string says, "Yonder sets my sister on a rock  
Jelly flower jan; [tying of a true-love's knot."  
The rose marie;  
The jury hangs o'er  
The rose marie.
9. The next string says, "She pushed me in the deep  
Jelly flower jan; [so far."  
The rose marie;  
The jury hangs o'er  
The rose marie.

5

LORD RANDAL

*(Child, No. 12)*

Cox in his head-note to No. 4 states that twelve variants have been recovered in West Virginia under the titles of "Lord Randal", "Johnny Randolph", "Johnny Randal", "Johnny Ramsay", and "Johnny Reeler". Davis (No. 6) says that the ballad "masquerades in Virginia as 'John Willow, My Son', 'Johnnie Randolph, My Son', 'Johnny Rillus' (or 'Rilla' or 'Rulus' or 'Riller' or 'Reynolds'), 'Ransel, My Son', 'McDonald', 'John Elzie', 'Billy Randall, or a Rope and a Gallows', 'Where Have You Been to, My Dear Son', seldom as 'Lord Randal'." See also Barry, No. 10; Barry-Eck-storm-Smyth, pp. 46-72; Brown, p. 9; Flanders and Brown, p. 197; Campbell and Sharp, No. 6; Hudson, No. 4; McGill, p. 19; Pound, *Syllabus*, p. 9; Pound, *Ballads*, No. 1; *New Jersey Journal of Education*, December, 1927 (the same text); Shearin, p. 4; Shearin and Combs, p. 7; Shoemaker, 123 (in Shoemaker's second edition, 1923, the page is 139); Reed Smith, No. 2; Reed Smith, *Ballads*, No. 2; *Journal*, XIII, 115 (Newell); XVI, 258 (Barry); XVIII, 195 (Barry), 303 (Barry); XXII, 77 (Barry), 376 (Barry); XXIV, 345 (Barry); XXIX, 157 (Tolman); XXX, 289 (Kittredge); XXXV, 339 (Tolman and Eddy); XXXIX, 81 (Whiting); XLII, 257 (Henry, the same text); XLIV, 302; Barry, *Bulletin of the Folk-Song Society of the Northeast*, No. 1, p. 4.

Sung by Miss Mary Riddle, Black Mountain, Buncombe County, North Carolina. She had it from her father who learned it in Madison County, North Carolina. This ballad came as a surprise to the editor because on a former visit to the home of Miss Riddle this young lady insisted that she had "sung all I know," but a later visit (1926) brought as reward the following text of "Lord Randal."

1. "Oh, where have you been, Lord Randal, my son?  
    Oh, where have you been, my handsome young man?"  
    "I have been to the greenwood. Mother, make my bed soon,  
        For I'm wearied with hunting and fain would lie down."
2. "And who met you there, Lord Randal, my son?  
    And who met you there, my handsome young man?"  
    "Oh, I met with my true love. Mother, make by bed soon,  
        For I'm wearied with hunting and fain would lie down."

*Ballads and Songs*

3. "And what did she give you, Lord Randal, my son?  
And what did she give you, my handsome young man?"  
"Eels fried in a pan. Mother, make my bed soon,  
For I'm wearied with hunting and fain would lie down."
4. "And what got your leavings, Lord Randal, my son?  
And what got your leavings, my handsome young man?"  
"My hawks and my hounds. Mother, make my bed soon,  
For I'm wearied with hunting and fain would lie down."
5. "And what became of them, Lord Randal, my son?  
And what became of them, my handsome young man?"  
"They stretched their legs out and died. Mother, make my bed soon,  
For I'm wearied with hunting and fain would lie down."
6. "Oh, I fear you are poisoned, Lord Randal, my son!  
Oh, I fear you are poisoned, my handsome young man!"  
"Oh, yes, I am poisoned. Mother, make my bed soon,  
For I'm sick at heart and fain would lie down."
7. "What do ye leave to your mother, Lord Randal, my son?  
What do ye leave to your mother, my handsome young man?"  
"Four and twenty milk cows. Mother, make my bed soon,  
For I'm sick at the heart and fain would lie down."
8. "What do ye leave to your sister, Lord Randal, my son?  
What do ye leave to your sister, my handsome young man?"  
"My gold and my silver. Mother, make my bed soon,  
For I'm sick at the heart and fain would lie down."
9. "What do ye leave to your brother, Lord Randal, my son?"  
What do ye leave to your brother, my handsome young man?"  
"My houses and my lands. Mother, make my bed soon,  
For I'm sick at the heart and fain would lie down."
10. "What do ye leave to your true love, Lord Randal, my son?  
What do ye leave to your true love, my handsome young man?"  
"I leave her hell and fire! Mother, make my bed soon,  
For I'm sick at the heart and fain would lie down."

THE CRUEL MOTHER

(*Child, No. 20*)

See Barry-Eckstorm-Smyth, p. 80; Campbell and Sharp, No. 9; Cox, No. 5; Davis, No. 9; Mackenzie, *Quest*, p. 104; Mackenzie, *Ballads*, No. 3; McGill, p. 83; Sharp, *Folk-Songs of English Origin Collected in the Appalachian Mountains*, Second Series, No. 1; Shearin, p. 4; Shearin and Combs, p. 7; *Journal*, XXV, 183 (Mackenzie); Randolph, p. 185; Jones, p. 13; Fuson, p. 59. For additional references see *Journal*, XXX, 293.

This song was recorded by Mrs. Henry from the singing of Mrs. Samuel Harmon at Cade's Cove, Blount County, Tennessee, August, 1930. A visit to the home of the Harmons in Georgia in the summer of 1931 resulted in the recording of still more ballads and a number of tunes. The interesting thing in connection with all these visits is the emphatic pronouncement from every member of the family that no more songs are known by any of them; yet a later visit is sure to bring forth more.



1. A mother had two little babes,  
*All along in the lone e o.*
2. She carried them down in the greenwood sides,  
*All along in the lone e o.*
3. She tuk her knife and cut their throats,  
*All along in the lone e o.*
4. She buried them under a marble stone,  
*All along in the lone e o.*
5. She covered them up with a marble ball,  
*All along in the lone e o.*
6. She went to the river for to wash her hands,  
*All along in the lone e o.*
7. The more she washed the bloodier they got,  
*All along in the lone e o.*

8. She went to the house for to dry her hands,  
*All along in the lone e o.*
9. She seen her two little babes under the marble stone,  
*All along in the lone e o.*
10. Playing with that marble ball,  
*All along in the lone e o.*
11. "Babes, O babes, if you were mine,  
*All along in the lone e o.*
12. I'd dress you in the silks so fine,"  
*All along in the lone e o.*
13. "Mama, O mama, we onct was yourn,  
*All along in the lone e o.*
14. You neither dressed us coarse nor fine,"  
*All along in the lone e o.*

7

THE THREE RAVENS

(*The Twa Corbies*)

(*Child, No. 26*)

Child reminds us that Scott says of "The Twa Corbies" that it was "rather a counterpart than a copy" of "The Three Ravens" (*English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, edited by Helen Child Sargent and George Lyman Kittredge, Cambridge, 1904, p. 45. Cf. also Sir Walter Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, London, 1839, p. 235). See Barry, No. 27; Brown, p. 9; Campbell and Sharp, No. 10; Cox, No. 6; Davis, No. 10; Flanders and Brown, p. 198; Hudson, No. 6; Jones, p. 13; Sharp, *Folk-Songs of English Origin*, 2nd Series, p. 22; Reed Smith, *Journal*, XXVII, 63, and XXVIII, 201; Tatlock, *Journal*, XXXI, 273. *B* and *C* are fragments of "The Three Crows", a comic variety of "The Three Ravens". Cox in his head-note (No. 6) gives a number of references to the comic versions of the song. Add to these *Heart Songs*, p. 485. Parodies of the song may be found in Davis, No. 10 (*appendices*, p. 145). Mr. Barry sent the following comment. "The longer form of the song, which consists of Scott's text, expanded

and altered by Allan Cunningham, was printed in 1825 in Cunningham's *Songs of Scotland*, Vol. I, pp. 289—290. He changed 'corbies' to 'ravens' in the first line. The editor of Cleveland's *Compendium* thought 'ravens' was neither archaic nor Scotch enough; he changed Cunningham's 'ravens' back to 'corbies.'"

*A*

"The Twa Corbies." Obtained from Mrs. Henry C. Gray, Route #3, Box 499, Terre Haute, Indiana. The ballad, therefore, does not come from the Southern Highlands, but came as a result of meeting Mrs. Gray while on a ballad-quest in the Great Smoky Mountains. It was copied by the writer from an end-paper of an old bound volume of magazines in the possession of Mrs. Gray. She thought that it might have been written there from memory by her grandfather. Later Mr. Phillips Barry pointed out that the text is identical with the version in Cleveland's *Compendium*. At first it was decided not to print the text. However, on Mr. Barry's suggestion it is here printed. He says in a letter of June 26, 1931:

"It seems to me that Mrs. Gray's text of 'The Two Corbies' might well be included in your collection with the other two texts. The use of Cleveland's *Compendium* was so universal in American high schools that it is not likely that Mrs. Gray's grandfather was the only person who learned the 'Two Corbies' from it. There is, after all, not so very much difference between a school-book and a broadside or a songster, when it is a question of giving a particular song text a new start in oral tradition. The volume of *Vermont Folk-Songs and Ballads*, just published by the Stephen Daye Press, Brattleboro, Vermont, has on pp. 19, ff., a song, 'Margaret Gray', sung to a variant of an air widely known among folk-singers. The song was written by Julia C. R. Dorr, and was first printed in 1868; apparently it was learned from a volume of her poems, and, having passed into oral tradition became attached to the tune to which it was sung."

1. There were two corbies sat on a tree,  
Large and black, as black might be;  
And one the other gan say:  
"Where shall we go and dine today?  
Shall we go dine by the wild salt sea?  
Shall we go dine 'neath the greenwood tree?

2. "As I sat on the deep sea sand,  
I saw a fair ship nigh at land.  
I waved my wings, I bent my beak,  
The ship sunk and I heard a shriek.  
There they lie — one, two and three.  
I shall dine by the wild salt sea."
3. "Come, I will show ye a sweeter sight,  
A lonesome glen, and a new-slain knight.  
His blood yet on the grass is hot,  
His sword half drawn, his shafts unshot,  
And no one kens that he lies there  
But his hawk, his hound, and his lady fair.
4. "His hound is to the hunting gane,  
His hawk to fetch the wild fowl hame,  
His lady's away with another mate;  
So we shall make our dinner sweet;  
Our dinner's sure, our feasting free;  
Come, and dine by the greenwood tree.
5. "Ye shall sit on his white hause-bane<sup>1</sup>  
I will pick out his bouri<sup>2</sup> blue 'een;  
Ye'll take a tress of his yellow hair  
To theak<sup>3</sup> yere nest when it grows base;  
The gowden<sup>4</sup> down on his young chin  
Will do to sew my young ones in.
6. "Oh, cauld and base<sup>5</sup> will his bed be  
When winter storms sing in the tree.  
At his head a turf, at his feet a stone.  
He will sleep, nor hear the maiden's moan.  
O'er his white bones, the birds shall fly,  
The wild deer bound, and foxes cry."

---

<sup>1</sup> Neck Bone.

<sup>2</sup> For Bonny. Cunningham has "bony."

<sup>3</sup> Thatch.

<sup>4</sup> Golden.

<sup>5</sup> Mistake for bare as also in stanza 5, line 4.

*The Three Ravens*

*B*

"The Three Black Crows." Obtained from Miss Mary Franklin, Crossnore, Avery County, North Carolina, August 11, 1930.

1. There were three crows sat on a tree,  
Old Billy McGaw McGee!  
There were three crows sat on a tree,  
Old Billy McGaw McGee!  
There were three crows sat on a tree,  
And they were black as crows could be,  
And they all flapped their wings and cried,  
"Caw! Caw! Caw!"  
And they all flapped their wings and cried,  
"Caw! Caw! Caw!"
2. "What shall we have for bread to eat?"  
Old Billy McGaw McGee!  
"On yonders hill there lies a horse."  
Old Billy McGaw McGee!  
"We'll perch ourselves on his backbone,  
And pick his eyes out one by one;"  
And they all clapped their wings and cried,  
"Caw! Caw! Caw!"  
And they all clapped their wings and cried,  
"Caw! Caw! Caw!"

*C*

"Three Black Crows." Obtained from Mr. C. L. Franklin, Crossnore, Avery County, North Carolina, July 13, 1930.

1. There were three black crows  
Sat in a tree.  
Oh, Billy McGee McGaw!  
And they were as black  
As they could be.  
Oh, Billy McGee McGaw!  
They flapped their wings and crowed,  
"Caw! Caw! Caw!"

## APPENDIX

*A* is repeated here showing Cunningham's readings as indicated by Mr. Barry.

### CORRECTED TO RESTORE CUNNINGHAM'S READINGS.

From *A Compendium of English Literature, Chronologically Arranged, from Sir John Mandeville to William Cowper*, by Charles D. Cleveland. Philadelphia, 1859 (original copyright date, 1848).

### THE TWO RAVENS.<sup>1</sup>

There were two ravens sat on a tree  
Large and black as black might be;  
And one unto the other gan say,  
Where shall we go and dine to-day?  
Shall we go dine by the wild salt sea?  
Shall we go dine 'neath the greenwood tree?

As I sat on the deep sea sand,  
I saw a fair ship nigh at land,  
I waved my wings, I bent my beak,  
The ship sunk, and I heard a shriek;  
There lie the sailors, one, two, three,  
I shall dine by the wild salt sea.

Come, I will show ye a sweeter sight,  
A lonesome glen, and a new-slain knight;  
His blood yet on the grass is hot,  
His sword half-drawn, his shafts unshot,  
And no one kens that he lies there,  
But his hawk, his hound, and his lady fair.

His hound is to the hunting gane,  
His hawk to fetch the wild fowl hame,  
His lady's away with another mate,  
So we shall make our dinner sweet;  
Our dinner's sure, our feasting free,  
Come, and dine by the greenwood tree.

---

<sup>1</sup> One of the most poetical and picturesque ballads existing.

Ye shall sit on his white hause-bane,<sup>1</sup>  
I will pike out his bony blue e'en;  
Ye'll take a tress of his yellow hair,  
To theak yere nest when it grows bare;  
The gowden<sup>2</sup> down on his young chin  
Will do to rowe my young ones in.

O, cauld and bare will his bed be,  
When winter storms sing in the tree;  
At his head a turf, at his feet a stone,  
He will sleep, nor hear the maiden's moan:  
O'er his white bones the birds shall fly,  
The wild deer bound and the foxes cry.

8

THE BROOMFIELD HILL

(*Child, No. 43*)

See Mr. Barry's text with its interesting history in the *Journal*, XXIV, 14, reprinted in Barry-Eckstorm-Smyth, p. 440. See also the West Virginia version of Combs, *Folk-Songs du Midi des-États-Unis*, p. 127.

This is another ballad that came as a result of our experience with the Harmon family in Cade's Cove, Tennessee, in August, 1930. It was recorded by Mrs. Henry from the singing of Mrs. Harmon.

1. "I wager you  
That a maid can't come  
To the Merry Broomfield  
And then go away."
2. And said his true love,  
A-setting on his knee:  
"I wager you a maiden can come  
To the Merry Broomfield  
And then go away."

---

<sup>1</sup> The neck-bone — a phrase for the neck.

<sup>2</sup> Golden.

*Ballads and Songs*

3. He spoke to his parrot  
And these words say:  
“When my true love comes,  
Wake me.....”
4. She came to the Broomfield;  
She twisted the ring  
From her finger  
And put it on his hand.
5. She picked a blossom  
On the Merry Broomfield;  
And put them at  
His head and feet.
6. She laid herself  
In the Merry Broomfield  
To hear what her true love would say  
When he awoke.
7. When he woke  
And found she was there  
.....  
She would not have went away.
8. He called out to his parrot:  
“Why couldn’t you  
Have waken me  
When my true love was here?”
9. “All the song that I sing  
And all the notes that I could ring  
Would not have woken you  
When your true love was here.”
10. In his wrath he swore within his heart  
If he could find her here,  
All the birds in the Broomfield  
Would feast on her heart’s blood.

YOUNG BEICHAN

(*Child, No. 53*)

See Barry, No. 12; Barry-Eckstorm-Smyth, p. 106; Brown, p. 9; Campbell and Sharp, No. 12; Cox, No. 8; Davis, No. 12; Flanders and Brown, p. 204; Hudson, No. 8; Mackenzie, *Quest*, p. 115; Mackenzie, *Ballads*, No. 5; Pound, *Syllabus*, p. 9; Pound, *Ballads*, No. 14; Raine, *Land of the Saddle Bags*, p. 109; Shearin, p. 4; Shearin and Combs, p. 7; Reed Smith, No. 3; Reed Smith, *Ballads*, No. 3; Wyman and Brockway, p. 58; *Journal*, XVIII, 209 (Barry); XX, 251 (Kittredge); XXII, 64 (Beatty), 78 (Barry); XXIII, 450 (Barry); XXVI, 353 (Pound); XXVIII, 149 (Perrow); XXX, 294 (Kittredge); XLII, 259 (Henry, the same text); XLI, 585 (Parsons); Thomas, pp. 25, 86.

A

“Young Behan.” Obtained from Miss Laura Harmon, Cade’s Cove, Blount County, Tennessee, August, 1928, who learned it from her father, Samuel Harmon.



1. Young Behan from Glasgow gone,  
All these fine Turkish for to view.  
They bored a hole through his right shoulder  
And through and through they drew a key,  
And plunged him into the dungeon dark  
Where the light of day he no more could see.
2. The gaoler had a beautiful daughter;  
Oh, a beautiful daughter was she.  
She now to the gaol window is gone  
To call young Behan, to hear his voice.

3. "Have you any houses and lands?  
Have you any buildings free?  
Or what would you give to a pretty girl,  
To set you at your liberty?"
4. "The Glasgow town, it is all mine,  
Besides the castles two or three;  
And them I'll give to a pretty girl,  
That will set me at my liberty."
5. "Give to me your faith and troth  
And your right hand you will marry me,  
And pay down ninety thousand pounds  
And I'll set you at your liberty."
6. She took him by his pale white hand  
And led him up the marble walk  
Where the sugar, bread, and wine so red  
Was all to comfort his fair body.
7. They made a league between them both  
For seven long years and one day.  
"And if you don't come within that time,  
The blame all on you I will lay."
8. The seven long years has just been gone  
This lady a-thinking the time great long.  
"I'll go search for my young Behan;  
I know no where or within what land."
9. Her father built her a little ship  
And set it on the raging sea;  
And in that ship put gold enough  
To bear her own sweet company.
10. She floated low, she floated high;  
Some turf of [= and] stone she chanced did spy,  
As she went cracking her pretty white fingers  
As the lords and knights went talking by.
11. She went to young Behan's gate  
And dingled at the ring.  
"Wait a while," the porter said,  
"I'll quickly rise and let you in."

12. "Is this young Behan's hall,  
Or is it his knight within?"  
.....  
.....
13. On her fingers she wore rings,  
And on her middle finger three.  
She twisted a ring from a middle finger  
And gave the porter for his fee.
14. "Here is a lady at your gate,  
As fair as your two eyes ever did see."  
"I'll lay my like," Lord Behan says,  
"Miss Susie Price's come over the seas."
15. He kicked a table with his foot,  
And drew it down on his knee,  
And made cup, pans, and silver cans —  
All into flinders they did fly.
16. "Have you wedded any other woman?  
I am sure I've wedded no other man.  
Come, pay me down ninety thousand pounds  
And I'll go home to my native land."
17. "No, love, don't talk so;  
It's whether you marry, or let it be,  
I'll wed you to my older brother  
If with him content you'd be."
18. "I wish you luck with your older brother,  
But I don't want no such a man.  
Come, pay me down my portion small  
And I'll return to the Turkish land."
19. "No, love, don't talk so;  
Whether you marry him, or let that be,  
I'll marry you to my younger brother  
If with him content you'd be."
20. "I wish you luck with your younger brother,  
But I don't want no such a man.  
Come, pay me down minety thousand pounds  
And I'll go home to my native land."

21. "No, love, don't talk so;  
It's whether you marry him, or let that be,  
I'll wed you to my own self,  
If with me content you'd be."
22. Up spoke his new bride;  
Oh, but she spoke desperately:  
"You've married as fair a lady  
As ever your two eyes did see."
23. "Yes, you are fair and very fair,  
And fair as ever need to be.  
If you were nine times fairer than ever you was,  
You wouldn't be as fair by one-tenth degree."
24. Up spoke his new bride's mother;  
Oh, but she spoke angrily:  
"Did you ever hear or know the like before,  
To wed a damsel in the morning soon  
And to wed to another just after noon?"
25. "You may have your brown girl.  
I am sure she is none the worse by me.  
Before I'd hear of my darling complain  
I'd like all this town in exchange."
26. He took her by her lily white hand  
And led her up a marble stair.  
He changed her name from Miss Susie Price  
And called her the Queen of Glasgow Geen [= Green]

B

"Turkish Lady." The song was recorded near Cumberland Gap, Tennessee, by Ruth Bagwell, a student in Lincoln Memorial University.

1. Lord Bateman was a noble lord;  
He thought himself of high degree;  
He could not rest nor be contented  
Until he had voyaged across the sea.

*The Cherry-Tree Carol*

2. He sailed east and he sailed westward  
Until he reached the Turkish shore  
And there he was taken and put in prison;  
He lived in hopes of freedom no more.
3. The Turkish had one only daughter,  
The fairest creature eye ever did see.  
She stole the keys to her father's prison,  
Saying, "Lord Bateman, I'll set free."

10

THE CHERRY-TREE CAROL

(*Child, No. 54*)

For American texts see Barry-Eckstorm-Smyth, p. 446; Campbell and Sharp, No. 13; Davis, No. 13; McGill, p. 60; Pound, No. 19 (McGill's Text); Scarborough, pp. 60—61; *Journal*, XXIX, 293 and 294; XXX, 297; *The Virginia Folk-Lore Society Bulletin*, Nos. 4, 5. For a full history of this ballad, see Davis's head-note (No. 13). Add *Bulletin*, No. 6, p. 6.

Obtained from Miss Mary Wheeler, 504 Kentucky Avenue, Paducah, Kentucky, January 14, 1931.

1. Joseph was an old man,  
An old man was he,  
When he married Mary,  
The Queen of Galilee.
2. Joseph and Mary walked  
Through a garden gay,  
Where the cherries grew  
Upon every tree.
3. And they heard while walking,  
Angel voices sing,  
"Lo, this night shall be born  
Our Lord and Heavenly King.
4. "He neither shall be born  
In a house nor a hall,  
Nor in Paradise,  
But within a stall."

*II*

LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ANNET

(*Child, No. 73*)

For American texts, see Barry, No. 2; Barry-Eckstorm-Smyth, p. 128; Belden, No. 4; Brown, p. 9; Campbell and Sharp, No. 16; Cox, No. 10; Davis, No. 18; Flanders and Brown, p. 209; Hudson, No. 10; Bradley Kincaid, *My Favorite Mountain Ballads and Old-Time Songs*, p. 36; McGill, p. 28; Mackenzie, *Quest*, p. 97; Mackenzie, *Ballads*, No. 6; Pound, *Syllabus*, p. 11; Pound, *Ballads*, No. 12; Raine, *Land of the Saddle Bags*, p. 112; Sandburg, p. 157; Shearin, p. 3; Shearin and Combs, p. 8; Shoemaker, 2nd ed., p. 155; Reed Smith, No. 5; Reed Smith, *Ballads*, No. 5; Wyman and Brockway, *Songs*, p. 14; *Journal*, XVIII, 128 (Barry), 295 (Barry); XIX, 235 (Belden); XX, 254 (Kittredge); XXVII, 71 (Barry); XXVIII, 152 (Perrow); XXIX, 159 (Tolman); XXXIX, 94 (Hudson); XLII, 262 (Henry, the same text); Thomas, p. 88; Fuson, p. 49; *PTFLS*, No. 10, 144—146.

*A*

“Lord Thomas and Fair Ellender.” Sung by “Uncle” Sam Harmon, Cade’s Cove, Blount County, Tennessee, August, 1928. He learned it from his grandfather in Watauga County, North Carolina, who had learned it in England before emigrating to North Carolina. The song was recorded by Mrs. Henry.



1. “Come, tell to me, dear mother”, he says,  
“Come, tell to me your desire:  
It’s whether I marry fair Ellender or no,  
Or bring you the brown girl home,  
Or bring you the brown girl home.”

*Lord Thomas and Fair Annet*

2. "The brown girl she has houses and lands,  
Fair Ellender, she has none.  
For a blessing, my own dear son,  
Go, bring the brown girl home,  
Go, bring the brown girl home."
3. He dressed his pavage all in green:  
Hisself he dressed in white;  
And every town that he rode through,  
They tuk him to be some knight,  
They tuk him to be some knight.
4. He rode till he came to fair Ellender's gate.  
He dingled low at the ring;  
None is so ready as Ellender herself  
To rise and welcome him in,  
To rise and welcome him in.
5. "What news, what news," fair Ellender says,  
"What news you brung to me?"  
"No news, no news," Lord Thomas, he says,  
"Only come to my wedding,  
Only come to my wedding."
6. "Bad news, bad news," Fair Ellender says,  
"Bad news, you brung to me.  
For I thought to be the bride myself  
And you the bride-groom to be,  
And you the bride-groom to be."
7. "Come, tell to me, dear mother," she says,  
"Come, tell to me your desire:  
As to whether I go to Lord Thomas's wedding,  
Or dine at home with thee,  
Or dine at home with thee."
8. "Great many of your friends will be there;  
And great many more of your foes;  
And for a blessing, my own dear child,  
Come, dine at home with me,  
Come, dine at home with me."

9. "Great many of my friends will be there;  
Great many more of my foes;  
And let me be dead or alive  
To Lord Thomas's wedding I go,  
To Lord Thomas's wedding I go."
10. She dressed her pavage all in white;  
Herself she dressed in green;  
And every town that she rode through,  
They tuk her for to be some queen,  
They tuk her for to be some queen.
11. She rode till she came to Lord Thomas's gate;  
She dingled low at the ring;  
And none is so ready as Thomas himself  
To rise and welcome her in,  
To rise and welcome her in.
12. "Is this your young bride?" fair Ellender says,  
"She looks so wonderfulest brown.  
For you might have had as fair a lady  
As ever the sun shone on,  
As ever the sun shone on."
13. "Hold your tongue," Lord Thomas, he says,  
"Throw none of your flouts on me;  
I love the end of your little finger  
Better than the brown girl's whole body,  
Better than the brown girl's whole body."
14. The brown girl had a little pen-knife;  
Was brazed in metal so free.  
She pierced fair Ellender to the heart;  
She gave her a dead-lie blow,  
She gave her a dead-lie blow.
15. He tuk her by her lily-white hand,  
And led her through chambers three,  
And led her to his own bed-side,  
And pulled her down on his knee,  
And pulled her down on his knee.

*Lord Thomas and Fair Annet*

16. "What's the matter, what's the matter," Lord Thomas  
    "You look so wonderfulest pale? [says,  
    You use to look as red as a rose;  
    But now your color doth fail,  
    But now your color doth fail."
17. "Are you blind, are you blind, Lord Thomas," she says,  
    "Or can't you very well see?  
    Or don't you see my own heart's blood  
    Come trickerling down my knee,  
    Come trickerling down my knee?"
18. "I am not blind," Lord Thomas, he says,  
    "And I can very well see.  
    And now I see your own heart's blood  
    Come trickerling down thy knee,  
    Come trickerling down thy knee."
19. Lord Thomas had a two-edged sword;  
    Was brazed in metal so free.  
    He tuk and cut off the brown girl's head  
    And stove it against a tree,  
    And stove it against a tree.
20. "Go, dig a grave," Lord Thomas, he says,  
    "And dig it both wide and deep,  
    And lay fair Ellender in my arms,  
    And the brown girl at my feet,  
    And the brown girl at my feet."
21. He turned the point of the sword against his heart,  
    The butt against the wall;  
    And these are the last words Lord Thomas did say  
    Before his dead body did fall,  
    Before his dead body did fall.

B

"Lord Thomas." The song was recorded by D. G. Tiller, a student in Lincoln Memorial University, from the singing of Nathan Beverley, Freeling, Virginia.

*Ballads and Songs*

1. Lord Thomas he was a gay young man;  
He was a lord of many a town;  
He courted a girl called, pretty fair Ellen,  
And another called, Sally Brown.
2. "Father and mother, I ask you both,  
I ask you both as one,  
Whether I must marry wi' pretty fair Ellen,  
Or bring the Brown girl home."
3. "The Brown girl she has houses and lands;  
Fair Ellen she has none;  
If you'll take advice from such a kind friend,  
You'll bring the Brown girl home."
4. He rode up to fair Ellen's hall;  
So loud he called, it did ring;  
No one was so ready as fair Ellen herself  
To rise and bid him walk in.
5. "Bad news, bad news, fair Ellen," he said,  
"Bad news, bad news, indeed;  
I come to ask you to my wedding;  
All on next Thursday it will be."
6. "Bad news, bad news, Lord Thomas", she said,  
"Bad news, bad news, indeed;  
I always intended to be your bride  
And you the bridegroom for me.
7. "Father and mother, I ask you both,  
I ask you both as one,  
Should I go to Lord Thomas' wedding,  
Or tarry wi' your mother at home?"
8. "Many there will be my<sup>1</sup> friend;  
And many will be my<sup>1</sup> foe;  
If you'll take advice from such a kind friend,  
You'll tarry wi' your mother at home."

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<sup>1</sup> Mistake for *your*.

*Lord Thomas and Fair Annet*

9. "Many there will be my friend;  
And many will be my foe;  
But little do I care for my friend or my foe;  
To Lord Thomas' wedding I'll go."
10. She dressed herself in scarlet red,  
And her mantle was white and green,  
And every town she rode around  
She was ta'en to be a queen.
11. She rode up to Lord Thomas' hall;  
So loudly knocked, it did ring;  
No one was so ready as Lord Thomas himself  
To rise and bid her come in.
12. He took her by her lily white hand;  
He led her across the hall;  
She sat at the head of the table  
Among those ladies all.
13. "Is this your bride, Lord Thomas," she said,  
"Is this that wonderful Brown?  
You once could have married the fairest lady  
That ever came through this town."
14. The Brown girl had a little pen knife;  
The blade was keen and sharp;  
Between the long ribs and the short,  
She pierced fair Ellen's heart.
15. He took the Brown girl by the hand;  
He led her across the hall;  
He cut her head off with his sword  
And kicked it against the wall.
16. He turned his handle toward the wall,  
The blade toward his breast;  
This is the end of these young loves;  
Lord, send our souls to rest!
17. "So dig my grave both wide and deep;  
Lay pretty fair Ellen in my arms,  
And lay the Brown girl  
At my feet."

I2

THE LASS OF ROCH ROYAL

(*Child, No. 76*)

For a discussion of this ballad and its combination with other songs sung in Virginia, see Davis, No. 21. Combinations similar to those there discussed are included here as appendices. See also version C, stanzas 5 and 6, of *John Henry* in this collection, beginning,

“Says, who’s gonner buy you a gown?”

For other American texts, see Barry-Eckstorm-Smyth, p. 149; Belden, No. 91; Brown, p. 9; Combs, p. 134; Cox, No. 13; Sandburg, p. 98; Shearin, p. 4; Shearin and Combs, p. 8; *Journal*, XXII, 240; XXX, 304.

A

Learned by Mrs. Henry in Atlanta, Georgia, when she was a child.



1. Oh, who will shoe my little foot, foot, foot?  
Oh, who will shoe my little foot, foot, foot?  
Oh, who will shoe my little foot,  
When I am in the foreign land?
2. Oh, papa will shoe my little foot, foot, foot;  
Oh, papa will shoe my little foot, foot, foot;  
Oh, papa will shoe my little foot,  
When I am in the foreign land.
3. Oh, who will glove my pretty hand, hand, hand?  
Oh, who will glove my pretty hand, hand, hand?  
Oh, who will glove my pretty hand,  
When I am in the foreign land?
4. Oh, mama will glove my pretty hand, hand, hand;  
Oh, mama will glove my pretty hand, hand, hand;  
Oh, mama will glove my pretty hand,  
When I am in the foreign land.

*The Lass of Rock Royal*

5. Oh, who will kiss my ruby lips, lips, lips?  
    Oh, who will kiss my ruby lips, lips, lips?  
    Oh, who will kiss my ruby lips,  
        When I am in the foreign land?
6. Oh, I will kiss your ruby lips, lips, lips;  
    Oh, I will kiss your ruby lips, lips, lips;  
    Oh, I will kiss your ruby lips,  
        When I am in the foreign land.

B

Obtained from Mr. C. L. Franklin, Crossnore, Avery County, North Carolina, July, 1930.

Cox (p. 87) remarks that "these two stanzas sometimes occur by themselves; so Child, III, 512 (from 'the Carolina mountains'); Cox C; *Focus*, IV, 49. But they easily become associated with any song on the theme of lovers' parting. They turn up, accordingly, (1) in 'The New-Slain Knight' (Child, No. 263); (2) in some forms of 'The True Lover's Farewell' (as Cox, No. 137, and Campbell and Sharp, No. 61 A; Belden's collection); (3) in one version of 'The Rejected Lover' (Campbell and Sharp, No. 56 A); (4) in 'Cold Winter's Night' (Shearin, *Modern Language Review*, VI, 514; cf. Shearin and Combs, p. 8), which is a cross between (2) and (3); (5) in some forms of 'Careless Love' (Perrow, *Journal*, XXVIII, 147, mixed with 'The True Lover's Farewell'; *Focus*, III, 275); (6) in some versions of 'The False Young Man' (Campbell and Sharp, No. 94 C; Babcock, *Folk-Lore Journal*, VII, 31, reprinted by Child, III, 511); (7) in 'Kitty Kline' (Bascom, *Journal*, XXII, 240; cf. F. C. Brown, p. 9); (8) in 'Blue-eyed Boy' (Belden's Missouri collection); in (9) in a comic ditty (Lomax, *The North Carolina Booklet*, July, 1911, XI, 29). The same stanzas, alone or in combination, are recorded in *Bulletin*, Nos. 2—10. They occur also in a West Virginia text of 'The House Carpenter' (No. 25 C), in 'John Hardy' (No. 35 E), and apparently in a North Carolina version of 'Lord Randal,' Child, No. 12 (F. C. Brown, p. 9). Cf. Reed Smith, *Journal*, XXVIII, 201, 202."

1. Oh, who will shoe my pretty little feet?  
    Oh, who will glove my hand?  
    And who will kiss my ruby cheeks?  
    And who will be my man?

2. My papa will shoe my pretty little feet;  
My mama will glove my hand;  
No one will kiss my rosy cheeks;  
No one will be my man.

## APPENDIX

### A

The song was recorded by Dora Testerman, a student in Lincoln Memorial University, who learned it from her parents. Stanzes 2, 5, and 6 are from "The True Lover's Farewell." Cf. Sharp, No. 61.

1. Oh, who will shoe your pretty little feet,  
And who will kiss your ruby lips,  
And who will kiss your ruby lips,  
When I've gone to the foreign land?
2. Farewell, farewell, my pretty maid,  
Fare thee well for a while,  
For I'm going away ten thousand miles,  
Ten thousand miles from here.
3. Who will shoe your bonny feet,  
And who will glove your hand?  
Who will kiss your red, rosy lips,  
While I'm in some foreign land?
4. My father will shoe my bonny little feet;  
My mother will glove my hand;  
But my red, rosy lips shall go wanting  
Till you return again.
5. You know a crow is a coal, coal black  
And turns to a purple blue,  
And if ever I prove false to you  
I hope my body will melt like dew,
6. I love you till the seas run dry  
And rocks dissolve by the sun;  
I'll love you till the day I die,  
And then you know I'm done.

*The Lass of Roch Royal*

APPENDIX

B

"Little Betty Ann." Recorded by Mrs. Henry from the singing of Mrs. Samuel Harmon, Cade's Cove, Tennessee, August, 1930. If "Betty Anne" suggests the theme of the song, it changes to "The False Young Man" and "The Lass of Roch Royal."



1. Little Betty Ann, she, pretty little girl,  
She broke my heart in two,  
Caze I was just a little boy  
And didn't know how to do.

*Chorus*

I'm a-going away;  
I'm a-coming back again,  
If I go ten-thousand miles.  
I'm a-going away;  
I'm a-coming back again,  
If I go ten-thousand miles.

2. What if you get sick, my love,  
And die so far from home?  
No one to hold your aching head,  
Nor hear your pitiful moans.

*Chorus*

3. Oh, if I get sick, my love,  
And die so far from home,  
Pray God may hold my aching head  
And hear my pitiful moan.

*Chorus*

4. Who will shoe your pretty little foot?  
And who will glove your hand?  
And who will kiss your sweet rubby lips,  
When in the foreign land?

*Chorus*

5. My papa will shoe my pretty little foot;  
My mama will glove my hand;  
And you can kiss my sweet rubby lips,  
When I'm in the foreign land.

*Chorus*

13

THE WIFE OF USHER'S WELL

(*Child, No. 79*)

See Belden, No. 77; Campbell and Sharp, No. 19; Cox, No. 14; Davis, No. 22; Hudson, No. 12; McGill, p. 5; Pound, *Syllabus*, p. 10; Pound, *Ballads*, No. 7; Shearin and Combs, p. 9; *Journal*, XIII, 119 (Newell); XXIII, 429 (Belden); XXX, 305 (Kittredge); XXXII, 503 (Richardson); XXXIX, 96 (Hudson); Randolph, p. 180; Brown, p. 9.

A

No local title was given for this ballad. It is from a manuscript sent by Mrs. Mary Tucker, Varnell, Georgia, who is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Harmon, formerly of Cade's Cove, Tennessee.

1. There was a woman lived in Ardell,  
And babies, she had three;  
She sent them away to the North Country  
To learn their grammaree.<sup>1</sup>
2. They had not been gone two week,  
I am sure it was not three,  
Till old grim Death come knocking at the door,  
And tuk these babies away.
3. When their mother heard of that,  
She wrung her hands full sore;  
“Alas! alas!” Their mother said,  
“I will see my babes no more.
4. “There is a King in Heaven, I know,  
Who I know wears a crown.  
Oh, pray, Lord, do send my babies down.”
5. Christmas time was drawing near;  
The night drew long and cold;  
These three babies come running down the hill,  
Into their mother’s hall.

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<sup>1</sup> grammaree = grammar, learning.

*The Wife of Usber's Well*

6. The table was spread with bread and wine;  
    “Come, eat and drink, my sweet little babies,  
    Come, eat and drink, it is mine.”
7. “I do not want your bread, dear mare,  
    Or neither want your wine,  
    For yander stands our Saviour dear,  
    And to Him we now must go.”
8. She put them in the back room to sleep,  
    Spread over with clean sheet,  
    And over the top spread a golden sheet,  
    To make them venture sleep.
9. “Wake up, wake up,” said the oldest one,  
    “The chickens will soon crow for day,  
    And yander stands our Saviour dear,  
    And to Him we now must go.
10. “Farewell, dear father, farewell, dear mother,  
    Farewell to Aunt Kate and Kane,  
    For mander<sup>1</sup> stands our Saviour dear,  
    And to Him we now must remain.”

B

This version came from Mrs. Helen Tufts Bailie, 22 De Wolfe Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts, who had it from John Oliver, Cade's Cove, Blount County, Tennessee, April 10, 1931. Mr. Oliver writes that he had it from Mrs. M. J. Lawson-Lequire of Cade's Cove, the daughter of Daniel Brownlow Lawson, “a great uncle of mine” and “a great singer like all the Lawsons”. Mr. Oliver adds: “He one time owned half the Cove and was justice of the peace thirty years.”

1. There was a bride in Ireland;  
    She had but three little babes;  
    She sent them away to the northerland  
    To study our grammeree.
2. They had not been gone but a very short time,  
    Just about six months and a day,  
    Till death grew on the northerland  
    And swept those babes away.

---

<sup>1</sup> Mistake for *yander*, *yonder*.

*Ballads and Songs*

3. Oh! are they any Lord in heaven  
Or are they any King  
That will send me a sight of my three little babes  
Tonight or in the morning soon?
4. One night about old Christmas Times,  
When the nights was long and cool,  
Oh! in stepped sailing with three little babes  
Once more for her to see.
5. She dressed her beds all in the back room  
With a golden cover in the middle.  
“Dear mother, green grass grows at my head;  
Cold turfs close at my feet.”
6. She spread her table very fine;  
She filled it up with cakes and wine:  
“Come and eat, come and eat, my three little babes,  
Come and eat and drink of mine.”
7. “I want none of your cakes, dear mother,  
Nor neither none of your wine,  
For my Saviour calls me that I must go  
And I must go and join.”

C

Mrs. John Oliver sang the following fragmentary version in August, 1930.

1. She sent her two little babes away  
And death came rushing through that land  
And swept those two little babes away.  
.....
2. ....  
“We neither want your cake nor wine;  
Our Saviour’s calling;  
We must go back and dine.”
3. “Go to sleep, go to sleep,  
My two little babes.”  
“Dear mother, we neither want to eat or sleep;  
Our Saviour’s calling us and we must go back and meet.”



*John Oliver, Who Contributed a Number of Songs, with His Old  
“Bean” Rifle, of the Type Used by Boone*



LITTLE MUSGRAVE AND LADY BARNARD

(*Child, No. 81*)

For American texts, see Barry-Eckstorm-Smyth, p. 150; Brown, p. 9; Campbell and Sharp, No. 20; Cox, No. 15; Davis, No. 23; Mackenzie, *Quest*, pp. 14, 88; Mackenzie, *Ballads*, No. 8; Pound, *Ballads*, No. 15; Shearin, p. 3; Shearin and Combs, p. 8; Reed Smith, No. 7; Reed Smith, *Ballads*, No. 7; Wyman and Brockway, *Songs*, pp. 22, 62; *Journal*, XXIII, 371 (Mackenzie); XXV, 182 (Mackenzie); XXX, 309 (Kittredge); XLII, 265 (Henry, the same text). Mrs. Helen Hartness Flanders, *Bulletin of the Folk-Song Society of the Northeast*, No. 3, p. 6; another version by the same in the *Springfield (Mass.) Sunday Union and Republican*, July 26, 1931, p. 3 E (reviewed in *Bulletin of the Folk-Song Society of the Northeast*, No. 3, p. 21); also *Bulletin*, No. 4, p. 12; Fuson, p. 52. In regard to B Mrs. Eckstorm writes that "this Musgrave text is one of the noteworthy texts. I should call it one of the four most important ones ever found in this country."

A

"Little Matty Groves." Recorded by Mrs. Henry from the singing of "Uncle" Sam Harmon, Cade's Cove, Blount County, Tennessee, August, 1928. "Uncle" Sam gives the assurance that he "can sing all night and nary repeat."



1. First come down was a raving white;  
Next come down was a pilot;  
Next come down was 'igh Donald's wife,  
And she was the fairest of all, all,  
She was the fairest of all.
2. Little Matty Groves was standing by;  
On him she cast her eye:  
"You are the darling of my heart  
And the beauty of my eye, eye,  
And the beauty of my eye."

*Ballads and Songs*

3. Little Matty Groves was standing by;  
He caught her in his arms.  
Little foot-spade was standing by  
And he tuk to his heels and he run, run,  
And he tuk to his heels and he run.
4. He run till he come to the broken-down bridge,  
And he bent to his breast and he swum;  
And he swum till he come to the high dry land;  
And he buckled up his shoes and he run, run,  
And he buckled up his shoes and he run.
5. And he run; he come to 'igh Donald's gate;  
And he dingle at the ring and it rung.  
"What news, what news," 'igh Donald, he says,  
"What news you brung to me, me,  
What news you brung to me?"
6. "No news, no news," little foot-spade said,  
"Only little Matty Groves in the bed with your gaily dee."  
"That's a lie," 'igh Donald said, "a lie, I take it to be,  
And if there air green tree in all of these wood,  
A hang man you will be, be,  
A hang man you will be."
7. He placed his men all in a row,  
Not a horn or a bugle for to blow.  
There was one man all in that row  
That knowed little Matty Groves well, well,  
That knowed little Matty Groves well.
8. He wound his horn unto his mouth  
And blowed both loud and shrill.  
"What's that, what's that," little Matty Groves says,  
"That blows so loud and shrill, shrill,  
That blows so loud and shrill?"
9. "Lie down, lie down," 'igh Donald's wife says,  
"And keep the cold from me.  
It's nothing but my father's little shepherd boy  
Driving his sheep from the fold, fold,  
Driving his sheep from the fold."

*Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard*

10. "How do you like my curtains?" he says,  
"And how do you like my sheet?  
And how do you like my gaily dee,  
That's in your arms asleep, sleep,  
That's in your arms asleep?"
11. "Very well I like your curtains," he says,  
"And very well I like your sheet;  
Much better do I like your gaily dee,  
That's in my arms asleep, sleep,  
That's in my arms asleep."
12. "Rise up, rise up," 'igh Donald, he says,  
"Some clothing to put on.  
It never shall be said in old England  
That I slew you a naked man, man,  
That I slew you a naked man."
13. "How can I rise," little Matty Groves says,  
"How can I rise for my life?  
And you have two good swords  
And I not as much as a knife, knife,  
And I not as much as a knife."
14. "I know I have two good swords;  
They cost me deep in the purse.  
You may have the very best one  
And I will take the worst, worst,  
And I will take the worst."
15. "You may have the very first lick  
And strike it like a man  
And I will take the very next lick  
And I'll kill you if I can, can,  
And I'll kill you if I can."
16. The very first lick little Matty Groves struck,  
He struck him on the head.  
The very next lick 'igh Donald struck,  
He killed little Matty Groves dead, dead,  
He killed little Matty Groves dead.

17. He tuk his wife by the hand  
And pulled her down on his knee.  
“How do you like my ruby lips?  
How do you like my chin, chin?  
How do you like my chin?”
18. “Well do I like your ruby lips,  
Well do I like your chin,  
Much better do I like little Matty Groves  
Than you and all your kin, kin,  
Than you and all your kin.”

B

“Lord Daniel.” The song was recorded by a student in Lincoln Memorial University.

1. First come down was dressed in red;  
The next come down in green;  
The next come down Lord Daniel’s wife  
As fine as any queen, queen, queen;  
As fine as any queen.
2. She cast her eyes all around and about;  
She cast her eyes all through;  
She cast her eyes on little Mathie Grave:  
“This night I’ll sleep with you, you, ah, you;  
This night I’ll sleep with you.”
3. “How can I dare to sleep with you?  
How can I risk my life?  
I’ll swear by the ring that you wear on your hand,  
You are Lord Daniel’s wife, wife, wife;  
You are Lord Daniel’s wife.”
4. “It makes no difference whose wife I am,  
To you nor no other man;  
We’ll go away and lock ourselves up,  
And our hearts be just the same as one, one, one;  
Our hearts be the same as one.”

*Little Musgrave and Lady Barnard*

5. It was one of Lord Daniel's very best friends  
Was listening what was done;  
He swore Lord Daniel should know this  
Before the rising sun, sun, sun;  
Before the rising sun.
6. He had sixteen miles or more to go,  
And half of them he ran;  
He run till he came to the broke-down bridge;  
He held his breath and he swum, swum, swum;  
He held his breath and swum.
7. Swum till he came to the grassy side;  
He took his heels and he run  
Till he came to the Keel gas gate;<sup>1</sup>  
He rattled them bells and rung, rung, rung;  
He rattled them bells and rung.
8. "What news, what news?" Lord Daniel said,  
"What news have you brought for me?"  
"Little Mathie Grave from Fair Scotland  
Is in bed with your lay-de, lay-de, lay-de;  
And their hearts the same as one."
9. "If this be a lie you're tellin' to me,  
Which I do believe it to be,  
A gallows I will build for you,  
And hanged you shall be, be, be;  
And hanged you shall be."
10. "If this be a lie I'm tellin' to you,  
Which you do believe it to be,  
You need not build a gallows for me;  
Just a-hang me on a tree, tree, tree;  
Just hang me on a tree."
11. He counted out his very best men;  
It's one, two by three;  
Sang, "Come along and go with me,  
This happy couple for to see, see, see;  
This happy couple for to see."

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Eckstorm interprets this as "King's castle gate" or just "castle gate" with the syllables out of place.

12. Was one of Lord Daniel's very best friends  
Was wishing Mathie Grave no harm;  
He blowed Lord Daniel's bugle horn  
To give Mathie Grave a warn, warn, warn;  
To give Mathie Grave a warn.
13. Little Mathie Grave said to his lady:  
“I must get up and go;  
I hear Lord Daniel coming now;  
I hear his bugle blow, blow, blow;  
I hear his bugle blow.”
14. “Lie down, lie down in bed with me  
And keep my back from the cold,  
For it is my father's shepherd dog  
Driving the sheep to the fold, fold, fold;  
Driving the sheep to the fold.”
15. They rolled and tumbled all over the bed  
Till they both fell asleep,  
And when they woke up next morning  
Lord Daniel stood at their feet, feet, feet;  
Lord Daniel stood at their feet.
16. “How do you like my curdiance fine?  
How do you like my sheets?  
How do you like my old true love  
That lies in thy arms asleep, sleep, sleep?  
That lies in thy arms asleep?”
17. “Very well I like your curdiance fine,  
Also do I like your sheets;  
Much better do I love your old true love,  
That lies in my arms asleep, sleep, sleep;  
That lies in my arms asleep.”
18. “Rise up, Little Mathie Grave,  
And put your clothing on,  
It never shall be said that I came from Fair Scotland  
And slew a naked man, man, man;  
And slew a naked man.”

19. "Oh, how can I dare to sleep<sup>2</sup> with you?  
    Oh, how can I risk my life?  
    You have two swords right by your side,  
    And me not as much as a knife, knife, knife,  
    And me not as much as a knife."
20. "I know I have two swords by my side  
    And they cost me deep in purse;  
    You may have the very best one,  
    And I will take the worst, worst, worst;  
    And I will take the worst."
21. "You may strike the very first lick,  
    And strike it like a man;  
    I will strike the very next lick,  
    And I'll kill you if I can, can, can;  
    And I'll kill you if I can."
22. Little Mathie struck the very first lick;  
    He wounded Lord Daniel from sword;  
    Lord Daniel struck the very next lick;  
    He killed him in the floor, floor, floor;  
    He killed him in the floor.
23. He threw his arms around his wife,  
    And kisses gave her three;  
    "Now, tell me which you love the best,  
    Little Mathie Grave or me, me, me?  
    Little Mathie Grave or me?"
24. "Very well, I like your red rosy cheeks,  
    Also do I like your chin;  
    Much better do I love Little Mathie Grave  
    Than you and all your kin, kin, kin;  
    Than you and all your kin."
25. He pulled a pistol out of his pocket;  
    It was loaded with powder and lead;  
    He shot his wife; he shot himself;  
    Sang, "Here we all three lay dead, dead, dead;  
    Here we all three lay dead."

<sup>2</sup> Mrs. Eckstorm calls this a "nonsense line, corrupted from an unknown original." The substitution of such a word as "'strive' for 'sleep' would be pure guess." She adds the conjecture that it may be "the line from stanza three, repeated unintentionally or put in by the singer to fill out the measure."

BONNY BARBARA ALLAN

(*Child, No. 84*)

This ballad was first printed in *The Tea-Table Miscellany*, 1740, and next in Percy's *Reliques*, 1765. Reed Smith, No. 8, states ten texts have been discovered in South Carolina running from five to sixteen stanzas and declares that, "Of all the ballads in America 'Barbara Allan' leads both in number of versions and number of tunes." He adds that it has appeared in ten song books and several broadsides. Cox, in his headnote, No. 16, says that twelve variants have been found in West Virginia. Campbell and Sharp, No. 21, give ten texts and ten tunes. C. Alphonso Smith quotes a Virginia version in "Ballads Surviving in the United States" (*Musical Quarterly*, 2, No. 1, p. 120). James Watt Raine gives a Kentucky version of nineteen stanzas with tune in "The Land of the Saddle Bags," p. 115. Pound, No. 3, gives two versions, one from Missouri and one from North Carolina. See also Wyman and Brockway, p. 1; *Adventure Magazine*, March 10, 1925; *ibid.*, March 10, 1926; *New Jersey Journal of Education*, Feb., 1927; Scarborough, 59; R. W. Gordon, *New York Times Magazine*, Oct. 9, 1927; Josephine McGill, *Folk Songs of the Kentucky Mountains*, 40; Mackenzie, "The Quest of the Ballad," 100; Reed Smith (*South Carolina Ballads*, Harvard University Press, 1928), 129; Barry-Eckstorm-Smyth, p. 195; Belden, No. 7; Davis, No. 24 (ninety-two versions have been found in Virginia); Mackenzie, *Ballads and Sea Songs from Nova Scotia*, No. 9; Barry, No. 22; *Heart Songs*, p. 247; Pound, *Syllabus*, p. 9; Sandburg, p. 57; Shearin and Combs, p. 8; Shoemaker, p. 122 (2nd edition); Bradley Kincaid, *My Favorite Mountain Ballads and Old-Time Songs*, p. 14; Hudson, *Specimens of Mississippi Folk-Lore*, No. 13. Note also the following references to the *Journal*: Edmands, VI, 132; Belden, XIX, 285; Kittredge, XX, 256; Beatty, XXII, 63; Pound, XXVI, 352; Perrow, XXVIII, 144; Tolman, XXIX, 160; Rawn and Peabody, XXIX, 198; Tolman and Eddy, XXXV, 343; Henry, XXXIX, 211; Hudson, XXXIX, 97; Henry, XLII, 268. Add Randolph, p. 183; Thomas, pp. 29, 94; Brown, p. 9; Jones, p. 13; Fuson, 47; *PTFLS*, No. 10, pp. 146—149.

*A*

“Barbara Allen.” This version was recorded from the singing of Miss Mary Riddle, Black Mountain, Buncombe County, North Carolina. It was printed in *The New Jersey Journal of Education*, February, 1927, p. 7, Vol. XVI, No. 6, and in the *Journal*, XXXIX, 211, and again with the air in the *Journal*, XLII, 270. It is reprinted here by courtesy of the *Journal* and *The New Jersey Journal of Education*.



1. It was a pleasant morning in May  
When all the green buds were swelling:  
Sweet William on his death bed lay  
For the love of Barbara Allen.
2. He sent a servant into the town  
And unto Barbara's dwelling  
Saying, “Your master's sick and sent for you  
If your name is Barbara Allen.”
3. It's slowly, slowly she got up  
And slowly she went to him,  
But all she said when she got there:  
“Young man, I think you're dying.”
4. “Oh, yes, I'm sick and very sick  
And sorrow within me dwelling  
And no better, no better I never will be  
If I don't get Barbara Allen.”
5. “It's no better, no better you never will be,  
For you can't get Barbara Allen.”  
He turned his face unto the wall;  
He turned his back upon her.
6. “It's young man, young man, to remember when we  
Were in yonder town a-drinking;  
You drank a health to the ladies all around  
And slighted Barbara Allen!”

7. "Oh, yes, oh, yes, I do remember when we  
Were in yonder town a-drinking;  
I drank a health to the ladies all around,  
And my love to Barbara Allen."
8. And when she had got a mile away from town  
She heard his death bell tolling.  
And every toll it seemed to say:  
"Stop there, Barbara Allen."
9. She turned around to view the ground,  
She saw his corpse coming.  
"Stop there, lay him down, down,  
That I may look upon him;  
Sweet William died for me today,  
I'll die for him tomorrow."
10. Sweet William was buried in the old church-yard  
And Barbara was buried beside him;  
And out of his grave sprang a deep red rose  
And out of Barbara's a briar.
11. They grew and grew to the old church top  
And, of course, they could grow no higher.  
They wrapped and tied in a true love-knot,  
The rose wrapped round the brier.

*B*

"Barbey Ellen." This version was recorded by Mrs. Henry from the singing of Mrs. Hiram Proctor, Cade's Cove, Blount County, Tennessee, August, 1928. She learned it from her father, Mr. Samuel Harmon.

1. Way down South where I came from  
Is where I got my learning.  
I fell in love with a pretty little girl,  
And her name is Barbey Ellen.
2. I courted her for seven years,  
And I asked her if she would marry.  
With a bowed down head and a sweet little smile,  
She never made no answer.

3. Early along in the spring,  
When the red roses were blooming,  
A young man on his death bed lay  
For the love of Barbey Ellen.
4. He sent his servant down to town  
To a place where she was dwelling:  
“My master is love-sick and sent for you,  
If your name is Barbey Ellen.”
5. She slightly talked and slowly walked  
And slowly went unto him.  
“Young man, young man, I heard you were sick,  
For the love of me, your darling.”
6. “Yes, I am sick, and very sick  
And with me death is dwelling  
And none the better will I be,  
Till I get Barbey Ellen.”
7. “Yes, you are sick, and very sick,  
And with you death is dwelling,  
But none the better will you be  
While my name is Barbey Ellen.
8. “Don’t you remember the other day  
When we were all a-drinking,  
You passed the glass to the ladies all around,  
But you slighted me, your darling?”
9. “Yes, I remember the other day,  
When we were all a-drinking:  
I passed the glass to the ladies all around,  
But all for you, my darling.”
10. He turned his pale face to the wall,  
His back he turned towards them:  
“Adieu, adieu, to all this world,  
But be kind to Barbey Ellen.”
11. She had not rode five miles from town,  
Till she heard the death bells ringing,  
And every lick, it seemed to strike:  
“Hard hearted Barbey Ellen.”

*Ballads and Songs*

12. She looked east, she looked west,  
Till she saw the pale corpse coming:  
“Lay him down, lay him down,  
And let me look upon him.”
13. The more she looked, the worse she got  
Till she bursted out in crying:  
“Young man, young man, you died for me.  
I will die for you tomorrow.”
14. They buried Sweet Willie in one church yard,  
And Barbey in the other,  
And out of Barbey’s breast sprang a red, red rose,  
And out of his a brier.
15. They grew and grew to such a lenght of height,  
Till they could not grow no higher;  
And there they tied in a true-lover’s knot  
And the rose run around the brier.

C

“Barbara Allen.” Recorded by Mrs. Henry from the singing of Miss Mary Franklin, Crossnore, Avery County, North Carolina, July, 1929.

1. Early, early in the spring,  
When the spring buds were a-swellung,  
Sweet William Gray on his death bed lay  
For the love of Barb’ra Allen.
2. He sent his servant to her town,  
He sent him to her dwelling,  
Saying, “Here’s a message for the lady fair,  
If your name be Barb’ra Allen.”
3. Slowly, slowly she got up  
And slowly she went to him  
But all she said when she got there  
Was, “Young man, I think you’re dying.”
4. “Oh, yes, I’m sick, I’m very sick,  
And death is nigh me dwelling,  
But never, no better will I ever be  
Till I get Barb’ra Allen.”

*Bonny Barbara Allan*

5. "Oh, yes, you're sick, you're very sick  
And death is nigh you dwelling,  
But never no better will you ever be  
For you can't get Barb'ra Allen.
6. "Do you remember in yonders town  
When we were all a-drinking,  
You handed wine to ladies all,  
But you slighted Barb'ra Allen?"
7. "Yes, I remember in yonders town  
When we were all a-drinking,  
I handed wine to the ladies all,  
But my love to Barb'ra Allen."
8. He turned his pale face to the wall;  
He turned his back upon them:  
"Adieu, adieu, fair friends, to all,  
Be good to Barb'ra Allen."
9. Slowly, slowly, she got up  
And slowly she went from him;  
She had not gone but a mile in town,  
Till she heard his death bell tolling.
10. She looked to the east, she looked to the west,  
She saw his cold corpse coming:  
"Hand me down, hand me down that corpse of clay,  
That I may gaze upon him."
11. The more she gazed, the more she wept,  
Till she burst out in sorrow:  
"There is a young man that I could have saved,  
If I had done my duty.
12. "Mother, O mother, go, make my bed,  
Make it both long and narrow;  
Sweet William died for me today;  
I'll die for him tomorrow.
13. "Father, O father, go, dig my grave;  
Dig it both long and narrow;  
Sweet William died for me in love;  
I'll die for him in sorrow."

14. Sweet William died on Saturday eve,  
And Barb'ra died on Sunday;  
Her mother died for love of both;  
She died on Easter's Monday.
15. They buried William in one church yard,  
And Barb'ra in another;  
And from his grave there sprang a rose  
And from her grave a briar.
16. They grew to the top of the old church tower  
Till they could grow no taller;  
They twined and twirled in a true love's knot;  
The rose clung to the briar.

*D*

Recorded in July, 1930, by Mrs. Henry from the singing of Mrs. William Franklin, also of Crossnore, N. C., and the grandmother of Miss Mary Franklin. Mrs. Franklin says that she learned the song when she was a child. It is worthy of note that the elder could remember only a portion of the song whereas her granddaughter knows a fairly complete text.

1. Early, early in the spring  
Green buds were a-swelling.  
There was a young man taken down sick  
For the love of Barbara Allen.
2. Sent his servants to her town;  
Sent them to her dwelling, saying,  
“There's a young man taken down sick  
For the love of Barbara Allen.”
3. Slowly, slowly she got up,  
Slowly she went to him, saying,  
“Young man, you are very sick  
And I think you are a-dying.
4. “Don't you remember in yonders town  
We were a-drinking:  
You hand a drink to all the young ladies  
And slighted Barbara Allen?”

*Bonny Barbara Allen*

5. "Yes, I remember in yonders town  
We were a-drinking:  
I hand a drink to all the young ladies  
And slighted Barbara Allen."

6. Slowly, slowly she got up,  
Slowly she went from him.

.....  
.....

*E*

"Barb'ra Allen." The song was recorded from the singing of Dora Testerman, a student at Lincoln Memorial University, "who lives far back in the Cumberland Mountains."

1. In London City where I did dwell,  
There's where I git my learning;  
I fell in love with a pretty young girl;  
Her name was Barb'ra Allen.
2. I courted her for seven long years;  
She said she would not have me;  
Then straightway home as I could go  
And liken to a-dying.
3. I wrote her a letter on my death bed;  
I wrote it slow and moving:  
"Go, take this letter to my own true love,  
And tell her I am dying."
4. She took the letter in her lily white hand;  
She read it slow and moving:  
"Go, take this letter back to him,  
And tell him I am coming."

5. As she passed by his dying bed,  
She saw his pale lips grieving:  
“No better, no better, I’ll ever be,  
Until I get Barb’ra Allen.”
6. As she passed by his dying bed:  
“You’re very sick and almost dying;  
No better, no better you will ever be  
Until I get Barb’ra Allen.”
7. As she went down the long stair steps,  
She heard the death bell toning  
And every bell appeared to say:  
“Hard hearted Barb’ra Allen.”
8. As she went down the long piney walk,  
She heard some small birds singing  
And every bird appeared to say:  
“Hard hearted Barb’ra Allen.”
9. She looked to the east, she looked to the west,  
She saw the pale corpse coming:  
“Go, bring them pale corpse unto me,  
And let me gaze upon them.”
10. “Oh, mama, oh, mama, go, make my bed;  
Go, make it soft and narrow;  
Sweet Willie died today, for me today,  
I’ll die for him to-morrow.”
11. They buried Sweet Willie in the old church yard;  
They buried Miss Barb’ra beside him;  
And out of his grave there sprang a red rose  
And out of hers a brier.
12. They grew to the top of the old church tower;  
They could not grow any higher;  
They hooked, they tied in a true lover’s knot,  
The red rose around the brier.

## LADY ALICE

(Child, No. 85)

For American texts, see Brown, p. 9; Campbell and Sharp, No. 22; Cox, No. 17; Davis, No. 25; Hudson, No. 14; Reed Smith, No. 9; Reed Smith, *Ballads*, No. 9; *Journal*, XXVIII, 151 (Perrow); XXX, 317 (Kittredge); XXXIX, 102 (Hudson); XXXII, 500 (Richardson); *The Survey*, New York, January 2, 1915, XXXIII, 373.

## A

"George Collins." Obtained from Mrs. Samuel Harmon, Cade's Cove, Blount County, Tennessee, August 12, 1930. The song was recorded by Mrs. Henry.



1. George Collins rode home  
One cold winter night  
And taken sick and died.
2. Little Nellie being in the other room  
A-sewing on her silk so fine,  
And when she heard her George was dead,  
She lay her silk aside.
3. She weeped, she moaned for her true-love.  
.....  
"O daughter, O daughter, what makes you weep?  
There are more pretty boys than George."
4. "O mother, O mother, I know that's true,  
But he's got this heart of mine.  
.....  
.....
5. "Set down the coffin, unscrew the lid,  
And roll back the linen so fine,  
And let me kiss his cold clay lips.  
I'm sure he'll never kiss mine."

B

The song was recorded by Myrtle Deel, a student in Lincoln Memorial University, from the singing of Joel Boyd, Tenso, Virginia.

1. George Collins rode home one cold winter night;  
George Collins rode home so fine.  
George Collins rode home one cold winter night;  
But he took sick and died.
2. A fair young lady in father's house,  
A fair young lady so fine,  
But when she heard that George was dead,  
She threw it down and cried.
3. "O daughter, don't weep, O daughter, don't moan;  
There's more pretty boys than one."  
"But, mother dear, he has my heart,  
And now he's dead and gone."
4. She followed him up, she followed him down,  
She followed him to his grave;  
She fell upon her bended knees;  
She wept, she moaned, she prayed.
5. "Unscrew the coffin, lay back the lid,  
Roll over the linen so fine;  
And let me kiss them pale cold lips  
For I know they'll never kiss mine."

C

Obtained from Mrs. Ewart Wilson, Pensacola, North Carolina. Mrs. Wilson knew the theme of the ballad, but could remember only two of the lines.

George Collins rode home on a winter night  
And he took sick and died.

## LAMKIN

(Child, No. 93)

When Tolman printed his version in *Journal*, XXIX, 162, he wrote: "It is the only full American version that I know of." Now we have three full versions in Davis, No. 26, and one with the air in Barry-Eckstorm-Smyth, p. 200. The present version with some interpretative comments was first printed in the *New Jersey Journal of Education*, September, 1929, p. 9. It was reprinted in the *Journal*, XLIV, 61. See also Campbell and Sharp, No. 23; *Journal*, XIII, 117 (Newell); XXXV, 344 (Tolman and Eddy, a fragment with the air); Brown, p. 9; Jones, p. 301 (a fragment). Mrs. Fannie Hardy Eckstorm suggests that "Boab King" must be 'Bold Lamkin'." "I think," she continues, "the 'a' in *Boab* is not pronounced but merely lengthens the 'o'. In that case they probably at some time said 'Bo'd Lamkin', then 'Bo'd Lamking' and in time dropped the 'lam' and got the 'Bo'd King'. As *p* and *b* are labials and *d*, dental, and all are interchangeable, it made no difference whether they said 'Bo'd' or 'Bo'b.'" Then she extends her comment: "'Miss Fartner' is a little different. 'R' is an uncertain letter in both New England and the South; sometimes you have it and sometimes you don't; so I suggest that this might be pronounced 'Fawtner', not rolling the 'r'. If so, I can get it nicely. It stands for 'faulse nurse' or 'fawlse nourice' and by dropping the ends of the words we get 'fawl(se) nour(ice)'. But you will observe that our word 'false' has a touch of a 't' in it — 'faltse', as we often pronounce it. Add this and you have 'fawlts(e) nour(ice)' which is 'Fawlner', or as written, 'Fartner'. The 'Miss' is added because they do not speak of a lady by her last name!"

"Boab King." Obtained from Miss Laura Harmon, Cade's Cove, Blount County, Tennessee, 1928.

1. Boab King was a mason  
As fine as ever laid a stone.  
He built a fine castle  
And pay he got none.

*Ballads and Songs*

2. The land-lord said to his lady,  
“Beware of Boab King,  
If he comes here today”  
.....
3. “What care I for Boab King?  
What care I for him?  
My doors are all locked,  
And my windows barred within.”
4. Boab King came one day  
While the land-lord was gone  
Saying, “Where is the land-lord?  
Where is he today?”  
“He is gone to New England  
To buy a gold ring.”
5. “Where is the land-lord’s lady?  
Where is she, I say?”  
“She is upstairs in her castle  
Resting today.”
6. “Where is her daughter, Betsy?  
Where is she today?”  
“She is up-stairs  
A-sleeping today.”
7. Boab King said to Miss Fartner,  
“How will we fix to get this lady down?”  
“We will stick her little baby  
Full of needles and pins.”
8. Boab King rocked the cradle;  
Miss Fartner she [did] sing  
Till the blood ran out of the cradle  
And the tears did spin.
9. This lady came tripping downstairs,  
A-thinking no harm.  
Boab King was a-standing  
And he caught her in his arms.
10. “Boab King, Boab King,  
Please spare me one hour,  
Till I go to my baby,  
So mournful it cries.”

11. "What care I for your baby?  
What care I for it?  
I have got the land-lord's lady,  
My whole heart's delight."
12. "You can have my daughter, Betsy,  
You can have her today;  
And as many gold dollars  
As your horse can carry away."
13. "You may keep your daughter, Betsy;  
You can keep her, I say,  
To wash up your basin  
Where your heart's blood do lay."
14. "Lie still, my daughter, Betsy,  
Wherever you be  
Till you see your papa  
Come sailing on the sea."
15. "O father, you ought not to lay this blame on me.  
Boab King killed your lady and baby."  
Boab King was hung in a tree so high  
And Miss Farther was burned to a stake close by.

18

THE MAID FREED FROM THE GALLOWS

(*Child, No. 95*)

For discussions of this popular ballad, see Professor Kittredge's *Introduction to English and Scottish Popular Ballads* in *The Cambridge Poets, Student's Edition*; Reed Smith, *Ballads*, Chapter VIII, "Five Hundred Years of 'The Maid Freed from the Gallows';" Davis, No. 27; and Barry-Eckstorm-Smyth, pp. 206—213. For other American texts, see Barry, No. 25; Brown, p. 9; Campbell and Sharp, No. 24; Cox, No. 18; Hudson, No. 15; Pound, *Ballads*, No. 13; Sandburg, p. 72; Scarborough, pp. 35, 39, 41; C. A. Smith, pp. 6, 10; Reed Smith, No. 10; Reed Smith, *Ballads*, No. 10; Wyman and Brockway, p. 44; *Journal*, XIX, 22 (Hutchinson); XXI, 56 (Kittredge); XXIV, 337 (Barry, melody only); XXVI, 175 (Kittredge); XXX, 319 (Kittredge); XXXIX, 105 (Hudson); XLII, 272 (Henry); *New Jersey Journal of Education*, March, 1926. Add *Journal*, XXX, 318; Thomas,

p. 164; Fuson, p. 113. Versions *C* and *D* were printed in *American Speech*, Vol. I, No. 4, 247.

Mr. Phillips Barry, who has been very generous in his willingness to read and comment on many of these texts, sent the following note in regard to *E* with permission to print it:

"You have here a very interesting text, in which 'history has repeated itself.' Child 95, 'The Maid Freed From Gallows,' has been combined with two versions of 'Mary Hamilton' printed by Child, in which the heroine is not hanged in Edinburgh town, but is ransomed by her lover. The same thing has taken place in your text, stanzas 6 and 7 are taken directly from some version of Child 95, and used to complete the story of the highwayman who was ransomed by his sweetheart just before he was to be hanged. There is also a reminiscence of 'Geordie' in 4, 5, when the girl appeals for mercy, saying 'I love that highwayman.'

"It should certainly be printed with the texts you have of Child 95. The crossing of the old ballad with the later song was due not to the child who sang it, but to the one who pieced the ballad together in the form in which she sang it. I should add that lines 1 and 2 of stanza 3 are from Child 95 also. If you will examine the version of Child 95 on page 113 of Fuson's *Ballads of the Kentucky Highlands* (reviewed in *Bulletin* 3), you will discover that something of the same sort has occurred once before. The first stanza:

'Through the pine, through the pine, where the sun never shines,  
And shiver when the cold wind blows;  
I killed no man and I robbed no train,  
I have done no hanging crime,'

does not belong to the old ballad, — it is supposed to be sung by the man on the gallows, — horse-thief, perhaps, or moonshiner. The ballad then continues as a good text of Child 95, with the appeal to the hangman to wait, the request to parents, brothers, sisters in order, finally:

'Hangman, hangman, slack on your road,  
Slack on your road for a while;  
I see my true love a-coming, for she  
Has walked for many a mile.  
True love, true love, did you bring me any gold?  
Did you come to buy me free?  
True love, true love, I have walked for many a mile,  
I have come to buy you free,  
And take you home with me.'

*The Maid Freed from the Gallows*

"As 2<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> out of 7 stanzas are from the Child ballad, I think your text ought to be printed with the others. Not in an appendix, since it is part of an actual version of the old ballad. Child, I am sure would have made the same disposition of it, — printing the rest of the text in smaller type than that used for stanza 3, lines 1—2, and stanzas 6—7."

*A*

Recorded by Mrs. Henry from the singing of Miss Cora Clark, Crossnore, Avery County, North Carolina, July, 1929.



1. "O hangman, hangman, hold your hand;  
Wait just a little while;  
I think I see my father dear  
Who's come for many a long mile.
2. "Father, O father, have you brought me gold?  
Or have you bought me free?  
Or have you come to see me hang,  
On yonder lonesome tree?"
3. "Daughter, O daughter, I've brought you no gold;  
Nor have I bought you free;  
But I have come to see you hang  
On yonder lonesome tree."
4. "Hangman, O hangman, hold your hand;  
Wait just a little while;  
I think I see my mother dear  
Who's come for many a long mile.
5. "Mother, O mother, have you brought me gold?  
Or have you bought me free?  
Or have you come to see me hang  
On yonder lonesome tree?"

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6. "Daughter, O daughter, I have brought you no gold;  
Nor have I bought you free;  
But I have come to see you hang  
On yonder lonesome tree."
7. "Hangman, O hangman, hold your hand;  
Wait just a little while;  
I think I see my brother dear,  
Who's come for many a long mile.
8. "Brother, O brother, have you brought me gold?  
Or have you bought me free?  
Or have you come to see me hang  
On yonder lonesome tree?"
9. "Sister, O sister, I have brought you no gold;  
Nor have I bought you free;  
But I have come to see you hang  
On yonder lonesome tree."
10. "Hangman, O hangman, hold your hand;  
Wait just a little while;  
I think I see my sweetheart dear,  
Who's come for many a long mile.
11. "Sweetheart, O sweetheart, have you brought me gold?  
Or have you bought me free?  
Or have you come to see me hang,  
On yonder lonesome tree?"
12. "Darling, O darling, I have brought you gold;  
And I've also bought you free;  
And I have come to marry you;  
And take you home with me."

B

"The Hangman's Song." The song was recorded by D. G. Tiller, a student in Lincoln Memorial University, from the singing of Mr. James Taylor Adams, Big Laurel, Virginia.

*The Maid Freed from the Gallows*

1. "Hangman, hangman, slack up your rope;  
Oh, slack it for a while;  
I looked over yonder and I see paw coming;  
He's walked for many a long mile.
2. "Say, paw, say, paw, have you brought me any gold,  
Any gold for to pay my fine?"  
.....  
.....
3. "No, sir, no, sir, I brought you no gold,  
No gold for to pay your fine,  
But I've just come for to see you hanged,  
Hanged on the gallows line."
4. Oh, you won't love and it's hard to be beloved  
And it's hard to make up your time;  
You have broke the heart of many a true love;  
True love, but you won't break mine.
5. "Hangman, hangman, slack up your rope;  
Oh, slack it for a while;  
I looked over yonder and I see maw coming;  
She's walked for many a long mile.
6. "Say, maw, say, maw, have you brought me any gold,  
Any gold for to pay my fine?"  
.....  
.....
7. "No, sir, no, sir, I've brought you no gold,  
No gold for to pay your fine,  
But I've just come for to see you hanged,  
Hanged on the gallows line."
8. Oh, you won't love and it's hard to be beloved  
And it's hard to make up your time;  
You have broke the heart of many a true love;  
True love, but you won't break mine.
9. "Hangman, hangman, slack up your rope;  
Oh, slack it for a while;  
I looked over yonder and I see my sweetheart coming;  
She's walked for many a long mile.

*Ballads and Songs*

10. "Sweetheart, sweetheart, have you brought me any gold,  
Any gold for to pay my fine?"  
.....  
.....

11. "Yes, sir, yes, sir, I've brought you some gold,  
Some gold for to pay your fine,  
For I've just come for to take you home  
From on the gallows line."

*C*

Recorded from the singing of Miss Mary Riddle, North Fork Road, Black Mountain, Buncombe County, North Carolina. She had it from her father, Mr. C. W. Riddle, who learned it in Madison County, N. C.

1. "Oh, hangman, hold a while  
For I think I hear my father come  
Rumbling o'er the sea  
To bring money to pay my fees.
2. "Father, have you brought money  
To pay my fee?"  
"No, I have come to see you hung  
On yon white oak tree."

*D*

Obtained from Laura Ferrara, 95 Clifton Place, Jersey City, N. J., a senior in Dickinson High School, who after hearing various versions read, surprised her teacher by singing naively these stanzas which she had learned from Edith Williams, 307 East Fourth Street, Claremore, Oklahoma.

1. "Hold up your ropes and wait a little longer  
For I think I see my father comin'  
No further than a mile.
2. "O father, have you brought me silver,  
Or have you brought me gold,  
Or have you come to see me hung  
Beneath that willow tree?"
3. "I have not brought you silver  
And I have not brought you gold,  
But I have come to see you hung  
Beneath that willow tree."

*E*

Obtained from Miss Julia Stokes, Crossnore, North Carolina, July, 1931, who recorded it from the singing of Hettie Twiggs, a mountaineer's child in the Crossnore School.

1. As I went down to the old depot  
For to see the train pass by,  
I thought I saw my dear old girl  
Hang down her head and cried.
2. The clouds were dark and dreary;  
They surely looks like rain;  
The poor boy standing by the track  
And no one knows his name.
3. "Oh, wait little while, Mr. Judge;  
Oh, wait little while on me.  
I thought I saw my dear old girl  
Hang down her head and cried."
4. She climbed up on the scaffold  
And untied his hands;  
The tears poured down the poor girl's cheeks:  
"I love that highway man.
5. "I love that highway man, dear boy;  
I love that highway man".  
The tears poured down the poor girl's cheeks:  
"I love that highway man."
6. "Dear girl, have you brought me silver?  
Dear girl, have you brought me gold?  
Or have you walked these long, long miles,  
To see me hang once more?"
7. "Dear boy, I brought you silver;  
Dear boy, I brought you gold;  
I have not walked these long, long miles,  
To see you on the hang once more."

19

JOHNNY SCOT

(*Child, No. 99*)

For a full account of the tradition of this ballad, including two versions with the airs and a fragment, see Barry-Eckstorm-Smyth, pp. 213—224. According to the reckoning of these editors their three Maine texts brought the “total known versions of the ballad up to twenty-five.” This, therefore, should be the twenty-sixth known version. Twenty are in Child, one in Greig’s *Last Leaves*, pp. 74—75, and one in Campbell and Sharp, pp. 109-110.

No local title was given. The song was recorded by Mrs. Henry from the singing of Miss Laura Harmon, Cade’s Cove, Blount County, Tennessee, August, 1928, who learned it from her father, “Uncle” Sam Harmon.



1. Johnny Scot, a handsome right .....  
Old England is so wide;  
The fairest lady in old England  
By Johnny Scot’s with child.

2. King Ed’ard wrote young Johnny a letter  
And sealed it with his hand.  
He sent it away to young Johnny Scot  
As fast as a letter could go.

3. The very first lines, young Johnny, he read,  
It caused him for to smile.  
And<sup>1</sup> very next line he read  
The tears run down for a while,

<sup>1</sup> Supply *the*.

*Johnny Scot*

4. Saying, "Away to old England I must go,  
King Ed'ard has sent for me."  
"Away to old England if you do go,  
I doubt you coming back.  
Five hundred of our best life-guards,  
Shall bear you company."
5. He dressed his servants all in green;  
Hisself he dressed in white.  
And every town that he rode through,  
They tuk him to be some knight.
6. He rode till he come to King Ed'ard's gate.  
He dingled there at the ring,  
And no one was so ready as Ed'ard himself  
To rise and let him come in.
7. "Is this young Johnny Scot?" he said,  
"Or old Johnny Scotling's son,  
Or is it the young bastard-getter  
From Scotland has come in?"
8. "It is not young Johnny Scot,  
Nor old Johnny Scotling's son;  
This is the very grand Scot Lord,  
And Johnny Scot is my name."
9. This young lady come peeping down stairs.  
"Come down, come down," said he.  
"Oh, no, I have to wear the studdiest<sup>1</sup> steel  
Instead of the beating gold."
10. "If it's mine," young Johnny he said,  
"And mine I expect it to be,  
I will make it the heir of all my land,  
And you my gaily dee."

---

<sup>1</sup> Sturdiest.

11. "No, no," King Ed'ard, he said,  
    "Oh, no, that never can't be.  
    We have<sup>1</sup> Italian in our town,  
    That has killed more lords than three,  
    And before sunrise tomorrow morning,  
    A dead man you shall be."
12. The Italian flew over young Johnny's head  
    As swift as any bird.  
    He pierced the Italian through<sup>2</sup> heart  
    With the point of his broad sword.  
    And he whipped King Ed'ard and all of his men;  
    And the king, he like to a-hung.
13. "Hold your arm," King Ed'ard, he said,  
    "And pray do spare me;  
    You can make it the heir of all your land  
    And she your gaily dee."

20

SIR HUGH, OR THE JEW'S DAUGHTER  
*(Child, No. 155)*

For American texts, see Belden, No. 8; Campbell and Sharp, No. 26; Cox, No. 9; Davis, No. 33; Hudson, No. 17; Pound, *Ballads*, No. 5; Scarborough, p. 53; Shearin, p. 4; Shearin and Combs, p. 8; C. A. Smith, p. 15; Reed Smith, *Ballads*, No. 11; Newell, *Games and Songs of American Children*, p. 75; *Journal*, XV, 195 (H. E. Krehbiel); XIX, 293 (Belden); XXIX, 164 (Tolman); XXX, 322 (Kittredge); XXXV, 344 (Tolman and Eddy); XXXIX, 108 (Hudson), 212 (Rinker); XLIV, 64 (Henry). For a full and interesting history of the ballad, see Davis, No. 33. Add *Journal*, XLIV, 296 (Parsons); Jones, p. 13; *Bulletin*, No. 5, pp. 6—7.

<sup>1</sup> Supply *an*.

<sup>2</sup> Supply *the*

*Sir Hugh, or the Jew's Daughter*

*A*

"Hugh of Lincoln." Obtained from Mr. M. M. Hoover, 50 Morningside Drive, New York City, who had it from his mother in southeastern Pennsylvania.



It rained a mist, it rained a mist; It rained all o-ver the  
At first he tossed his ball too high; And then a-gain too



town; Till e - ve - ry boy in Scot - land Went out -  
low; Till o-ver in - to the Jews' garden it went Where no one



to toss his ball, ball, ball, Went out to toss his ball.  
had dar-ed to go, go, go, Where no one had dared to go.

1. It rained a mist, it rained a mist;  
It rained all over the town;  
Till every boy in Scotland  
Went out to toss his ball.
2. At first he tossed his ball too high;  
And then again too low;  
Till over into the Jew's garden it went  
Where no one had dared to go.
3. Out came the Jew's daughter, all dressed, all dressed;  
All dressed in the finest of jewels;  
Come in, come in, you little lambkin,  
You shall have your ball back again.
4. "I will not come in, I shall not come in,  
Unless my playmates do;  
For whoever comes in will never come back,  
Will never come back any more."

5. At first she showed him a gay gold ring;  
And then a yellow, mellow apple;  
And then a cherry as red as blood,  
Which enticed the little boy in.
6. And then she took him by the hand;  
And through the castle she went;  
And pitched him into a cellar below,  
Where no one could hear his lament.
7. "Oh, spare me, oh, spare me," the little boy cried,  
That little boy cried he,  
"And if ever I live to be a man,  
My treasures shall be thine."
8. Then she took him out again;  
And pinned him in a napkin;  
And called for a basin washed with gold,  
To catch his heart's blood in.
9. "Oh, lay my prayer book at my head;  
My Bible at my heart;  
And if my playmates should ask for me,  
Oh, tell them that we must part.
10. "Oh, lay my prayer book at my heart;  
My Bible at my head;  
And if mother should ask of me,  
Oh, tell her that I am dead."

*B*

"A Little Boy Lost His Ball." Obtained from Mrs. Mary Tucker, Varnell, Georgia, 1929. Mrs. Tucker is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Harmon, formerly of Cade's Cove, Tennessee.

1. On one dark and misty day  
Two little boys went to play;  
They bounced their ball, they bounced it high, they bounced it low;  
It rolled into a gypsy's door, where no one was  
allowed to go.

*Sir Hugh, or the Jew's Daughter*

2. There was a lady in her silk so fine:  
“Come in, little boy, the ball shall be thine.”  
“I can’t come in,” the little boy said,  
“For I have been told that you’re out of your head.”
3. First, she showed him a blood-red cherry,  
And then a gold-diamond ring;  
Then she showed him a big red apple,  
To get the little boy in.
4. Then she tuk him by the hand,  
And led him through the hall.  
She led him to the cellar  
Where no one could hear his call.
5. She called for a napkin  
And then for a pin;  
Then she called for a butcher knife  
To carve his little heart in.
6. “Young lady, please spare me my life,  
As it is in your hands  
And, if I live to make a man,  
My riches will be at your demand.”
7. “I have got you now, you need not cry,  
No one can hear your call,  
I rather have your own heart’s blood,  
Than all the world of gold.”
8. “Well, then, when I am dead,  
Place a Bible at my head, and a prayer-book at my feet;  
If my little play-mates call for me,  
Please tell them I am a-sleep.”

KING HENRY FIFTH'S CONQUEST OF FRANCE  
(*Child, No. 164*)

This ballad had not hitherto been found in America before the summer of 1930 at which time it was recorded by Mrs. Henry. It is something of a coincidence that a letter received by the editor just before the discovery and recording of "King Henry Fifth's Conquest of France" expressed the insistent opinion of an experienced expert in ballad collecting that no more ballads would ever be discovered in the South. Added interest comes from the fact that another version of the ballad was taken down by Mrs. Helen H. Flanders from the singing of Mr. E. C. Green at Springfield, Vermont, on August 20, 1931, and printed in the *Springfield* (Mass.) *Sunday Union* on August 30. Mr. Barry has printed in *Bulletin*, No. 4, p. 10, the text and melody transcribed from two phonograph records made by him of the singing of Mr. Green on October 20 and 21, 1931.

The following texts, *A* and *B*, of this ballad together with the head-notes are reprinted by courtesy of the *New Jersey Journal of Education*, Vol. XX, Nos. 3—4, pp. 6—7 and the *Bulletin of the Folk-Song Society of the Northeast*, Number 2, pp. 5—6. The air included with *A* was not given in either of these. In regard to the texts *A* and *B* from the same source Mr. Phillips Barry remarks (*Bulletin*, p. 6): "One feature of the tradition, the preservation of two texts in the same family, is easily accounted for. Mr. and Mrs. Harmon are step-brother and step-sister; they learned their songs from the same source, namely Grandfather Hicks, from whom, apparently, the Harmon songs have come. That 'ballads run in the families' is a truism. Certain aspects, however, of family tradition require closer study. It would be worth while to know why some ballads and not others have accumulated in the tradition of a given family."

In the summer of 1928, some traditional ballads had been recorded from the singing of members of the Harmon family of Cade's Cove, Tennessee. Others were taken down by some individuals of the family and forwarded by mail. One of the most interesting of the latter is a fine text of the rare "Lamkin." Meantime this entire family of Tennessee mountaineers, numbering more than a dozen persons, was compelled to sell their property holdings to the Great Smoky National Park Commission and to remove to the mountains of northern Georgia. Though rather inaccessible and quite is-

*King Henry Fifth's Conquest of France*

olated, a visit was contemplated by the writer to their new abode during the summer of 1930 for the purpose of recording a promised version of "The Gypsy Laddie." Then the unexpected happened. On the writer's return from a camping trip to Thunderhead the entire family suddenly appeared in Cade's Cove for a visit. "Uncle" Sam Harmon and his wife, "Aunt" Polly, spent the best part of two days singing at the mountain cabin of the writer. Twenty-four songs were recorded, many of them traditional ballads from England. Some of the songs recorded are: "The Lass of Roch Royal", "The Gypsy Laddie", "The Farmer's Curst Wife", "The Wife Wrapped in Wether's Skin", "The Yorkshire Bite", "The Cruel Mother", "The Two Sisters" (two texts), "The Goodman", "The Mermaid", "Sweet Trinity", "Lady Alice", "Broomfield Hill", "The Bamboo Brier", "Home, Daughter, Home", "I Loved a Lass", "Two Little White Babes", "The Lexington Girl", "The Butcher Boy", and "King Henry the Fifth's Conquest of France", the ballad below.

(A is the text, as written down by Mrs. Harmon.)



*A*

1. The tribute due from the king in France  
Had not been paid for so long time.  
Fal lal the ral roddle, fal lal day.
2. He called to him his trusty page:  
"Trusty page," lo he called he,  
"Now away to the King in France,  
Ay, to the King in France now speed-lee."  
Fal lal the ral roddle, fal lal day.
3. He come unto the King in France  
And fell down on his bending knees:  
"My master here for the tribute due that was due to him,  
That had not been paid for so long a time."  
Fal lal the ral roddle, fal lal day.

4. "Your master young and of a tender age,  
Not fitting to come under my degree.  
Here I will send him these three tennis balls  
And along with them he may learn to play."  
Fal lal the ral roddle, fal lal day.
5. He marched back to his own land,  
And fell on his bending knees;  
"What news, what news from the king in France,  
What news you brought to me?"  
Fal lal the ral roddle, fal lal day.
6. "He said my master was young and of a tender age,  
Not fitting to come unto his degree,  
And he would send you these three tennis balls,  
And along with them you may learn to play."  
Fal lal the ral roddle, fal lal day.
7. As they marched through France,  
Their drums and fifes so merrilee —  
"Yonder comes proud Henery."  
Fal lal the ral roddle, fal lal day.

B

The variant *B* was recorded from the singing of Mr. Harmon. Stanzas 2 to 6 and 8 and 11 of this variant are identical with the *Child* text. Stanzas 13 and 14 could not be recalled.

1. As the king lay musing on his bed,  
The king of France owed a tribute due,  
A tribute due was due to him;  
It hadn't been paid for so long a time.  
Far laldry lol dalla, for lol de day.
2. He called for his lovely page,  
His lovely page then called he;  
Saying, "You must go to the king of France,  
To the King of France, sir, ride speedily."  
Far laldry lol dalla, for lol de day.
3. Oh, then went away this lovely page,  
This lovely page then away sent he,  
And when he came to the king of France,  
Low he fell down on his bending knee.  
Far laldry lol dalla, for lol de day.

*King Henry Fifth's Conquest of France*

4. "My master greets you, worthy sir,  
Ten ton of gold that is due to he,  
That you will send him his tribute home,  
Or in French land you soon will him see."  
Far laldry lol dalla, for lol de day.
5. "Your master's young and of tender years,  
Not fitten to come into my degree,  
And I will send him three tennis balls,  
That with them he may learn to play."  
Far laldry lol dalla, for lol de day.
6. Oh, there returned this lovely page,  
This lovely page then returned he,  
And when he came to our gracious king,  
Low he fell down on his bending knee.  
Far laldry lol dalla, for lol de day.
7. "What news, what news you brung to me?  
What news you brung to me?"  
"No news, no news," says he,  
"For with its news you'll never agree."  
Far laldry lol dalla, for lol de day.
8. "He says you're young and of tender years,  
Not fitten to come into his degree;  
And he will send you three tennis balls,  
That with them you may learn to play."  
Far laldry lol dalla, for lol de day.
9. "Not a married man,  
Not a widow's son;  
Nor a widow's curse shan't go with me."  
Far laldry lol dalla, for lol de day.
10. And then we marched into French land,  
With drums and trumps so merrily;  
And bespeaks the king of France:  
"Yonder comes proud King Henery."  
Far laldry lol dalla, for lol de day.
11. The first shot that the Frenchmen gave,  
They killed our Englishmen so free;  
We killed ten thousand of the French,  
And the rest of them they ran away.  
Far laldry lol dalla, for lol de day.

THE GYPSY LADDIE

(*Child, No. 200*)

For American texts, see Barry, No. 9; Barry-Eckstorm-Smyth, 269—277; Belden, No. 10; Brown, p. 9; Campbell and Sharp, No. 27; Cox, No. 21; Davis, No. 37; Flanders and Brown, p. 220; Hudson, No. 18; McGill, p. 15; Pound, *Syllabus*, p. 10; *Journal*, XVIII, 191 (Barry); XIX, 294 (Belden); XXII, 80 (Barry, melody only); XXIV, 346 (Barry); XXV, 173 (Belden); XXVI, 353 (Pound); XXX, 323 (Kittredge). Add Lunsford and Stringfield, *30 and 1 Folk Songs from the Southern Mountains*, New York (Carl Fischer), p. 4; Bradley Kincaid, *My Favorite Mountain Ballads and Old-Time Songs*, Chicago, 1928, p. 33. Professor I. G. Greer and Mrs. Greer with dulcimer accompaniment have recorded the song on Paramount Records 3195A and 3195B.

Professor Greer is on the faculty of the State Normal School at Boone, N. C., where it has been our privilege to listen to his singing of "The Gypsy Laddie" and a number of other traditional ballads. He is a genuine son of the mountains of North Carolina and has a large collection of native folk-songs. Mrs. Greer is a skilled accompanist.

A

"Gypsy Davy." Recorded by Mrs. Henry from the singing of Mrs. Samuel Harmon, Cade's Cove, Blount County, Tennessee, August 12, 1930.



1. Black Jack Davy came a-singing through the woods  
And he sang so loud and merry  
Till he charmed the heart of a lady,  
Till he charmed the heart of a lady.

*The Gypsy Laddie*

2. "How old are you, my pretty little miss?  
How old are you, my honey?"  
She answered me quite modestly:  
"I'll be sixteen next Sunday,  
I'll be sixteen next Sunday."
3. "Oh, come, go with me, my pretty little miss,  
Come, go with me, my honey;  
Come, go with me, my pretty little miss,  
And you never will lack for money,  
And you never will lack for money.
4. "Well, you'd better leave your house and land,  
You'd better leave your baby;  
You'd better leave your own landlord  
And go with Black Jack Davy,  
And go with Black Jack Davy."
5. She put on her high-heel shoes  
All made of Spanish leather  
And then she kissed her sweet little babe  
And then they parted forever,  
And then they parted forever.
6. The landlord he came home  
Late in the evening  
Enquiring for his lady,  
Enquiring for his lady.
7. The servant then  
She answered him:  
"She's gone with Black Jack Davy,  
She's gone with Black Jack Davy."
8. "You go, saddle me the milk white speed;  
The old mare she's not able;  
I'll ride till I come to the deep blue sea  
Or I'll overtake my lady,  
Or I'll overtake my lady.
9. "Have you forsaked your house and land?  
Have you forsaked your baby?  
Have you forsaked your own true love  
And gone with Black Jack Davy,  
And gone with Black Jack Davy?"

10. "Yes, I forsaked my house and land;  
Yes, I forsaked my baby;  
Yes, I forsaked my own landlord  
And gone with Black Jack Davy,  
And gone with Black Jack Davy."
11. "You pull off those fine, finger gloves  
That's made of Spanish leather  
And give to me your lily white hand  
And we will part forever,  
And we will part forever."
12. She pulled off her fine, finger gloves  
All made of Spanish leather;  
She gave to him her lily white hand  
And they were parted forever,  
And they were parted forever.
13. "Last night I lay in a fine feather bed  
Besides my husband and baby;  
But now I lay on the cold, cold ground  
With nothing but Black Jack Davy,  
With nothing but Black Jack Davy."

B

"Gypsy Davy." This fragment came as a result of a talk on ballads by the writer and the playing of Professor Greer's records on the Victrola at "The Pines," Branchville, N. J., May 25, 1930. Miss Mary H. Blair, 431 Broadway, Paterson, N. J., recalled and sang the following stanzas which she had learned as a child in North Carolina.

1. I was a high born gentleman;  
She was a high born lady;  
We lived in a castle great and grand  
Till she met with Gypsy Davy.
2. Last night she slept in a goose-feather bed;  
Her arms were round her baby;  
But tonight she sleeps by the cold brook side  
In the arms of her Gypsy Davy.

JAMES HARRIS (THE DAEMON LOVER)

(*Child, No. 243*)

Campbell and Sharp, No. 29, give eleven variants and tunes. Cox, No. 25, states that twenty-one variants have been found in West Virginia. Davis, No. 40, says that fifty-two texts and seven melodies have been found in Virginia. See also Barry, No. 11; Barry-Eckstorm-Smyth, p. 304; Belden, No. 11; Hudson, No. 19; Pound, No. 17; Pound, *Syllabus*, p. 10; Sandburg, p. 66; Shearin, *Sewanee Review*, July, 1911; Shearin and Combs, p. 8; C. Alphonso Smith, *Musical Quarterly*, January, 1916; Reed Smith, *The Traditional Ballad and Its South Carolina Survivals*, No. 11; Reed Smith, *South Carolina Ballads*, No. 12. Note also the following in the *Journal*: Belden, XIX, 295; Kittredge, XX, 257; Barry, XXV, 274; Kittredge, XXX, 325; Tolman and Eddy, XXXV, 346; Pound, XXVI, 360; Henry, XLII, 274. Add Thomas, pp. 63, 172; Brown, p. 9; *PTFLS*, No. 10, pp. 159—162.

A

“The House Carpenter.” Recorded by Mrs. Henry from the singing of Miss Ronie Johnson, Crossnore, Avery Country, North Carolina, 1929.

1. “Well met, well met, my own true love;  
Well met, well met,” said he.  
“I’m just returning from the salt, salt sea,  
And all for the love of thee.
2. “I will come in but I won’t sit down,  
For I haven’t a moment’s time;  
I heard you were engaged to another young man  
And your heart is no longer mine.”
3. “Yes, come in and sit down  
And stay a while if you can;  
I am married to a house carpenter,  
And I think he is a nice young man.”
4. “If you will leave the house carpenter  
And come along with me,  
We will go where the grass grows green  
On the banks of the deep blue sea in the land of  
sweet Willie.”

5. She dressed herself in silk so fine,  
Most glorious to behold,  
And she marched up and down the street;  
She shone like glittering gold.
6. She picked up her sweet little babe;  
Kisses she gave it one, two, three,  
Saying, "You stay at home with your poor old dad,  
And keep him company."
7. She hadn't been gone but about two weeks,  
I'm sure it were not three,  
Till she fell down a-weeping on her true lover's lap,  
And she wept most bitterly.
8. "Darling, are you weeping for my silver or gold?  
Or weeping for my store?  
Or weeping for your house carpenter  
Whose face you shall see no more?"
9. "I'm neither weeping for silver or gold,  
Or weeping for your store;  
I'm just a-weeping for my sweet little babe,  
That I'll never get to see any more."
10. "Oh, what are the white banks that I see?  
They are white as any snow."  
"They are the banks of heaven, my dear,  
Where your sweet little babe shall go."
11. "Oh, what are the black banks that I see?  
They are blacker than any crow."  
"They are the banks of hell, my dear,  
Where you and I must go."
12. She dressed herself in silk so fine,  
Put on her blue and green,  
And marched right out in front of him.  
They took her to be some queen.
13. They hadn't been gone but about three weeks,  
I'm sure it was not four,  
Till her true lover's ship took a leak in it,  
And sank for to rise no more.

14. Well, my house carpenter is still at home,  
And living very well,  
While my poor body is drowning in the sea,  
And my soul is bound for hell.

B

"House Carpenter." Obtained from Cleophas L. Franklin, Crossnore, Avery County, N. C., July 14, 1929, who had it from his great grandmother, Tilda Pyatte, of Avery County.



1. "I once could have married a king's daughter,  
And she would have married me;  
But I forsaken the crown of gold;  
Was all for the love of thee."
2. "If you could have married the king's daughter,  
I'm sure that you are to blame;  
For I have married a house carpenter  
And I think he's a nice young man."
3. "If you'll forsake your house carpenter  
And go along with me,  
I'll take you to where the grass grows green  
And the banks of sweet relief."
4. "If I forsake my house carpenter  
And go along with thee,  
What have you to maintain me on  
Or keep me from slavery?"
5. "I have five ships on the ocean wide  
A-sailing for dry land;  
Five hundred and twenty bold seamen  
Will be at your command."
6. She picked up her sweet little babe  
And kisses gave it three,  
Saying, "Go, stay with your papa, my sweet little babe,  
And keep him company."

7. She dressed herself in silk so fine,  
Most glorious to be seen;  
As she walked along the shore,  
Outshined the glittering sun.
8. But she had not been on the ship two weeks,  
I'm sure it were not three,  
Till she li-mented in her true-lover's ship  
And wept most bitterly.
9. "Is it for my gold you weep?  
Or is it for my store?  
Or is it for your house carpenter  
That you never shall see any more?"
10. "It is not for your gold I weep;  
Nor it is not for your store.  
I was just weeping for my sweet little babe,  
That I never shall see any more."
11. She had not been on the ship three weeks,  
I'm sure it were not four,  
Till there sprang a leak in the true-lover's ship  
And she sank to rise no more.
12. "A curse, a curse to all seamen,  
A curse forever more!  
They robbed me of my house carpenter  
That I never shall see any more."

C

"The House Carpenter." Recorded by Mrs. Henry from the singing of Mrs. Hiram Proctor, Cade's Cove, Blount County, Tennessee, August, 1928. Mrs. Proctor is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Harmon.



1. "Well met, well met, my own true love;  
Well met, well met," said he.  
"I'm just returning from the old salt sea,  
Returning for to marry thee.

2. "Have you wedded any other man?  
I'm sure I've wedded no other woman."  
"Yes, I'm wedded to a house carpenter,  
And I think he's a very nice man."
3. "You better leave your house carpenter,  
And come along with me.  
We'll go till we come to the old salt sea  
And married we will be."
4. She dressed her babies all in red  
And laid them on the bed.  
"Lay there, lay there, my sweet little babes,  
To keep your papa company."
5. She dressed her pavage all in blue;  
Herself she dressed in green;  
And every town they rode through  
They tuk her to be a queen.
6. They had not been on the sea two weeks,  
I'm sure it was not three,  
Till his true love began to weep;  
She wept most bitterly.
7. "What are you weeping for, my love?  
Are you weeping for my gold?  
Are you weeping for some other man,  
That you love more dear than me?"
8. "I'm not weeping for your gold,  
Nor neither for your store;  
I'm just weeping for my sweet little babes  
That I never will see no more.
9. "If I had a thousand pounds of gold,  
I'd give it all to thee,  
If you'd take me to the land once more,  
My poor little babies for to see."
10. "If you had a thousand pounds of gold  
And would give it all to me,  
I'd never take thee to the land no more,  
Your poor little babies to see."

*Ballads and Songs*

11. They had not been on the sea two months,  
I'm sure it was not four,  
Till they sprang a leak in her true love's ship  
And it sank to rise no more.
12. "What hills, what hills, my own true love,  
That look so bright above?"  
"That's hills of heaven, my own true love,  
Where all God's people doth go."
13. "What hills, what hills, my own true love,  
That look so dark below?"  
"That is hills of hell, my own true love,  
Where you and I have started to go."
14. "A curse, a curse to all seaman,  
A curse, a curse," she said,  
"You've robbed me of my sweet little babes,  
And stole my life away."

*D*

The song was recorded in the Cumberland Mountains by Ruth Bagwell, a student in Lincoln Memorial University.

1. "Well met, well met," says an old true love,  
"Well met, well met," says he;  
"I've come from far across the sea  
And it's all for the sake of thee."
2. "Oh, hold your tongue of your former vows,  
For they will bring bitter strife;  
Oh, hold your tongue of your former vows,  
For I have become a wife."
3. "Oh, I could have married a king's daughter  
And she would have married me;  
But I've forsaken those crowns of gold  
And it's all for the sake of thee."

OUR GOODMAN

(*Child, No. 274*)

The *A* text came as a result of our visit to the haunts of "Big Tom" Wilson, famed hunter of the Black Mountains, on the Cane River at the western base of Mount Mitchell, still a wild region little frequented by travelers. Here lives Adolph, his son, who has a mountain inn. "Big Tom's" grandson, Ewart, has in recent years constructed a road on this side of Mount Mitchell and has a camp near the top where those daring enough to drive their cars may find refreshments and lodging. Travelers may also find first-rate entertainment at his home at the foot of the mountain. Mrs. Ewart Wilson knows a number of traditional ballads and other songs. *B* came from the Harmons, of Cade's Cove, Tennessee, from whom many of the texts in this book have come. The fragment *C* came from North Carolina.

For American texts, see Barry, No. 17; Barry-Eckstorm-Smyth, p. 315; Brown, p. 9; Campbell and Sharp, No. 32; Frank Shay, *More Pious Friends and Drunken Companions*, p. 31; Cox, No. 28; Davis, No. 43; Finger, p. 161; Hudson, No. 26; Jones, p. 301; Mackenzie, *Ballads*, No. 14; C. A. Smith, p. 17; Reed Smith, *Ballads*, No. 14; *Journal*, XVIII, 294 (Barry); XXX, 199 (Parsons). Cf. also *Journal*, XXIX, 166; XXX, 328; XXXV, 348; Jones, p. 13.

*A*

"Home Came the Goodman." Recorded by Mrs. Henry from the singing of Mrs. Ewart Wilson, Pensacola, North Carolina, August, 1930. Mrs. Wilson learned the song from her brother, Edgar Ray.

1. I came home the other night  
Just as drunk as I could be;  
I found a hat hanging on the rack  
Where my hat ought to be.
2. "Come here, my little wifie,  
And explain this thing to me:  
How comes a hat upon the rack  
Where my hat ought to be?"

3. "You blind old fool, you crazy fool,  
Can't you plainly see  
That that is only a frying pan  
That my ma sent to me?"
4. "I've traveled this world over  
For forty years and more  
And I never saw a frying pan  
With a hat band on it before."
5. I came home the other night  
Just as drunk as I could be;  
I found a coat hanging on the rack  
Where my coat ought to be.
6. "Come here, my little wifie,  
And explain this thing to me:  
How comes a coat upon the rack  
Where my coat ought to be?"
7. "You blind old fool, you crazy fool,  
Can't you plainly see  
That that is only a bed quilt  
That my ma sent to me?"
8. "I've traveled this world over  
For forty years and more  
And I never saw a bed quilt  
With pockets on it before."
9. I came home the other night  
Just as drunk as I could be;  
I found a mule in the stable  
Where my mule ought to be.
10. "Come here, my little wifie,  
And explain this thing to me:  
How comes a mule in the stable  
Where my mule ought to be?"
11. "You blind old fool, you crazy fool,  
Can't you plainly see  
That that is only a milk cow  
That my ma sent to me?"



*Three Generations of a Family of Singers — a Harmon Group*



*Vilas, Watauga County, N. C., Near the Old Home of the Harmons*



*Our Goodman*

12. "I've traveled this world over  
For forty year's and more  
And I never saw a milk cow  
With a saddle on before."
13. I came home the other night  
Just as drunk as I could be;  
I found a head lying on the pillow  
Where my head ought to be.
14. "Come here, my little wifie,  
And explain this thing to me:  
How comes a head lying on the pillow  
Where my head ought to be?"
15. "You blind old fool, you crazy fool,  
Can't you plainly see  
That that is only a cabbage head  
That my ma sent to me?"
16. "I've traveled this world over  
For forty years and more  
And I never saw a cabbage head  
With a mustache on it before."

*B*

"The Goodman." Recorded by Mrs. Henry from the singing of Samuel Harmon, Cade's Cove, Tennessee, August, 1930. Mr. Harmon knew the song as a child.

1. The old man he come home,  
His wife for to see.  
"What horse in the stable  
Where mine ought to be?"
2. "You old fool, you blind fool,  
Can't you half see?  
Nothing but a milk cow  
My mama sent to me."
3. "Ten thousand miles to travel,  
Ten thousand miles or more;  
I never seen a milk cow  
With a saddle on before."

*Ballads and Songs*

4. The old man he come home,  
His wife for to see.  
“Whose boots in a corner  
Where mine ought to be?”
5. “You old fool, you blind fool,  
Can’t you half see?  
Nothing but a milk churn  
My mama sent to me.”
6. “Ten thousand miles to travel,  
Ten thousand miles or more;  
I never seen a churn  
With heel irons before.”
7. The old man he come home,  
His wife for to see;  
“Whose hat on the bed post,  
Where mine ought to be?”
8. “You old fool, you blind fool,  
Can’t you half see?  
Nothing but a strainer  
My mama sent to me.”
9. “Ten thousand miles to travel,  
Ten thousand miles or more;  
I never seen a strainer  
With a hat band on before.”
10. The old man he come home,  
His wife for to see;  
“Whose coat on the chair back  
Where mine ought to be?”
11. “You old fool, you blind fool,  
Can’t you half see?  
It’s nothing but a cover-lid  
My mama sent to me.”
12. “Ten thousand miles to travel,  
Ten thousand miles or more;  
I never saw a cover-lid  
With a collar to it before.”

*Our Goodman*

13. The old man he come home,  
His wife for to see;  
“Who is that in the bed  
Where I ought to be?”
14. “You old fool, you blind fool,  
Can’t you half see  
It’s nothing but a baby  
My mama sent to me.”
15. “Ten thousand miles to travel,  
Ten thousand miles or more;  
I never saw a baby  
With a mustache on before.”

*C*

“Three Nights.” Recorded by Mrs. Henry from the singing of Mr. Cleophas L. Franklin, Crossnore, Avery County, North Carolina, August, 1930.

1. The first night when I came home  
As drunk as I could be,  
I found a coat hanging on the rack  
Where my coat ought to be.
2. “You come here, my little wifie,  
And explain this thing to me:  
How come a coat hanging on the rack  
Where my coat ought to be?”
3. “You blind fool, you crazy fool,  
Can’t you never see?  
It’s nothing but a bed quilt  
Your granny sent to me.”
4. “I’ve traveled this world over  
A thousand miles or more;  
But pockets upon a bed quilt  
I never did see before.”

*Ballads and Songs*

5. The second night when I came home  
As drunk as I could be,  
I found a horse in the stable  
Where my horse ought to be.
6. "You come here, my little wifie,  
And explain this thing to me:  
How come a horse in the stable  
Where my horse ought to be?"
7. "You blind fool, you crazy fool,  
Can't you never see?  
It's nothing but a milk cow  
Your granny sent to me."
8. "I've traveled this world over  
A thousand miles or more;  
But a saddle on a milk cow  
I never did see before."
9. The third night when I came home  
As drunk as I could be,  
I found a head lying on the pillow  
Where my head ought to be.
10. "You come here, my little wifie,  
And explain this thing to me:  
How come a head lying on the pillow  
Where my head ought to be?"
11. "You blind fool, you crazy fool,  
Can't you never see?  
It's nothing but a cabbage head  
Your granny sent to me."
12. "I've traveled this world over  
A thousand miles or more;  
But a mustache on a cabbage head  
I never did see before."

THE WIFE WRAP'T IN WETHER'S SKIN

(*Child, No. 277*)

For American texts, see Barry-Eckstorm-Smyth, p. 322; Belden, No. 12; Brown, p. 9; Campbell and Sharp, No. 33; Cox, No. 29; Davis, No. 45; Flanders and Brown, p. 224; Hudson, No. 21; Pound, *Ballads*, No. 6; Shearin and Combs, p. 8; *Journal*, XIX, 298 (Belden); XXX, 328 (Kittredge); XXXIX, 109 (Hudson). Cf. Sharp, *Songs*, I, No. 6.

Obtained from Mrs. Samuel Harmon, August 12, 1930, who remembered only a few lines but said that she used to sing the song.

1. He tuk a sheep's skin  
To the old woman's back;  
He tuk two little sticks  
And he made it crack.  
Come a lu .....

THE FARMER'S CURST WIFE

(*Child, No. 278*)

Davis gives thirteen texts and six tunes from Virginia and points out that a text like the following fits the comic story of the ballad. (Cf. Child A). For American texts, see Barry, No. 28; Barry-Eckstorm-Smyth, p. 325; Belden, No. 13; Campbell and Sharp, No. 34; Cox, No. 30; Flanders and Brown, p. 226; Davis, No. 46; Mackenzie, *Ballads*, No. 15; Sharp, *Songs*, II, No. 3; *Journal*, XIX, 298 (Belden); XXIV, 348 (Barry); XXVII, 68 (Barry); XXX, 329 (Kittredge); *PTFLS*, No. 10, pp. 164—165.

Recorded by Mrs. Henry from the singing of Samuel Harmon, Cade's Cove, Blount County, Tennessee, August, 1930. Mr. Harmon learned the song from his Grandfather Hicks.

1. The old devil came to me one day at my plow.  
(*Whistle a line*)  
It's not your old daughter that now I crave,  
But your scolding wife and her I will have.  
And to rand dowdle lin dowdle in day.

*Ballads and Songs*

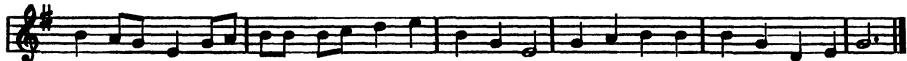
2. The old devil picked her up on his back.  
*(Whistle a line)*  
And like an old fool he went wagging her off.  
And to rand dowdle lin dowdle in day.
  
3. He tuk her down to the forks of the road.  
*(Whistle a line)*  
Says, "Old woman, you are a terrible load."  
And to rand dowdle lin dowdle in day.
  
4. He tuk her down to the devil's den.  
*(Whistle a line)*  
And poked her in like an old wet hen.  
And to rand dowdle lin dowdle in day.
  
5. Two little devils went to set her up higher.  
*(Whistle a line)*  
She's up with her foot and kicked nine in the fire.  
And to rand dowdle lin dowdle in day.
  
6. Old Lucifer peeped over the wall.  
*(Whistle a line)*  
"Take her back, daddy, she'll murder us all."  
And to rand dowdle lin dowdle in day.
  
7. He's six years a-going and seven coming back.  
*(Whistle a line)*  
Like an old fool he came wagging her back.  
And to rand dowdle lin dowdle in day.
  
8. She called for the hominy she left on the pot,  
*(Whistle a line)*  
Up over the fire a-biling so hot.  
And to rand dowdle lin dowdle in day.
  
9. The old man's been sick and in the bed.  
*(Whistle a line)*  
She picked up the ladle and bursted his head.  
And to rand dowdle lin dowdle in day.

THE SWEET TRINITY (THE GOLDEN VANITY)  
(*Child, No. 286*)

For American texts, see Barry, No. 1; Belden, No. 78; Campbell and Sharp, No. 35; Colcord, p. 79; Cox, No. 32; Davis, No. 47; Barry-Eckstorm-Smyth, p. 339; Hudson, No. 22; *Journal*, XVIII, 125 (Barry); XXIII, 429 (Belden); XXX, 331 (Kittredge); McGill, p. 97; Pound, *Ballads*, No. 10; Shearin and Combs, p. 9; Shoemaker, p. 126 (Second Ed.); Wyman and Brockway, p. 72. Cf. the English version with music in Sharp's *One Hundred English Folksongs*, No. 14. Cox points out that "A fragment of this ballad, combined with an additional stanza of a comic character, has been popular as a college song" and supplies the following references: "Waite, *Carmina Collegensia* (Boston, Cop. 1868), p. 171; *The American College Songster* (Ann Arbor, 1876), p. 101; White, *Student Life in Song* (Boston, Cop. 1879), p. 58." A fine text of the original ballad with the tune will be found in J. W. Raine's, *The Land of the Saddle-Bags*, p. 121. For a modern version of "The Golden Vanity", see John Masefield's *A Sailor's Garland*, p. 175. Add Flanders and Brown, p. 230; Randolph, p. 177; Brown, p. 9; *Bulletin*, No. 5, pp. 10—11.

A

"The Merry Golden Tree." Sung by Mrs. Samuel Harmon, Cade's Cove, Blount County, Tennessee, August 13, 1930. Recorded by Mrs. Henry. This is one of the songs that came as a surprise in the summer of 1930. The Harmons had given the impression in the summer of 1928 that they had sung all the songs that they knew. Mrs. Harmon says that she learned this song as a child. She probably had it from her husband (she married at the age of 12), who learned most of his songs from his grandfather on his mother's side, "Grand-Daddy" Hicks. He came from England in his fourth year.



1. There was a little ship  
In the North Amerikee  
And it went by the name of  
The Merry Golden Tree,  
As she sailed on the lonesome Lowlands low,  
As she sailed on the lonesome sea.
2. There was another ship  
In the North Amerikee  
And she went by the name of  
The Turkey Revelee  
And she sailed on the lonesome Lowlands low,  
And she sailed on the lonesome sea.
3. “O captain, O captain,  
What will you give to me  
To go and sink yon Turkey Revelee  
And sink her in the sea,  
As she sails on the lonesome Lowlands low,  
As she sails on the lonesome sea?”
- 4 “I'll give you money,  
I'll pay your fee;  
I have a loving daughter that  
I'll marry unto thee,  
If you sink her in the lonesome Lowlands low,  
If you sink her in the lonesome sea.”
5. He bowed to his breast  
And away swam he.  
He swum till he come  
To the Turkey Revelee,  
As she sailed on the lonesome Lowlands low,  
As she sailed on the lonesome sea.

*The Sweet Trinity (The Golden Vanity)*

6. He had a little tool  
That was fitten for to rule  
And he bored nine holes  
All in her hull at once,  
As she sailed on the lonesome Lowlands low,  
As she sailed on the lonesome sea.
7. There was some a-playing cards  
And some a-playing check  
And some was a-dancing on  
The salt water deck,  
As he sank her in the lonesome Lowlands low,  
As he sank her in the lonesome sea.
8. They some with their hats  
And some with their caps,  
Trying to stop those  
Salt water gaps,  
As they sunk her in the lonesome Lowlands low,  
As they sunk her in the lonesome sea.
9. He bowed to his breast  
And away swum he.  
He swum till he came to  
The Merry Golden Tree,  
As she sailed in the lonesome Lowlands low,  
As she sailed in the lonesome sea.
10. “O captain, O captain,  
You good as your word?  
Will you take me  
Up on board?  
For I’ve sunk her in the lonesome Lowlands low,  
Oh, I’ve sunk her in the lonesome sea.”
11. “I’ll never be  
As good as my word;  
Nor neither will I take you  
Up on board,  
For you’ve sunk her in the lonesome Lowlands low,  
Lord, you’ve sunk her in the lonesome sea.”

12. "If it wasn't for the love  
That I have for your men,  
I'd do unto you  
As I've done unto them;  
I would sink you in the lonesome Lowlands low,  
I would sink you in the lonesome sea."
13. He bowed to his breast  
And away swum he.  
He bidden farewell to  
The Merry Golden Tree,  
As he sunk in the lonesome Lowlands low,  
As he sunk in the lonesome sea.

B

"The Golden Willow Tree." Recorded by Mrs. Henry from the singing of Mrs. Ewart Wilson, Pensacola, North Carolina, August 1, 1930. "The Long Brown Path" in *The New York Evening Post* (p. 7) for August 22, 1930, has the following account: "Our unique experience came last Thursday when we sought out "Big Tom" Wilson's place on Cane River at the western base of Mount Mitchell. The road will not appear on the maps. Finding no one at home, we drove four miles to Ewart Wilson's, "Big Tom's" grandson. The wife of Ewart Wilson is one of the brightest, keenest and best educated women we have ever found in the mountains. We soon got her interested in singing and ended with a bag of more than a dozen songs, three of them traditional ballads of the rarest kind." For the story of "Big Tom" Wilson, the great hunter of the Black Mountains and the man who led the search for Professor Mitchell at the time that he lost his life while taking observation on the mountains, see "The Saga of the Carolina Hills" by Hodge Mathes in *The Christian Observer*, July 9, 1930. Also see "Ewart Wilson's Road — Building Feat Astounds. Remarkable Mountaineer Tells of Father's Unique Career" by Ida Briggs Henderson in *The Sunday Citizen*, Asheville, N. C., July 20, 1930. The father's name is Adolph ("Dolph") and he and his wife still maintain a mountain inn at Pensacola, N. C. "Dolph" came to his son's home during the course of the evening and gave interesting information about the mountain people. Mrs. Ewart Wilson remembers her mother's singing this song when she was a child. She says that she is sure that the ship that was sent to the bottom was the Golden Willow Tree and not the

*The Sweet Trinity (The Golden Vanity)*

Turkey Revelee because she remembers as a child feeling sad that a ship with so pretty a name as Golden Willow Tree had to be sunk.

1. There was a ship a-sailing the sea,  
That went by the name of the Turkey Revelee,  
As it sailed on the low and the lonesome below,  
As it sailed on the lonesome sea.
2. They hadn't been sailing but two weeks or three  
Till they were overtaken by the Golden Willow Tree,  
As it sailed on the low and the lonesome below,  
As it sailed on the lonesome sea.
3. "I have houses, I have land  
And I have a daughter at your command,  
If you'll sink her in the low and the lonesome below,  
If you'll sink her in the lonesome sea."
4. He turned on his breast and swimming went he  
Till he came up to the Golden Willow Tree,  
And he sank them in the low and the lonesome below,  
And he sank them in the lonesome sea.  
.....  
.....
7. He turned on his back and sinking went he,  
Bidding farewell to the Turkey Revelee,  
As he sank in the low and the lonesome below,  
As he sank in the lonesome sea.

(Two stanzas, 5 and 6, could not be recalled, but Mrs. Wilson remembers that when the sailor returned, he was refused his reward).

C

"The Merry Golden Tree." The song was recorded near Cumberland Gap, Tennessee, by Ruth Bagwell, a student in Lincoln Memorial University.

*Ballads and Songs*

1. There was a little ship and she sailed upon the sea,  
And she went by the name of the Merry Golden Tree,  
As she sailed upon the lone and the lonesome low,  
As she sailed upon the lonesome sea.
2. There was another ship and she sailed upon the sea,  
And she went by the name of the Turkish Robbery,  
As she sailed upon the lone and lonesome low,  
As she sailed upon the lonesome sea.
3. There was a little sailor unto the captain said:  
“O Captain, O Captain, what will you give to me  
If I'll sink them in the lone and lonesome low,  
If I'll sink them in the lonesome sea?”
4. “Two hundred dollars I'll give unto thee,  
And my oldest daughter I'll wed unto thee,  
If you'll sink them in the lone and lonesome low,  
If you'll sink them in the lonesome sea.”
5. He bowed upon his breast and away swam he  
Till he came to the ship of the Turkish Robbery,  
As she sailed upon the lone and lonesome low,  
As she sailed upon the lonesome sea.
6. Then out of his pocket an instrument he drew,  
And he bored nine holes for to let the water through,  
As she sailed upon the lone and lonesome low,  
As she sailed upon the lonesome sea.
7. Some had hats and some had caps,  
And they tried to stop them awful water gaps,  
For they were sinking in the lone and lonesome low,  
For they were sinking in the lonesome sea.
8. He bowed upon his breast and back swam he  
Till he came to the ship of the Merry Golden Tree,  
As she sailed upon the lone and lonesome low,  
As she sailed upon the lonesome sea.
9. “O Captain, O Captain, won't you take me on board?  
O Captain, O Captain, won't you be as good as your word?  
For I've sunk them in the lone and lonesome low,  
For I've sunk them in the lonesome sea.”

10. "Oh, no, I will neither take you on board,  
    Oh, no, I will neither be as good as my word,  
    For I'm sailing on the lone and lonesome low,  
    For I'm sailing on the lonesome sea."
11. "If it wasn't for my love for your daughter and your men,  
    I would do unto you as I did unto them,  
    I would sink you in the lone and lonesome low,  
    I would sink you in the lonesome sea."
12. He turned upon his back and down sank he:  
    "Farewell, farewell, to the Merry Golden Tree,  
    For I'm sinking in the lone and lonesome low,  
    For I'm sinking in the lonesome sea."

28

THE MERMAID

(*Child, No. 289*)

Barry-Eckstorm-Smyth (p. 368) remark: "No ballad has less interest to the student than this." For the great popularity of the ballad in song books and for many references to these and to traditional texts, see Cox, No. 33; Davis, No. 48. Cf. also *PTFLS*, No. 10, pp. 162—163.

Recorded by Mrs. Henry from the singing of Mrs. Samuel Harmon, Cade's Cove, Blount County, Tennessee, August, 1930.

1. Last Friday night, as we set sail,  
    Not being far from land,  
    I spied a little sea miss  
    With a comb and glass in her hand, hand, hand;  
    With a comb and glass in her hand.
2. Up spoke the captain of a very gallant ship,  
    And a well-spoken man was he:  
    "I have a wife in Ireland;  
    This night a widow she will be, be, be;  
    This night a widow she will be."
3. Up spoke a young man of a very gallant ship,  
    And a well-spoken man was he:  
    "I have a sweetheart in that town;  
    This night she's a-looking for me, me, me;  
    This night she's a-looking for me."

4. Up spoke the cook, of a very gallant ship,  
And a well-spoken woman was she:  
“I’d give all of my kittels and all of my pots,  
One foot of dry land for to see, see, see;  
One foot of dry land for to see.”
5. All around and around went our gallant ship,  
And around and around went she;  
The very next time that she started around  
She sank to the bottom of the sea, sea, sea;  
She sank to the bottom of the sea.

29

### THE BROWN GIRL

(*Child, No. 295*)

See Campbell and Sharp, No. 36; Barry, *Journal*, XXVII, 73.  
“Doctor.” Recorded by Mrs. Henry from the singing of Mrs. Samuel Harmon, Cade’s Cove, Blount County, Tennessee, August, 1930.

1. There was a ship captain  
That sailed on the sea;  
He called on Miss Betsy;  
Pretty Polly did say:  
“You go to that sea captain  
And grant me love or ruined I’ll be.”
2. As Miss Betsy started  
Pretty Polly did b�cry:  
“Make haste, pretty Betsy,  
Or I will die.”
3. She came to the sea captain  
And said unto him:  
“Are you the young man  
You love so well?”
4. He said unto her:  
“Am I the doctor  
That can kill or cure?”

*The Yorkshire Bite*

5. "You go to that young man,  
Tell he come unto me,  
And grant me his love  
Or ruined I will be."
6. "Am I the doctor  
You sent for her  
Or am I the young man  
Who you love so dear?"
7. "You are the doctor  
That can kill or cure;  
Without your assistance  
I am ruined I am sure."

30

THE YORKSHIRE BITE

(*Secondary Form of Child, No. 283*)

For this parallel of "The Crafty Farmer" see Combs, *Folk-Songs du Midi des États-Unis*, p. 149 (a West Virginia text in which a South Carolina man's Negro servant is praised by his master for putting upon a Virginia villain "A South Carolina Bite"); Barry-Eckstorm-Smyth, p. 406 (three versions); Barry, *Journal*, XXIII, 451; Kittredge, *Journal*, XXX, 367; Flanders and Brown, p. 234.

A

"Robber Song." Recorded by Mrs. Henry from the singing of Mrs. Lee Johnson, Pyatt, North Carolina, July, 1930. Mrs. Johnson obtained the song from her brother, Monty, who learned it at a logging camp at Wilson Creek, N. C.

1. "Come down, come down," said the farmer to his son,  
"To make you some money" (and his name was John).  
"Here's a cow you can take her to the fair.  
She's in good order and it's her I can spare."  
*Like tothers-tothers —*  
*Come - a - ran - tan - e - o.*

*Ballads and Songs*

2. He took that cow and he started to the fair;  
Hadn't been gone long till he met with a man;  
Hadn't been gone long till he met with a man;  
He sold that cow for six pounds of tan.

*Like tothers - tothers —*

*Come - a - ran - tan - e - o. \**

3. He went down to the bar-room to get him a drink;  
The money was paid right down in chink;  
There was a lady all dressed so fine,  
She sewed that money in his coat line.

*Like tothers - tothers —*

*Come a - ran - tan - e - o.*

4. The boy got out and he started for his home;  
The robbers they mounted and they come following on.  
"If you are going down the road for a few miles,  
Hop on behind and we'll both take a ride."

*Like tothers - tothers —*

*Come - a - ran - tan - e - o.*

5. Hadn't been gone more than a mile that way  
Till robbers said, "I'll tell you in plain;  
It's your money I want without any strife;  
If I don't get it, I'll end your sweet life."

*Like tothers - tothers —*

*Come - a - ran - tan - e - o.*

6. The boy ran his hands in his pockets and pulled his money out.  
In a high patch of weeds he strew it all about  
And the robber jumped off to pick up the loss  
And the boy jumped in the saddle and rode off with the horse.

*Like tothers - tothers —*

*Come - a - ran - tan - e - o.*

7. "Come back, come back," the robber he roared;  
"Come back, come back," the robber he roared;  
"Come back, come back," the robber he roared;  
"I'll give you your own and ten thousand more."

*Like tothers - tothers —*

*Come - a - ran - tan - e - o.*

*The Yorkshire Bite*

8. The boy rode on to the old man's door;  
The old man came out with a stamp on the floor;  
Said, "Son, oh, son, ain't it a curse,  
That our old cow's turned off to a horse?"

*Like tothers - tothers —*

*Come - a - ran - tan - e - o.*

9. The boy run his hand in his pocket and begun to unfold;  
He had ten thousand in silver and gold;  
The old man begin to puff and he begin to swell.  
"Daddy, don't you think I sold your cow well?"

*Like tothers - tothers —*

*Come - a - ran - tan - e - o.*

B

Obtained from Mrs. Mary Tucker, Varnell, Georgia, November 5, 1930.  
Mary Tucker is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Harmon, Cade's Cove, Tennessee.

1. "Come down, come down,"  
Said the father to his son.  
"We will make some money,  
Or lose some one."  
Lye teller tum rag,  
Tum around tummy O!

2. "I have a old cow;  
You can take her to the fair;  
She is in good order;  
You can sell her there."  
Lye teller tum rag,  
Tum around tummy O!

3. This boy tuk his cow  
And he tuk her to the fair;  
She was in good order  
And he sold her there.  
Lye teller tum rag,  
Tum around tummy O!

*Ballads and Songs*

4. He was afraid  
The wild robbers would find;  
He sewed up his money  
In his coat line.  
Lye teller tum rag,  
Tum around tummy O!
  
5. There was a lady  
In her silk so fine  
Seen him sew up his money  
In his old coat line.  
Lye teller tum rag,  
Tum around tummy O!
  
6. It wan't very long  
Till the robber followed on;  
He knowed this money  
Was in the boy's coat line.  
Lye teller tum rag,  
Tum around tummy O!
  
7. "Son, O Son,  
I want your money without any strife  
And if I don't get it,  
I will end your life."  
Lye teller tum rag,  
Tum around tummy O!
  
8. The boy began to rake  
To get his money out —  
A big patch of weeds  
And he scattered all about.  
Lye teller tum rag,  
Tum around tummy O!
  
9. While the robber was down  
Picking up the loss,  
The boy jumped in his saddle,  
Rode off with his horse.  
Lye teller tum rag,  
Tum around tummy O!

*The Yorkshire Bite*

10. "Come back, come back,"  
The wild robber did a-roar,  
"You can have your money back  
And ten times more."  
Lye teller tum rag,  
Tum around tummy O!
11. The boy rode on  
To his father's door;  
He jumped off  
With a pump on the floor.  
Lye teller tum rag,  
Tum around tummy O!
12. "Son, O son,  
Has it come to occur  
That our old cow  
Has turmed to a horse?"  
Lye teller tum rag,  
Tum around tummy O!
13. "No, the wild robbers  
Robbed of my silver and gold  
And while he was down picking up the loss,  
I jumped in his saddle, rode off with his horse."  
Lye teller tum rag,  
Tum around tummy O!
14. They come in the saddle  
To unfold  
And out of the saddle  
A thousand pounds of gold.  
Lye teller tum rag,  
Tum around tummy O!
15. The boy jumped up  
With a pump on the floor,  
Says, "I got my money back  
And ten times more."  
Lye teller tum rag,  
Tum around tummy O!

C

The following fragment was obtained from Samuel Harmon, Varnell, Georgia, August, 1931, who said he used to know the song but that he could remember no more of it.

1. "Come down, come down,"  
Said the farmer to his son,  
"A make some money  
Or have some fun."  
Like tuthers, tuthers,  
Tum a fare, tum a day.

2. "We have an old cow —"

31

I GAVE MY LOVE A CHERRY

(*Cf. Capt. Wedderburn's Courtship*, Child, No. 46)

This riddle-song is included here because of its connection with the ballad, *Captain Wedderburn's Courtship*. Barry-Eckstorm-Smyth (p. 99) discuss the relation of the song to the ballad, pointing out that "It is not a ballad at all, but a series of riddles in verse form." It is allied to Child, No. 46, therefore, only in as much as the ballad has taken over some lines of the old riddle-song. The oldest known version of the song has been found in a fifteenth century manuscript. This version is printed in Child, *English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, I, 415; compare *The Cambridge Poets* series, edited by Helen Child Sargent and George Lyman Kittredge, page 646. The song is better known in American tradition than the ballad. See Tolman, *Journal*, XXIX, 157—158; J. P. MacCaskey, *Franklin Square Song Collection*, p. 66 (New York, 1881); Bradley Kincaid's *My Favorite Mountain Ballads and Old-Time Songs*, Chicago, 1928, p. 15, with which the present song is nearly identical, but there are sufficient verbal changes to warrant the printing here of the latter. Cf. also Frank Shay's *More Pious Friends and Drunken Companions*, p. 126.

For American texts of *Captain Wedderburn's Courtship*, see Barry-Eckstorm-Smyth, pp. 93—99; Mackenzie, *Ballads*, p. 14, reprinted from *Quest*, pp. 108—110 and from *Journal*, XXIII, 377; Barry, *Journal*, XXIV,

*I Gave My Love a Cherry*

335 (reprinted in Barry-Eckstorm-Smyth, p. 97). Mr. Barry writes (Nov. 14, 1931): "There is one more to add, a fragment with the air, from Vermont." *Captain Wedderburn's Courtship* is a late ballad; the first record of it in print according to Motherwell is 1785. Child was never able to find a copy of this print.

*A*

Obtained from Miss Mary Franklin, Crossnore, Avery County, North Carolina, July, 1929.



1. I gave my love a cherry without a stone;  
I gave my love a chicken without a bone;  
I gave my love a ring without an end;  
I gave my love a baby with no crying.
2. How can there be a cherry without a stone?  
How can there be a chicken without a bone?  
How can there be a ring without an end?  
How can there be a baby with no crying?
3. A cherry, when it's blooming, it has no stone;  
A chicken, when it's pipping, it has no bone;  
A ring, when it's rolling, it has no end;  
A baby, when it's sleeping, has no crying.

*B*

"Riddle Song." The song was recorded near Cumberland Gap, Tennessee, by Ruth Bagwell, a student in Lincoln Memorial University.

1. I gave my love a cherry without any stone;  
I gave my love a chicken without any bone;  
I gave my love a thimble without any ring;  
I gave my love a baby without any crying.

2. How can there be a cherry without any stone?  
How can there be a chicken without any bone?  
How can there be a thimble without any ring?  
How can there be a baby without any crying?
3. The cherry in the bloom, it's without any stone;  
The chicken in the shell, it's without any bone;  
The thimble when it's rolling, it's without any ring;  
The baby when it's sleeping, it's not crying.

C

Obtained from Miss Ronnie Johnson, of the same address as A. This is the same text. The second line of the third stanza has "peeping" for "pipping".

32

THE JUDGE AND THE JURY

(*A possible derivative of Child, No. 209*)

Again the reader will be indebted to Mr. Philips Barry for his very interesting note on this song. He kindly volunteered to read the text and has generously given permission to quote his comment. It would seem too bad to leave out any of it as every point is made with fine understanding and helps to illustrate the probable deterioration of the ballad. Mr. Barry's full comment, therefore, follows:

"Your ballad of 'The Judge and the Jury' is not to be regarded in my opinion, as an actual version of Child 209, 'Geordie'. The older versions of 'Geordie' make his wife to ransom him as he is about to be hanged. A 'secondary' form of the ballad known as 'George of Oxford', has a sad ending; George is hanged for stealing the king's horses, though as a special favor to his rank, the rope is made of gold or silk, instead of the usual hemp. All American versions of the ballad which I have seen belong to the secondary 'George of Oxford' form. The Vermont version, 'Charley's Escape', is a unique version of 'George of Oxford' with a happy ending; the judge pardons Charley lest his sweetheart die of grief.

"In your ballad the situation is not unlike that of 'Charley's Escape' as you have observed. Mercy tempers justice; judge and jury are swayed by the

girl's appeal, so that the prisoner is discharged. Just how much, — if there is any reminiscence of the Child ballad, it is hard to say, but there may be some, as 'George of Oxford' is fairly well known in the Southern Highlands. Davis has four texts from Virginia, Cox one from West Virginia, Belden one from Missouri, and Sharp a record from North Carolina. I should publish it as an instance of deterioration in the process of ballad-making. Child's 'Geordie', when compared with a really fine old ballad like 'Old Robin of Portingale' or 'King Estmere', is seen at once to be already on the downhill road; 'George of Oxford' and 'Charley's Escape' are gaining speed on the decline, while 'The Judge and the Jury' is near the bottom of the hill. Its mood is that of the tent show, — it appeals to the emotions of such a person as the young woman whom I saw rise from her seat at a tent show in Vermont and announce that 'she would not let that cruel old man turn his son out in an awful storm just because he loved a certain girl.' You can imagine the kind of 'storm' the limited resources and stagecraft of a tent show could produce. But the ballad is interesting to ballad students as an example of the way tent show balladry deals with a theme which is basically the same as 'Geordie'. Thus, the criminal is *young*, fair haired, — the crowd in the court room pity him because of his youth, — his sweetheart is described — with apologies to Stephen Foster — as 'fair with golden hair'. (Compare Foster's 'Under the Willow', with its line of the chorus: 'Fair, fair, with golden hair'). The judge is old, — he is moved to pity by the beauty and loyalty of the girl, exactly as is the case in 'Geordie' and 'Charley's Escape'; he cannot resist the suggestion that his wife was once his sweetheart, or that he may have a daughter who looks like the pleading girl. Where the old ballads 'leap' in the process of depicting emotion, the tent show ballad 'lingers'. Bathos can go no farther than in the cliché with which the ballad ends: 'love always has its way', possibly from the line 'love will have its way' in a poem by Ella Wheeler Wilcox."

Cf. Flanders and Brown, "Charley's Escape," p. 241. For other American texts of "Geordie," see Barry-Eckstorm-Smyth, p. 475; Belden, No. 9; Campbell and Sharp, No. 28; Cox, No. 23; Davis, No. 39; Pound, *Syllabus*, p. 11; Shoemaker, p. 158; *Journal*, XX, 319 (Belden); XXXII, 504 (Richardson).

Obtained from Miss Mary E. King, Gatlinburg, Sevier County, Tennessee, August, 1931.

*Ballads and Songs*

1. The judge was there and the jury too  
And people from afar.  
A fair-haired lad of tender youth  
Was prisoner at the bar.
2. The great court room was crowded  
With the eager, anxious throng  
And many a heart was aching  
For the boy accused of wrong.
3. A maiden fair with golden hair  
Swept swiftly through the crowd.  
The people gazed in wonderness —  
Spoke not a word aloud.
4. She stepped into the judge's stand.  
One moment did she pause;  
But smiling through her tears, she said:  
“Judge, let me plead his cause:
5. “Now, judge, your mind must wander back  
To those long years gone by  
And see your sweetheart and yourself,  
Just like this lad and I.
6. “Unless you aim to blot our lives  
And say that we must part,  
Remember, judge, your darling wife  
Was once your dear sweetheart.
7. “Next Sunday is our wedding day,  
A dream of woman's life,  
Where at the altar he will make  
Me his loving wife.
8. “If you have children of your own,  
Mercy, I do pray;  
Remember, judge, you'll break my heart,  
If you send him away.”
9. The judge rose slowly from his seat;  
The court was still as death;  
The tears came trembling down his cheeks;  
He spoke with panted breath.

10. "I have a little girl at home  
With just such baby eyes."  
And seeds of mercy scattered he,  
Like flashes in the sky.
11. The jury did not leave the room,  
For they had quite agreed.  
The foreman briskly signed a note  
And gave the clerk to read.
12. "Not guilty" was the only words  
The maiden heard them say.  
Her lover clasped her in his arms.  
Love always has its way.

33

YOUNG HUNTING

Cf. *Child*, No. 68. The song was not given a place in the preceding group of traditional ballads. It may, however, very well claim a place close upon them. If the title is somewhat misleading, for all that it, perhaps, fits the song as well as any other, for the first two stanzas are from the old Child ballad. The song is interesting as illustrating the way the singers of the Southern Highlands sometimes mix up their songs. Beginning with the stanzas from *Young Hunting* the song goes off into *The False Young Man*, etc. Mr. Philips Barry writes: "I recognize no less than six different songs in it." He adds: "It seems rather well established by my researches that an old country air to *The False Young Man* has in the Southern Highlands been transferred to *Young Hunting*." Campbell and Sharp, remark that *The False Young Man* is probably derived from *Young Hunting*. See Campbell and Sharp, No. 94, and note, p. 333. Cf. stanza 4 of *A* with stanza 8 of the present song and stanza 9 of *C* with 6 of this song. Both these stanzas from *The False Young Man* are nearly identical with those in the following song. Campbell and Sharp (No. 15) have six variants and six tunes of *Young Hunting*. Cox (No. 9) gives two. Reed Smith (*Ballads*, p. 107) has one which has been quoted by Sandburg. Arthur Palmer Hudson (No. 9) has a fragmentary version. See also *Journal*, XX, 252; XXX, 297; XVIII, 205. Add Barry-Eckstorm-Smyth, p. 122; Davis, No. 17; Sharp, *Songs*, I, No. 3; Shearin, p. 3; Shearin and Combs, p. 8; Reed Smith, No. 4. The reference to Sandburg mentioned above is p. 64. Cf. also *PTFLS*, No. 10, p. 143.

"Loving Heneary." Obtained from Mrs. Mary Tucker, Varnell, Georgia. Mrs. Tucker is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Harmon, formerly of Cade's Cove, Tennessee.

1. "Come in, come in, loving Heneary," she said,  
    "And stay all night with me,  
For it has been fully three quarters of a year,  
    Since I changed one word with thee."
2. "I won't come in or I can't come in,  
    For I have not a moment of time;  
Besides all of that, you have true lovers of your own;  
    Your heart is no more mine."
3. "Your heart, it once was mine, my love;  
    Your arms lie across my breast,  
But you made me believe by the false lies you swore,  
    That [the] sun rose in the west.
4. "As many stars in the sky above,  
    As the green grass below;  
That many curses shall be sent upon your head,  
    For treating any poor girl so.
5. "I wish to the Lord my baby was borned,  
    And on its daddy's knee;  
And me, a poor girl, was dead and gone,  
    And green grass growing over me.
6. "I wish, Lord, I never bin borned,  
    Or a-died when I was young:  
I would never would of<sup>1</sup> wet my cheeks in tears  
    For the sake of no man's son.
7. "If I live till another year  
    And God will give me grace,  
I will buy me a bottle of simon water  
    To wash your flattering face.
8. "While other girls can go abroad  
    And hear the small birds sing,  
Me, a poor girl, have to stay at home  
    And rock the cradle and sing."

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<sup>1</sup> — have.

THE PERJURED MAID

Mr. Phillips Barry spotted this song after the editor's long search had failed to identify it and others had not been able to place it. He called attention to the version of *The Perjured Maid* in a chapbook (*Two Old Songs* — Falkirk: Printed for the Booksellers) in the Harvard University Library, and has added the following remarks: "It has no date, and belongs in all probability to the first decades of the 19th Century. It is the same song as your *Rich Man Extra Tire*, which, when I first saw it, impressed me as being what Child would call a 'blurred, enfeebled, and disfigured form' of something quite old and good. There are not a few songs being recorded now which Child would have included in a supplementary volume, if he had lived. In the present case, we have the same motif as in *The Suffolk Miracle*, the living being made to keep a tryst with the dead, — the only difference being that the Child ballad is a story of parted lovers and *The Rich Man Extra Tire* a story of infidelity punished. Compare also *The Demon Lover.*"

"The Rich Man Extra Tire." Obtained from Miss Laura Harmon, Cade's Cove, Blount County, Tennessee, in 1928.

1. A rich man extra tire<sup>1</sup>  
Had a beautiful daughter fair.  
Courted was she by lords and spears;  
None her favor could remove  
Till a young sea captain did approve.
2. He was the master of her heart  
Which caused it both to ache and smart.  
He came to his love in fine,  
Just began to tell his mind.
3. She kissed his lips and sighed and said:  
"My love, do not be afraid  
If ever I prove false to you  
While you are sailing on sea."

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<sup>1</sup> From Exeter.

4. She wished her body in a nearing grave;  
Or her soul no resting place to have;  
And "May God's vengeance on me swell  
And burn my soul in flames of hell,  
If ever I prove false to you  
While you are sailing on sea."
5. In the course of nine months  
He gone on sea,  
Courted was she, for riches' sake  
All the vows firm to break;  
And when he came to his love in town,  
With grief and sorrow he looked down.
6. As soon as he heard how his true love's mind was bent,  
Straight for this lady he sent.  
She came to her love with a frown:  
"What bad wind blewed you to town?"
7. "You falsest, so my dearest dear,  
I heard tomorrow you are going to wed."  
She said, "That's true, but if I do,  
What is that to you?"
8. Grief took his speech; no more could say;  
And out of his arms she flung away  
And left the young sea-captain there alone  
With heart as cold as lead or stone.
9. In the morning when he arose,  
A letter in tears he wrote.  
He conveyed it to his dear,  
Saying, "These few lines you must hear.
10. "You falsest of woman-kind,  
This is to put you fresh in mind  
That you may think of my unhappy estate  
And repent before it is too late."
11. Taking this letter in calf (?),  
Reading it over she fain did laugh;  
And in her pocket she put the same;  
And back to her company she went again.

*The Perjured Maid*

12. No answer from his love could get;  
His grief was more than he could bear;  
And a river near the town,  
In sorrow and tears he walked down.
13. He threw himself in with sad screams and cries;  
He never more was seen to rise.  
The very day he died,  
She made another man a bride.
14. The joyful day was done and passed;  
Mark the sorrow to come at last  
.....  
.....
15. When bed time came she said:  
“My dear, let me first for bed prepare,  
And afterwards when you want to come,  
My maid will light you to the room.”
16. Hunting the room and chamber around,  
Nothing but her clothes could be found.  
As I have always heard them say:  
“The devil has carried her soul and body away.”

APPENDIX

The song Mr. Barry found in the Harvard University Library is reprinted here for the purpose of comparison:

THE PERJURED MAID

Come, lovers all, both maid and men,  
Who swear to what you ne'er inten',  
A warning piece I bring to you,  
The which is strange but certain true.  
A Nobleman near Exeter,  
He had a comely daughter fair:  
And at the age of sixteen years,  
She courted was by Lords and Peers.  
But some of them her heart could move,  
Till a young sea Captain he did prove  
To be the master of her heart,  
And caus'd it both to bleed and smart.  
His person was so excellent,  
That she, poor soul, had no content;  
And always when he went to sea,  
She'd weep with sorrow bitterly.

*Ballads and Songs*

And many times beyond the seas,  
He'd buy fine things his love to please:  
Cupid had given the wound so deep  
It made him oft-times also weep.

A piece of gold he broke in two,  
And said, if e'er I prove false to you  
May heav'n's judgments from above  
Fall on their heads, that slight true love.

Her answer was, my dear, said she,  
If ever I prove false to thee,  
I wish my body ne'er a grave,  
Nor soul a resting place may have.

Soon after this it happen'd so,  
That he again to sea must go:  
One night he came to her, we find,  
And thus began to tell his mind:

My tender love, said he, henceforth,  
Dear life, be mindful of your oath;  
Oh, think of me when I am gone,  
For thee I'm comfortless alone.

She kissing him, and crying said,  
My dearest dear, be pacified;  
If that I don't prove true, said she,  
May heaven's judgments fall on me.

No sooner was he gone to sea,  
But this poor wretched creature she  
Was courted by another man,  
Who did her yielding heart trepan.

This poor young man, who was her love,  
By stress of weather he was drove,  
Upon the coast of Barbary,  
When he had nine months been away.

The other being discontent,  
This wretched maiden did consent  
To match with him for riches' sake.  
And all her former vows to break.

The day was set for to be wed,  
But the night before, as 'tis said,  
The poor young Captain came to town,  
In poverty, and much cast down.

Poor lad, by stress of weather, he  
Had lost his substance in the sea;  
Both ship and loading all were gone,  
Seldom one sorrow comes along.

*The Perjured Maid*

He hearing how her mind was bent,  
In tears he for the lady sent;  
She came to him with scornful frown,  
Asking what wind brought him to town.

My dearest love, the Captain said,  
I hear to-morrow you're to wed;  
Straight, with a frown, she cried, 'tis true,  
And if it I be, what's that to you?

Tears stopp'd his speech, no more could say,  
Straight from his arms she flung away,  
And left him there in tears alone,  
With heart as cold as lead or stone.

In floods of tears to bed he went,  
And spent the night in discontent;  
Smiting his breast, he oft-times said,  
Oh! that I'd in the ocean died.

In the morning, soon as it was light,  
In tears he did a letter write,  
Which he directed to his dear,  
The words were these as you shall hear.

Thou falsest one of woman-kind,  
This is to put thee fresh in mind,  
How most ungrateful you have been,  
Oh! while you're here repent your sin.

Oh! take your joys while they do last,  
But be assur'd e'er night be past,  
I'll come in tears and visit you —  
No more from him that loves so true.

She took the letter with a scoff,  
And reading it she fram'd a laugh;  
Into her pocket put the same,  
And to her company went again.

No answer from her could he get;  
Therefore in height of passion great,  
Into a river near the town,  
In tears of sorrow walked down;

Smiting his breast, he often cry'd,  
O! that in the ocean I had died;  
And never liv'd to see this day,  
To throw my precious life away.

His grief was more than he could bear;  
Into the river deep and clear  
He flung himself with bitter cries,  
And never more was seen to rise.

*Ballads and Songs*

The very night in which he died,  
She to another was made bride;  
In mirth and joy the day they past,  
But mark her sorrows at the last.

Night being come, she said, my dear,  
Let me the first to bed repair;  
If after you'll be pleas'd to come,  
My maid will show you to the room.

The same it was by both agreed,  
Being put to bed, the maid with speed,  
Taking her leave, return'd down stairs,  
The same minute the Ghost appears.

With piercing words, he to her cry'd,  
Oh! perjured soul, not satisfied  
With all the love that I could give,  
How canst thou thus desire to live?

Could not my sighs make thee to grieve?  
Could not my sighs make thee believe  
That my distressed heart was true?  
What canst thou say? Speak to me now.

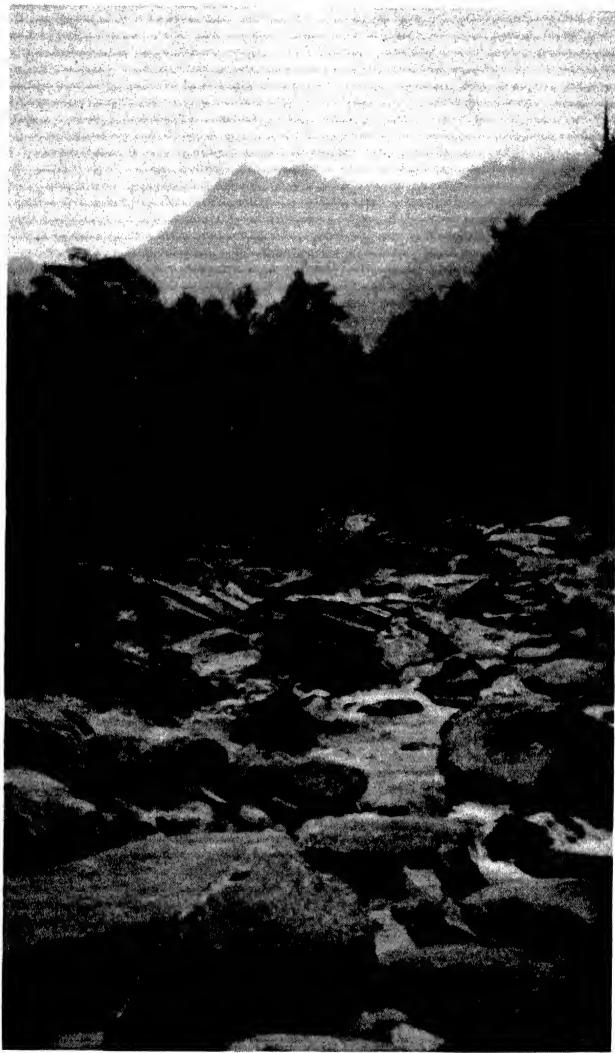
With that she shriek'd out bitterly,  
Oh! pray, dear Christian souls, said she,  
Save me! save my life, I do die,  
I am ruin'd to eternity.

'Tis not your cries, said he, can save  
Your perjured body from the grave:  
This night you'll lie with me in clay:  
Then straight he took her hence away.

They hearing of her dreadful cry,  
Up stairs immediately did hie,  
But found the chamber all alone,  
The poor young lady being gone.

In tears of sorrow all were drown'd:  
In her pocket they the letter found,  
Which he had sent the day before,  
Reading the same they wept the more.

The father cry'd, I am undone:  
The husband he distracted ran:  
Oh! take warning here both young and old,  
And never break your vows for gold.



*Scene from a Ballad Region — Little Pigeon River, Indian Gap,  
Tenn., Showing the "Chimneys" in the Background*



### LITTLE DICKY WHIGBURN

This cante-fable is reprinted here by courtesy of the *Bulletin of the Folk-Song Society of the Northeast*, Number 3, and of *The Journal of American Folk-Lore*. Mr. Phillips Barry says of *Little Dicky Whigburn*: "It is the fourth version, as far as I know, in English, of a cante-fable widely current in central, eastern and southern Europe, the German form of which is 'Der Alte Hildebrand.'" A slight revision of the previous printings is made in the first stanza. Mr. Harmon in the summer of 1931 added the third line as it now stands and explained that he must have forgotten it when he first sang it in the summer of 1930 and had to repeat the last line to make it fit the tune. He, of course, avoided repeating the last line in the present instance.

Cf. the version of the song in Alfred Williams's *Folk-Songs of the Upper Thames*, p. 293.

Recorded by Mrs. Henry from the recitation and singing of Mr. Samuel Harmon, Cade's Cove, Blount County, Tennessee, August, 1930.



*In London there was a spring noted for its healing qualities. The wife pretends she is sick and sends Dicky for a bottle of the water. She sings the first stanza as a signal that Dicky has gone and that the pastor can come from his hiding place.*

*Lady sings :*

1. "Little Dicky Whigburn to London is gone  
To bring me a bottle of clear applesom;  
The Lord send him a long journey never to return,  
Through the green woods and the willows."

*Pastor sings :*

2. "Oh, little does Dicky know, or little does he think  
Who eats of his eats or drinks of his drinks;  
And God spare me my life,  
This night I'll stay with his wife,  
Through the green woods and the willows."

*A pedlar comes along, who has just met Dicky on his way to the spring. When he sees the pastor and hears the wife singing he understands what is up, hurries back to catch Dicky and persuades him to get in the hopsack and allow himself to be taken back home. As they reach the house, the pedlar sings out stanza 3.*

*Pedlar Sings :*

3. "Oh, Dicky Whigburn he's not fur  
And out of my hopsack I'll have him appear;  
And if a friend he does lack,  
I'll stand at his back,  
Through the green woods and the willows."

*Dicky gets out of hopsack :*

4. "Good morning, fair gentleman all in a row;  
The chief of your secret I very well know."  
They beat the old pastor and right straight away;  
They whipped Dicky's wife the very next way  
And Dicky and the Pedlar together did stay.

36

THE HOLY TWIG

See Campbell and Sharp, No. 43; Hudson, No. 39; and Hudson, *Journal*, XXXIX, 155. Campbell and Sharp supply the following references: *West Country Garlands* (c. 1760); *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, III, 315; *Songs of the West*, 2nd ed., No. 117.

Obtained from Mrs. Mary Tucker, Varnell, Georgia, October, 1930. Mrs. Tucker is the eldest daughter of Samuel Harmon, formerly of Cade's Cove, Tennessee.

1. Monday morning I married me a wife,  
Lury, lury, lyda,  
Expecting to live a happy life,  
Lury, lury, lyda.

*The Holy Twig*

2. Tuesday morning I took her home,  
    Lury, lury, lyda,  
Expecting to have a wife of my own,  
    Lury, lury, lyda.
  
3. Wednesday morning she ripped and she tore,  
    Lury, lury, lyda,  
The like I never saw before,  
    Lury, lury, lyda.
  
4. Thursday morning she ripped and she cursed,  
    Lury, lury, lyda,  
We had a fight over a plate of mush,  
    Lury, lury, lyda.
  
5. Friday morning she put me to strife,  
    Lury, lury, lyda,  
Just before the sun did rise,  
    Lury, lury, lyda.
  
6. Saturday morning I went to the woods,  
    Lury, lury, lyda,  
Expecting my wife to do me no good,  
    Lury, lury, lyda.
  
7. I cut me a limb with twig so green,  
    Lury, lury, lyda,  
Oh, such a whipping you never seen,  
    Lury, lury, lyda.
  
8. Out the door, through the land,  
    Lury, lury, lyda,  
I sent her home through a shower of rain,  
    Lury, lury, lyda.
  
9. My biggest battle is my best friend,  
    Lury, lury, lyda,  
And my week's work has come to an end,  
    Lury, lury, lyda.

TWELVE APOSTLES

(*The Ten Commandments*)

Cf. Shearin and Combs, p. 34; Campbell and Sharp, No. 109; Brown, p. 11; Flanders and Brown, pp. 83—84. For an English text with the music, see Sharp's *One Hundred English Folksongs*, p. 226; see also Fuson, p. 187.

"The Two Little White Babes." Recorded by Mrs. Henry from the singing of Mrs. Samuel Harmon, Cade's Cove, Blount County, Tennessee, August, 1930.

1. Two of them were lily white babes;  
Oh, to my one — to my wandering  
All alone —  
Never more shall be so.
2. Three of them were strivers;  
Two of them were lily white babes;  
Oh, to my one — to my wandering  
All alone —  
Never more shall be so.
3. Four are the bambrews o'er the bow;  
Three of them were strivers;  
Two of them were lily white babes;  
Oh, to my one — to my wandering  
All alone —  
Never more shall be so.
4. Five the bambrew makers;  
Four are the bambrews o'er the bow;  
Three of them were strivers;  
Two of them were lily white babes;  
Oh, to my one — to my wandering  
All alone —  
Never more shall be so.

*Twelve Apostles*

5. Six are the abler's angles;  
Five the bambrew makers;  
Four are the bambrews o'er the bow;  
Three of them were strivers;  
Two of them were lily white babes;  
Oh, to my one — to my wandering  
All alone —  
Never more shall be so.
6. Seven are the seven stars fixed in the sky;  
Six are the abler's angles;  
Five are the bambrew makers;  
Four are the bambrews o'er the bow;  
Three of them were strivers;  
Two of them were lily white babes;  
Oh, to my one — to my wandering  
All alone —  
Never more shall be so.
7. (Does not remember.)
8. Nine both bright and shiny;  
Seven are the seven stars fixed in the sky;  
Six are the abler's angles;  
Five the bambrew makers;  
Four are the bambrews o'er the bow;  
Three of them were strivers;  
Two of them were lily white babes;  
Oh, to my one — to my wandering  
All alone —  
Never more shall be so.
9. Ten are the Ten Commandments;  
Nine both bright and shiny;  
Seven are the seven stars fixed in the sky  
Six are the abler's angles;  
Five the bambrew makers;  
Four are the bambrews o'er the bow;  
Three of them were strivers;  
Two of them were lily white babes;  
Oh, to my one — to my wandering  
All alone —  
Never more shall be so.

HOME, DEARIE, HOME

Cf. Joanna C. Colcord, *Roll and Go Songs of American Sailormen*, p. 87.

A

“Home, Daughter, Home.” Recorded by Mrs. Henry from the singing of Mrs. Samuel Harmon, Cade’s Cove, Blount County, Tennessee, August 13, 1930.



1. It's home, daughter, home,  
And it's home you ought to be;  
It's home, daughter, home,  
In your own countree.  
Where the oak and the ash  
And the fine willow tree,  
All a-growing green  
In the North Amerikee.

2. There came a jolly sailor  
To my house to lodge.  
He called for a candle  
To light him to bed.  
He called for a candle  
To light him to bed  
And likewise a napkin  
To bind up his head.

3. I lit him to bed  
Like I ought for to do  
And says, “Pretty girl,  
Won’t you jump in too?”  
I jumped in behind him  
To keep myself warm,  
Thinking a sailor  
Wouldn’t do me any harm.

*Home, Dearie, Home*

4. 'Long about the middle of the night  
He grew very bold  
And into my apron  
He threw handful of gold.  
The gold hit glistened  
And it shined so bright  
It caused me to sleep  
With the sailor all night.
5. But if I have baby,  
What I am the worse?  
The gold in my apron  
And the money in my purse.  
The gold in my apron  
For to buy it milk and bread;  
That's what I got for lighting  
A sailor to bed.
6. I'll buy me a nurse  
And I'll pay the nurse's fee;  
I'll buy me a nurse  
And I'll pay the nurse's fee;  
I'll buy me a nurse  
And I'll pay the nurse's fee;  
And I'll pass for some maid  
In a furrin countree.
7. If it's a boy,  
He shall run the raging sea  
With a little starry fold cap  
And a roundabout so blue,  
.....  
.....  
Fighting to free the niggers  
Like his daddy used to do.
8. If it's a boy,  
He shall fight for its king;  
And if it's a girl  
It shall wear a gold ring.  
She shall wear a gold ring  
With a top-knot so blue  
And crawl to bed with sailors  
Like its mother used to do.

B

“Home in the Old Country.” Also recorded by Mrs. Henry, from the singing of Mr. C. L. Franklin, Crossnore, Avery County, North Carolina, July 6, 1930.

1. The sailor was sick  
And he hung down his head;  
Asked the little maiden  
Would she light him to bed.
2. She lit him to the bed  
Like a maiden ought to.  
He said, “My little honey,  
Won’t you come to bed too?”
3. The sailor jumped up  
So brave and so bold.  
In her apron he throwed  
A handful of gold.
4. Gold shine so bright,  
A dollar and a half.  
“Will you marry me?”  
The little maiden cried.
5. “Home, my little girl,  
Home you ought to be,  
Dearest home  
In the old countree.”

(Mr. Franklin would sing no more.)

THE BRAMBLE BRIAR

See Cox, No. 88; Pound, No. 22; *Journal*, XXIX, 168; XXXV, 359; Belden, *Publications of the Modern Language Association*, XXXIII, 327. Cf. also Belden, *The Sewanee Review*, April, 1911; Shearin, *The Sewanee Review*, July, 1911; Barry, No. 49; Campbell and Sharp, No. 38.

"The Bamboo Brier." Recorded by Mrs. Henry from the singing of Mrs. Samuel Harmon, Cade's Cove, Blount County, Tennessee, August, 1930, who learned it from Grandfather Harmon.

1. It was earl-, earl-i in the morning  
When those young men became a-hunting,  
They hunted over hills and lonesome valleys  
And through such places as was quite unknown.
2. Till at last they came to the Bamboo Brier  
And then her true-love was killed and thrown.  
It was getting late when they was turning.  
"O brother dear, where my servant man can be?"
3. "Among my hunt and all our rambles  
We have lost your servant man there."  
.....  
.....
4. It was earl-, earl-i — the next morning —  
This young damsel became a-hunting.  
She traveled over hills and through lonesome valleys  
And through such places as was quite unknown.
5. At last she came to the Bamboo Brier.  
There her true-love was killed and thrown;  
The blood on his cheeks was just a-drying;  
His feeble lips was salt as brine.
6. She kissed him o'er and over a-crying:  
"I have lost a bosom friend of mine."  
It was getting late when she was returning:  
"Sister, dear, where have you been?"
7. "Oh, ye, oh, ye, ye cruel villians!  
For my true-love you both shall hang."  
They started to the sea for to drown all sin and sorrow.  
The top of the ship became in a totter  
And in the bottom of the sea their graves lie low.

JOHNNY DOYLE

See Campbell and Sharp, No. 83; Hudson, *Journal*, XXXIX, 121; Shearin and Combs, 27; Phillips Barry, *Ancient British Ballads*, etc. (a privately printed list), No. 55. This is an interesting case of "communal re-creation." The older form of *Johnny Doyle* is an Irish street ballad. Mr. Barry printed the air in *Journal*, XXIV, 340. For English and Irish references, see Campbell and Sharp, p. 332 (note).

No local title. Obtained from Mrs. Mary Tucker, Varnell, Georgia, 1929.

1. It was one Friday evening;  
It happen but late  
When me and my Johnny  
Was about to take a flight.

2. My waiting maid was standing by.  
Those words heard she.  
She run to my mama  
And told it on me.

3. I bundled up his clothes  
And bid him to be gone.  
So sad, sick and wounded,  
He moved along.

4. Behind young Ganual More  
They forced me to ride  
And six double horse-men  
To ride on by my side.

5. And also they forced me,  
They forced me to stand,  
And also they forced me  
To give him my right hand.

*Johnny Doyle*

6. And when the minister he entered the door,  
My ear jewels burst-ed  
And fell unto the floor;  
In sixty-five pieces my stay laces flew.
7. And when I ought to of<sup>1</sup> spoken  
I scarcely could resign  
The thought of young Johnny  
Run so in my mind.
8. Behind my oldest brother,  
They carried me safe home  
And into my mother's chamber  
And into my own room.
9. And by my bed side  
I threw myself down  
So sad, sick and wounded,  
My body I found.
10. I called unto my mama:  
"Come, please shut the door,  
And this time to-morrow  
You can let in Ganual More.
11. "He never shall enjoy me,  
Or call me his bride,  
For this time tomorrow  
Death will end all strife.
12. "Farewell, cruel mother,  
Likewise, father too."  
The last words she spoken  
Was dire farewell.

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<sup>1</sup> of have.

## YOUNG EDMUND IN THE LOWLANDS LOW

See Campbell and Sharp, No. 46; Mackenzie, *Ballads and Sea Songs from Nova Scotia*, p. 92; Wyman and Brookway, *Twenty Kentucky Mountain Songs*, p. 42; Cox, No. 106; *Journal*, XX, 274; XXXV, 421—423; Flanders and Brown, p. 106.

### A

Obtained from Mrs. William Franklin, Grossnore, Avery County, North Carolina, July, 1930.

1. "My father keeps a public house  
On yonders river side.  
Go, ye, go there and enter in  
And there this night abide.
2. "Beware you tell them not your name;  
Nor neither let them know  
Your name it is young Edmund  
Who drove in the Lowlands low."
3. Young Edmund fell to drinking  
About time to go to bed;  
And little did he think that a sword that night  
Would part his neck and head.
4. Her name, it was young Emma,  
Who dreamed a frightful dream.  
She dreamed that her old true-love  
Was gone never to return again.
5. "Oh, mother, oh, dear mother,  
You may think it wrong or right.  
I'm going to find my driver boy,  
Who came here to stay last night."
6. "Oh, daughter, oh, dear daughter,  
His gold will make a show;  
We sent his body a-drinking away  
Down in the Lowlands low."

*Young Edmund in the Lowlands Low*

7. "Oh, father, oh, dear father,  
    You'll make a public show  
    For murdering of my driver boy,  
    Who drove in the Lowlands low."
8. The fish that swims in the ocean  
    Floats over my true-love's breast.  
    His body's in a general motion  
    And I hope he is at rest.

**B**

"Miss Emma." Obtained from Miss Jessie Pressley, Montreat, North Carolina, July, 1932.

1. Miss Emma was a fair made miss  
    Who loved the driver boy  
    Who use to drive the mail from jail  
    To gain way down in the Lowland low,  
    Who use to drive the mail from jail  
    To gain way down in the Lowland low.
2. "My father owns a boarding house  
    On yon banky side.  
    Go, ye, go there and enter in  
    And there this night abide,  
    Go, ye, go there and enter in,  
    And there this night abide.
3. "Be sure you tell them nothing,  
    Nor let my parents know  
    Your name is young Edmund  
    Who drove in the Lowland low,  
    Your name is young Edmund  
    Who drove in the Lowland low."
4. Young Edmund fell a-drinking  
    Till time to go to bed;  
    He didn't know his soul that night  
    Would part his neck and head,  
    He didn't know his soul that night  
    Would part his neck and head.

5. Miss Emma went to sleep that night;  
She dreamt a frightful dream;  
She dreamt her old true-love was dead  
To never return again,  
She dreamt her old true-love was dead  
To never return again.
6. "Dear mother, dear mother,  
You can think it right or wrong;  
I'm going to hunt for my old true-love  
Who use come see me,  
I'm going to hunt for my old true-love  
Who use come see me."
7. "Dear daughter, dear daughter,  
His gold a pretty show  
For we sent his body a-sinking  
Way down in the Lowland low,  
For we sent his body a-sinking  
Way down in the Lowland low."
8. "Dear father, dear father,  
Your death a perfect show  
For murdering of my old true-love  
Who use come see me,  
For murdering of my old true-love  
Who use come see me."
9. The fishes in the ocean  
All along my true-love's breast  
And his body's a gentle motion  
And I hope his soul at rest,  
And his body's a gentle motion  
And I hope his soul at rest.
10. The coaches on the mountain  
Go tossing fro and free  
Reminds me of my old true-love  
Who use come see me,  
Reminds me of my old truc-love  
Who use come see me.

## WILLIAM AND POLLY

See Campbell and Sharp, No. 225; Mackenzie's "The Quest of the Ballad," p. 135; Shearin and Combs, p. 27; Belden, No. 15; Dean (*The Flying Cloud*, etc.), pp. 105—106; *Journal*, XXV, 9—10. For many English references, see Mackenzie, *Ballads*, No. 35.

"Song Ballet." Obtained from Mrs. Mary Tucker, Varnell, Georgia, 1929.

1. A youthful young man,  
All in his blooming years,  
With sigh lamentations  
And a-many lonesome tear,
2. He went to his beloved one,  
To give her to understand,  
That he must go and leave her,  
All in some far distant land.
3. "Stay you at home, sweet Willie,  
Stay you at home," said she,  
"Stay you at home, sweet Willie,  
And do not go to sea."
4. "Our king wants commanders, love,  
And I, for one, must go;  
If it was to save my own life,  
I dare not answer no."
5. "I'll cut my hair, and paint my skin,  
And dress in man's repair.  
I go with you, sweet Willie,  
I go with you to sea."
6. "Stay you at home, pretty Polly,  
Stay you at home," said he.  
"Stay you at home, pretty Polly,  
And do not go to sea."
7. "There the men do lie bleeding, love,  
And bullets swift do fly,  
And silver trumpet sounding,  
To drown the wounded's cry."

8. "Oh, tell me not of danger, love,  
For death I value not,  
I value not danger, love,  
When Willie's by my side."
9. "Then what [if]<sup>1</sup> I meet a damsel, love,  
All on the highway,  
And take a fancy to her,  
What would my Polly say?"
10. "Would she be offended, love?"  
"Oh, no, I'll love her too,  
I'll step aside, sweet Willie,  
Till she may comfort you."
11. "Oh, no, oh, no, then, pretty Polly,  
These words has gauged my heart;  
We'll go and get married  
Before we depart."
12. This couple straight-way married,  
And Will has gone on the sea,  
And Polly is still waiting,  
In her own country.

43

YOUNG JOHNNY

See Campbell and Sharp, No. 48; Cox, No. 124; Mackenzie, *The Quest of the Ballad*, 70, 190—193; *Journal*, XXV, 7; XXVIII, 156; XXXV, 373; Brown, p. 10; Randolph, pp. 189—191.

A

"East Tennessee Girl." Sung by Mrs. Samuel Harmon, Cade's Cove, Blount County, Tennessee, August, 1928.

1. Johnny, he is home;  
He is just home from sea;  
He's been to Ireland  
Where he's been before.

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<sup>1</sup> If supplied.

*Young Johnny*

2. "What luck had you, young Johnny?  
What luck had you from sea?  
It's quite a difference, Johnny,  
From what you see on me."
3. "Call down your daughter, Polly,  
And set her down by me.  
We will drown melancholy,  
Married we will be."
4. "My daughter, she is absent;  
She's not been seen today,  
And if she were here, John,  
She'd turn thee away."
5. "My daughter's mighty rich, John,  
And you're very poor.  
You better seek your lodging  
In some other store."
6. Johnny being sleepy,  
He hung down his head.  
And called for a candle  
To light him to bed.
7. "My beds are full of strangers  
And have been four weeks or more;  
You better seek your lodging  
In some other store."
8. Johnny raising up  
From all against the wall;  
He first begin to rake,  
And then he did howl.
9. And out of his pockets  
Come both hands full of gold.  
Seeing the money made  
The old woman rue,
10. Saying, "Young Johnny,  
My daughter will soon return to you."  
Up stepped a little smiling miss  
And threw her arms around him.

*Ballads and Songs*

11. "Oh, you're welcome, young Johnny,  
    You're welcome here, my dear.  
    My father's beds are empty;  
    You can have your lodging here."
12. "Before I'd lie within your house,  
    I'd lie within the street,  
    For when I had no money,  
    My lodging was to seek.
13. "But now I've money plenty,  
    I'll make the tavern hurl<sup>1</sup>  
    With bottle of peach brandy  
    And East Tennessee girl."
14. "Come, all you jolly seamen  
    Who plow the raging main  
    And earn all your money, boys,  
    Through cold, snow, and rain.
15. "And when you have no money  
    Out of doors you'll be turned.  
    You and your daughter, Polly,  
    Both deserve to burn."

*B*

Obtained from Miss Mable Hall, Guerrant, Breathitt County, Kentucky,  
January, 1932.

1. Young Johnny been on sea;  
    Young Johnny been on shore;  
    Young Johnny been to old Ireland  
    Where he never was before.
2. "Welcome home, dear John;  
    Welcome home from sea.  
    Last night my daughter, Polly,  
    Lay dreaming of thee.
3. "What luck, what luck, dear John?"  
    "Bad luck, bad luck," said he.  
    "I lost my ship and cargo  
    All on the roaring sea."

---

<sup>1</sup> *burl*: whirl.

*Young Johnny*

4. "Go, bring your daughter, Polly,  
And sit her down by me;  
We'll drown our melancholy  
And married we will be."
5. "Polly's not at home  
And will not be today.  
If she was at home, John,  
She wouldn't let you stay.
6. "Polly's very rich  
And you are very poor.  
If she was at home, John,  
She'd kick you out the door."
7. Feeling very drowsy,  
He hang down his head  
And called for a candle  
To light himself to bed.
8. "The beds are full of strangers  
And have been all this week.  
To ask of your lodging, John,  
Oh, that you may seek."
9. He looked upon the people;  
He looked upon them all;  
He looked upon the landlady  
As rich as she was called.
10. Twenty of the young,  
Forty of the old;  
And out of his pockets  
Drew hands full of gold.
11. "I didn't speak in earnest, John,  
I only spoke to rue.  
Polly, she's at home, John,  
And she'll return to you."
12. She hugged and she kissed him  
And called him her dear.  
"The beds are all empty  
Oh, Johnny, you lie there."

13. "Before I'd lie in your beds,  
I'd stay out in the street;  
For when I was a poor boy,  
My lodging I must seek.
14. "Now I have plenty money,  
I'll make the tavern hurl  
With a big bottle of brandy,  
And on my knee, a girl.
15. "Now, boys, if you have money,  
Pray, lay it up in store;  
For without this companion  
You're kicked out the door."

44

WILLIAM AND MARY

See Hudson, No. 29; Pound, No. 93; Shearin and Combs, p. 27; Flanders and Brown, p. 150.

Obtained from Ray Bohanan, Indian Gap, Route No. 15, Sevierville, Sevier County, Tennessee, August, 1929.

1. William and Mary sat by the seashore  
A last farewell to take.  
Says Mary to William, "If you never return,  
I'm sure my poor heart will break."
2. "Don't mind my absence," said he,  
As he pressed his dear girl to his side;  
"For if I live to ever return,  
I'll make little Mary my bride."
3. Three years had passed, the news came at last  
As she stood in her one cottage door,  
A beggar passed by with a pad o'er his eye,  
His jacket all ragged and torn.

*Jack and Joe*

4. "Your company is sweet," the beggar replied,  
    "And message I have for you beside.  
    The lad that you mourn will never return  
        To make little Mary his bride."
5. "Oh, sir," says she, "if you will tell me,  
    All money I have I'll give;  
    If what you tell, you'll tell quite true —  
        Oh, say, does my William still live?"
6. "He lives in poverty  
    And suffered a shipwreck besides;  
    He'll never return for he is too poor  
        To make littl'. Mary his bride."
7. "Oh," says she, "this can never be;  
    My lover can never be told;  
    He's as welcome in his poverty  
        As though he was covered with gold."
8. The beggar then drew the pad from his eye;  
    He laid off his jacket besides;  
    Mary looked, and to her surprise,  
        It was William who stood by her side.
9. "Forgive me, dear Mary, forgive me," said he,  
    "It was only your love that I tried.  
    This very day to church let us go  
        And I'll make little Mary my bride."

45

JACK AND JOE

See Shearin and Combs, p. 24; Brown, p. 10. Three slightly differing versions of this song were obtained in the same vicinity. Cf. also Bradley Kincaid, *Favorite Old-Time Songs and Mountain Ballads*, Chicago, 1929, p. 12.

*A*

Obtained from Mac Hardin, Sevierville, Sevier County, Tennessee,  
August, 1929.

1. One year ago both Jack and Joe  
    Set sail across the foam,  
    Each one their fortune to gain  
        Before returning home.  
    In one short year Jack gained his wealth  
        And he set sail away  
    And when the boys shook hands to part  
        Joe could only say:

*Chorus*

Give my love to Nelle, O Jack,  
    And kiss her once for me,  
The fairest girl in all the world,  
    I know you'll say is she.  
Treat her kindly, Jack, I say,  
    And tell her that I'm well  
And when you meet, oh, don't forget  
    To give my love to Nelle.

2. Three years had passed and Joe at last  
    Had gained his wealth for life  
    And he set sail across the foam  
        To make sweet Nelle his wife.  
    Upon his way he heard them say  
        That Jack and Nelle had wed.  
The sighs and frets and sad regrets  
    That he had ever said:

*Chorus*

3. Upon the streets they chanced to meet:  
        “Jack, you selfish elf,  
    The very next girl I learn to love  
        I'll kiss her for myself,  
But all is fair in love and war  
        And as they're ready wed,  
I'll not be angry with you, Jack”,  
    And once again he said:

*Chorus*

*Derby Ram*

B

Obtained from Ray Bohanan, Indian Gap, Route #15, Sevier County, Tennessee, August, 1929.

*The second stanza begins,*  
 “One year had passed and Joe at last”.  
*The same stanza ends,*  
 “And deeply he regretted then  
 That he had ever said:”

C

No title. Obtained from Miss Mary E. King, Gatlinburg, Sevier County, Tennessee, August, 1929, who had it from Miss Lara Ogle, Sevierville, Tennessee, Route #12. This version of the song is almost identical with A.

46

DERBY RAM

See Joanna C. Colcord's *Roll and Go Songs of American Sailormen*, p. 68; *Journal*, XVIII, 51; XXXVI, 377; XXXIX, 173; Flanders and Brown, p. 100; Lunsford and Stringfield, p. 8; Shoemaker, p. 266, 3rd ed.; Fuson, p. 58.

A

“The Old Big Sheep.” Recorded by Mrs. Henry from the singing of Mrs. Samuel Harmon, Cade’s Cove, Blount County, Tennessee, August 12, 1930.

1. As I went to market, sir,  
 One market day,  
 I saw as big a ram, sir,  
 As ever fed on hay.  
 Tam-a-fare randy dotty, tam-a-fare randy day,  
 Tam-a-fare randy dotty, tam-a-fare randy day.

2. He was so big, sir,  
He neither could walk nor stand  
And every foot he had, sir,  
Covered an acre of land.  
Tam-a-fare randy dotty, tam-a-fare randy day,  
Tam-a-fare randy dotty, tam-a-fare randy day.
3. And the wool on his belly, sir,  
Dragged to the ground.  
The wolves builded a den there  
And I heard the young'n's growl.  
Tam-a-fare randy dotty, tam-a-fare randy day,  
Tam-a-fare randy dotty, tam-a-fare randy day.
4. The wool on his back, sir,  
Reached to the sky  
And the eagles built a nest there  
For I heard the young'n's cry.  
Tam-a-fare randy dotty, tam-a-fare randy day,  
Tam-a-fare randy dotty, tam-a-fare randy day.
5. The wool between his horns, sir,  
I think it very fine;  
It warped forty yards of cloth, sir,  
About the size of twine.  
Tam-a-fare randy dotty, tam-a-fare randy day,  
Tam-a-fare randy dotty, tam-a-fare randy day.
6. His horns did grow so high, sir,  
They did reach the sky.  
He made a pulpit, sir,  
And fetched a preacher for to preach.  
Tam-a-fare randy dotty, tam-a-fare randy day,  
Tam-a-fare randy dotty, tam-a-fare randy day.
7. The first tooth he had, sir,  
As big as saddle horns;  
And the next tooth he had, sir,  
Helt forty barrels of corn.  
Tam-a-fare randy dotty, tam-a-fare randy day,  
Tam-a-fare randy dotty, tam-a-fare randy day.

*Derby Ram*

8. The man that killed the ram, sir,  
Was drownded in his blood,  
And the boy that heft the bowl, sir,  
Was washed away in the flood.  
Tam-a-fare randy dotty, tam-a-fare randy day,  
Tam-a-fare randy dotty, tam-a-fare randy day.
9. The blood it run nine miles, sir,  
If it run no more;  
And turned as big a mill, sir,  
As ever turned before.  
Tam-a-fare randy dotty, tam-a-fare randy day,  
Tam-a-fare randy dotty, tam-a-fare randy day.
10. The man that owned the mill, sir,  
I think is very rich;  
And the boy who made this song, sir,  
Is a lying son of a bitch.  
Tam-a-fare randy dotty, tam-a-fare randy day,  
Tam-a-fare randy dotty, tam-a-fare randy day.

*B*

Mr. William Maxwell Barclay, of 295 Brook Avenue, Passaic, New Jersey, after listening to the preceding song sang the following version. Mr. Barclay learned the song in Scotland thirty years ago.

1. There was a ram — he had such horns  
They grew up to the sky;  
The eagles built their nest up there  
And you could hear them cry.

*Chorus*

It's a lie, sir, it's a lie,  
A most confounded lie;  
If you had been where we have been,  
You'd say the same as I.

2. And when this ram was killed, sir,  
It lost so very much blood,  
That five and twenty sailor boys  
Were carried away in the flood.

*Chorus*

3. The man who owned this ram, sir,  
He must have been very rich;  
And the man who sings about the ram  
Is a lying son-of-a-bitch.

*Chorus*

### JOHNNY TROY

See *Journal*, XVII, 91. Mr. Barry sent the following comment on the name as it appears in this version of the song: "The curious form of the name *John De Troy* seems to be rather characteristic of southern singers. There was a very famous Negro evangelist, known all over the South, by name John Bull, who, I am informed by Mr. Robert Gordon, was always called *John De Bull*. The extra syllable might be a mere musical interpolation, such as Sharp found so common in English folk-singing, — singers would say 'As I was taw-de-lking' (talking), to avoid singing one syllable to two notes. Or it may be only for 'the', — as 'the' Percy, 'the' Douglas. One often heard 'the' Sullivan, or 'the' MacManus, in the days of the glory of the Irish ward boss. 'See the Sullivan, if you want a job.'"

"Song of a Hero." Obtained from Miss Rachel Tucker, granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Harmon, Varnell, Georgia.

1. Come, all of you young heroes  
And highways of the land.  
Who wants to live in prison  
And die a convict man?
2. I tell to you a story  
Of the most badest boy:  
The country knew him  
By the name of John Detroy.

*Johnny Troy*

3. John Detroy and Jack,  
Frank and Dun  
Was four of the noblest heroes  
Old England ever sprung.
4. For the robbery of a widow  
Translated over in Spain  
Got three long years in prison  
To wear the convict chains.
5. There was hundred and forty  
Serving out their terms,  
Some of them for murder,  
And some for smaller crimes.
6. John Detroy being among them  
He most solemn swear:  
“This very night I free you all,  
Or, John Detroy, be no more.”
7. We break and smith the hand cuffs  
And cry for louder joy.  
We break and smith the hand cuffs  
And pull for yonder’s shore.
8. There were four armed guards  
Watching around and about.  
Much they were surprised  
When John Detroy started out.
9. Much they were surprised  
When he made his raid.  
Three of the guards  
Went jolly to their graves.
10. John Detroy turned  
To go upon his way.  
He looked and saw a poor man  
And unto him did say:
11. “Your gold watch and money  
I really demand  
And if you fail to give it  
Your life lies in my hands.”

12. "I have no watch or money,"

The poor man replied.

"I have a happy family

Each day to provide."

13. "I been cast out of Shamrock,

For being a bad, bad boy:

But if this is so, you shan't be hurt,"

Cried John Detroy.

14. John Detroy was now captured

And then sentenced to die

On tenth of April,

On his scaffold high.

15. His friend and all that knew him

Cried for louder joy:

"Here goes our brave young hero

By name of John Detroy."

48

THE BRISK YOUNG FARMER

(*William Hall*)

See Campbell and Sharp, No. 101; Sharp, *Songs*, II, 32; Thomas, p. 84; Wyman and Brockway, *Lonesome Tunes*, p. 100; Pound, No. 29; Pound, *Syllabus*, p. 15; Shearin and Combs, pp. 11, 12; Shearin, *Sewanee Review*, XIX, 322; Pound, *Journal*, XXVI, 355.

Obtained from Mrs. Rachel Brackett, granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Harmon, Varnell, Georgia, February, 1932.

1. Once I knew a brisk young farmer

And his name was William Hall

And his hair was black and he wore it curly

And those pretty blue eyes of all.

2. And they sent him over and over the ocean,

So his face I never more see;

Cold rain drops fell just as it happen

By a chance my true-love to meet.

*The Brisk Young Farmer*

3. "Good morning, good morning, my pretty fair lady,  
Do you think that you love me?"  
"Oh, no, I fancy a brisk young farmer  
Who has lately gone to sea."
4. "Oh, do describe your true-love to me,  
For, perhaps, I saw just such of a fellow  
As I lately crossed the sea."
5. "He is tall; he is handsome;  
He, the prettiest one of all;  
He has black hair and wears it curly  
And prettiest blue eyes of all."
6. "I have saw him I do know him  
And his name is William Hall  
And I saw a cannon ball shot through him;  
He is dead; I saw him fall."
7. The screams from this young lady  
Was enough to make any man prove true,  
Saying: "Since we parted broken hearted,  
Oh, my love, what can I do?"
8. "Cheer up, cheer up, my pretty fair lady,  
For surely this is he  
And to show you and convince you  
Here is the ring that you gave to me."
9. They joined their lily white hands;  
Together off to the white church they did go,  
Saying: "Here is a young couple going to get married  
Whether their parents willing or no."

THE BUGABOO

See Combs, *Folk-Songs du Midi des États-Unis*, p. 214.

“The Buggerboo.” Obtained from Mrs. Samuel Harmon, Cade’s Cove, Blount County, Tennessee, October, 1930.

1. My love come to my bed side;  
So bitterly she did weep;  
At last she jumped in the bed with me;  
She was afraid of the buggerboo.
2. All in the first part of that night  
Me and my love did play;  
All in the latter part of that night  
She rolled in my arms till day.
3. The night being gone  
And the day a-coming on:  
“Wake up, wake up, my own true love,  
For the buggerboo done gone.”
4. All in the first part of that year  
She blushed in the face;  
All in the latter part of that year  
Grew thicker through the waist.
5. And about nine months afterwards  
She brought forth me a fine son  
And you can see as well as me  
What the buggerboo has done.
6. In a year or two I married that girl;  
She made me a virtuous wife;  
I never told her of her faults  
In all days of my life.
7. I never told her of her faults;  
Bedog my eyes if I do!  
But every time the baby cries  
I think of the buggerboo.

### THE SHEFFIELD APPRENTICE

See Campbell and Sharp, No. 97; *Journal*, XXVIII, 164; Shearin, *Sewanee Review*, XIX, 320; Bradley Kincaid's *Favorite Old-Time Songs and Mountain Ballads*, Book 3, p. 18, Chicago, 1930; Cox, No. 83.

Recorded by Mrs. Henry from the singing of Mrs. Samuel Harmon, Cade's Cove, Blount County, Tennessee, August 13, 1930, who learned it from John Goolder Harmon, father of Samuel Harmon.



1. I was brought up in England,  
A note of high degree;  
My parents doted on me;  
They had no child but me.
2. I rolled in so much pleasure  
.....  
.....  
Till the age of twenty-three.
3. I did not like my master;  
He did not treat me well;  
I formed a resolution  
With him I will not dwell.
4. As I went through Holland  
A lady I did spy;  
She offered me great wages  
To come and live with her.
5. To come and live in Holland  
And serve her for one year.  
.....  
.....
6. I had not been in Holland  
More than months two or three  
Till my young mistress  
Grew very fond of me.

*Ballads and Songs*

7. Her gold and her silver,  
Her house and her land,  
If I would consent to marry her,  
Would be at my command.

8. "Oh, no, my young mistress,  
I cannot wed you both.  
I can wed none but pretty Polly,  
Your charming chamber-maid."

9. She turned away in angry;  
She swore as she left me  
She'd prove my overthrow.

.....

10. I was out in my mistress' garden  
A-viewing her flowers fair.

.....

11. A gold ring from my mistress' finger,  
As she passed me by,  
She slipped it in my pocket  
And for that I must die.

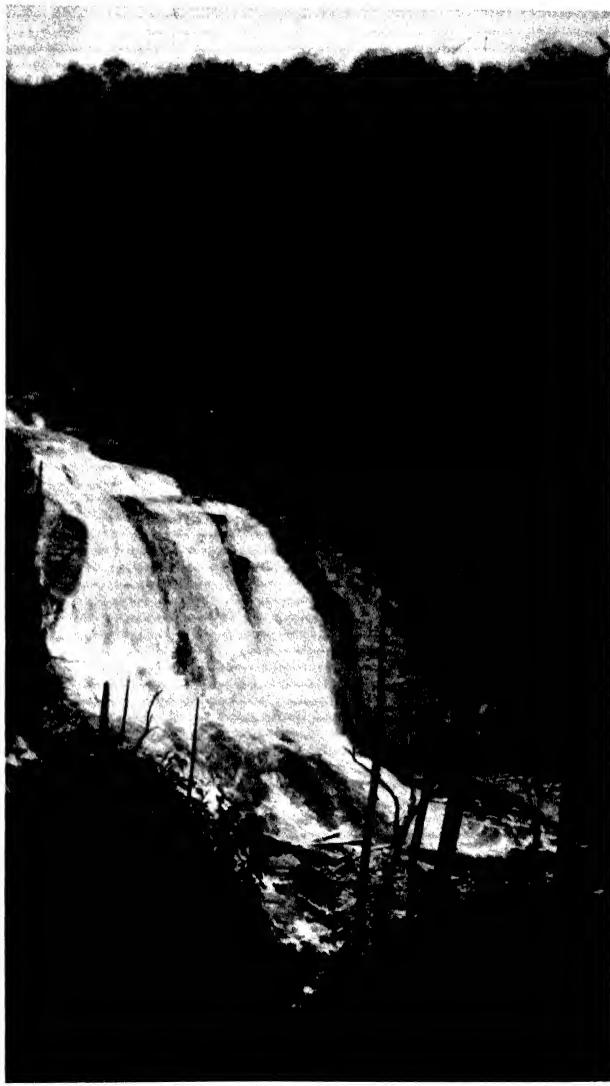
12. I was brought before some cruel judge  
And must answer for my fault.  
Long time I pled "not guilty,"  
But what did that prevail?

13. My mistress said I robbed her  
And they plunged me into jail.

.....

14. Come, all you young people  
That's standing round this place,  
Don't glory in my downfall;  
Nor laugh at my disgrace.

15. It's fare you well, young people,  
As I bid this world adieu;  
It's fare you well, pretty Polly,  
I died for loving you.



*High Falls on Tuckasegee River, N.C.*



*J*

THE SOLDIER'S WOOING

See Campbell and Sharp, No. 41; Pound, No. 27; Cox, No. 117; *Journal*, XXIII, 447; XXIX, 188; XXXV, 414; Belden, *A Partial List of Song Ballads and Other Popular Poetry Known in Missouri*, No. 84; Flanders and Brown, p. 232. This is a secondary song based upon "Earl Brand."

*A*

"The Gallan Soldier." Obtained from Mrs. Samuel Harmon, Varnell, Georgia, formerly of Cade's Cove, Tennessee, Oct., 1930.

1. I will tell you of a gallan soldier  
Who lately came from sea:  
He courted a lady,  
A lady said to be.
2. The old man said unto her:  
"This I here complain:  
If you marry a gallan soldier,  
It will be all in vain.
3. "Since you have been so foolish  
To be a soldier wife,  
Down in some lonesome valley  
I will take your pleasant life."
4. He drew his swords and pistols  
And hung them to his side,  
Swore that he would be married  
Whatever may betide.
5. She jumped on a milk white steed  
And he jumped on another one;  
Off to church they rode  
Just like a sister and brother.

6. They had been to church  
And just returning;  
Then she said, "I see my father,  
With twenty well armed men."
7. He drew his swords and pistols  
And caused them to rattle;  
The lady helte the horse,  
While the soldier fought the battle.
8. The first one that tackled him  
He soon had him slain;  
And the next one that tackled him  
He served him the same.
9. "Let's run," said the balance,  
"For fear we will be slain,  
To fight a gallan soldier,  
For it is all in vain."
10. "Hold your arm," said the old man,  
"And pray spare my life;  
You can have my daughter  
To be your loving wife."
11. "Hold your arm," said the old man,  
"And don't you strike so bold;  
You can have my daughter,  
And a thousand pounds of gold."
12. "Fight on," said the lady,  
"The portion is too small;"  
"Hold your arm," said the old man,  
"And you can have it all."
13. He took them home with him  
And pronounced them his heirs.  
It was not the good will of the old man,  
But it was all through dread and fears.

B

“Young Soldier.” This version of the song is from Mrs. Harmon’s granddaughter, Mrs. Rachel Brackett, Varnell, Georgia, who recorded the song January, 1932.

1. There was a young soldier lived on the plain,  
He courted a fair lady, her love for to gain;  
This young lady’s wealth was so great her riches could not be told;  
She loved the little soldier because he was so bold.
2. “My lady, my lady, will you be my wife?  
We’ll settle down forever and live a happy life.”  
“Dear soldier, dear soldier, I cannot be your wife,  
For my father is so cruel he’d quickly end my life.”
3. They saddled up a milk-white steed; they saddled up another;  
They rode off like a sister and brother;  
They had been to church and coming home again;  
They met her cruel father and twenty well-armed men.
4. “Dear daughter, dear daughter, is this your wedding day?  
Or you intend to be a soldier’s wife?  
In yonders lonesome valley,  
I quickly end your life.”
5. Up stepped the little soldier not fitten for to tattle;  
He drew his pistol and sword and caused them to rattle;  
The lady held the horse  
While the soldier fought the battle.
6. First one he come to, he slashed him over the main;  
Next one he come to, he done him just the same.  
“Run,” cried the rest, “before we are all slain;  
To fight a able soldier, we find it all in vain.”
7. Up spake the old man, speaking mighty bold:  
“Hold your arms and you can have my daughter and thousand pounds of gold.”  
“Fight on,” cried the lady, “your portion is too small.”  
“Hold your arms,” cried the old man, “and you can have it all.”

52

SWEET WILLIAM

(*Sailor Boy*)

See Campbell and Sharp, No. 106; Cox, No. 110; Sharp ("One Hundred English Folk-Songs"), No. 72; *Journal*, XXIX, 199; XXX, 363; XXXI, 170; XXXV, 410; *Heart Songs*, Boston, 1909, p. 67 ("A Song of the Sea"); Franz Rickaby, *Ballads and Songs of the Shanty Boy*, pp. 85 ("The Pinery Boy"), 210.

A

"Soldier Lover." Obtained from Miss Mary King, Gatlinburg, Sevier County, Tennessee, August, 1929.

1. Soldier, soldier, drew [do] a-light,  
That robs poor maids from their heart's delight;  
It causes them to weep, and it causes them to mourn,  
The loss of a true love never to return.
2. Dark was the color of my true love's hair;  
His cheeks were like a lily fair;  
If he ever returns, it will give me joy,  
For I'll never love any but my soldier boy.
3. "Father, O father, go build me a boat,  
That on the ocean I may float;  
And every ship that I draw near,  
I'll inquire of my soldier dear."
4. She rode her boat all on the main;  
She spied three ships coming from Spain;  
She hailed each captain as she passed by,  
And there she inquired of her soldier dear.
5. "No, lady, no, lady, he is not here,  
For he got drownded in the gulf, my dear;  
At the head of Rocky Island, as we passed by,  
I saw your true lover die."
6. She wrung her hands, she tore her hair,  
Just like a lady in despair;  
She rowed her boat against a rock;  
I thought to my soul that lady's heart was broke.

*Sweet William*

7. She called for a chair for to sit upon,  
A pen and ink for to write a song;  
At the end of every line she dropped a tear;  
At the end of every verse she cried, "Oh, my dear."
  
8. Go, dig my grave both wide and deep,  
A marble stone at my head and feet;  
And on my breast place a lovely dove,  
That the world may know I died for love.

B

"Sweet Soldier Boy." Obtained August 1, 1930, from Mrs. Ewart Wilson, wife of the grandson of "Big Tom" Wilson, famed hunter of the Black Mountains and the man who led the search for Professor Mitchell when he lost his life on Mt. Mitchell. Mrs. Wilson's address is Pensacola, N. C., which is on the Cane River at the western base of Mt. Mitchell.

1. Father, father, go, build me a boat  
That I may over the ocean float,  
And every ship that I pass by,  
There I'll enquire for my soldier boy;  
And every ship that I pass by,  
There I'll enquire for my soldier boy.
  
2. She rowed her boat upon the main;  
She saw three ships a-coming from Spain;  
And every ship that she passed by,  
There she enquired for her sweet soldier boy;  
And every ship that she passed by,  
There she enquired for her sweet soldier boy.
  
3. No, kind lady, he's not here;  
They killed him in the battle, my dear,  
At the head of rocky isle and as we passed by,  
There we let your soldier lie;  
At the head of rocky isle and as we passed by,  
There we let your soldier lie.

4. She rowed her boat upon a rock;  
I saw that lady's heart was broke;  
She ran her fingers through her hair  
Just like a lady in despair;  
She ran her fingers through her hair  
Just like a lady in despair.
5. Go, bring me a chair to sit upon,  
A pen and ink to write it down.  
At the end of every line she dropped a tear;  
At the end of every verse she cried, "Oh, my dear."  
At the end of every line she dropped a tear;  
At the end of every verse she cried, "Oh, my dear."
6. Go, dig my grave both wide and deep  
And place a marble slab at my head and at my feet;  
And on my breast place a little turtle dove  
To show the world that I died for love;  
And on my breast place a little turtle dove  
To show the world that I died for love.

53

THE DROWSY SLEEPER

See Campbell and Sharp, No. 47; Sturgis and Hughes, *Songs from the Hills of Vermont*, p. 30; Sharp, *Folk-Songs of English Origin Collected in the Appalachian Mountains*, Second Series, p. 48; Cox, No. 108; *Journal*, XX, 260; XXIX, 200; XXX, 338; XXVI, 354.

This first stanza of "The Drowsy Sleeper" was obtained from Mrs. C. L. Franklin, Crossnore, Avery County, North Carolina, August, 1930.

1. Wake, oh, wake, you drowsy sleeper;  
Wake, oh, wake, it's almost day.  
Can you sleep and slumber  
And your true-love's going away?

54

THE THREE SONS

See Sharp, *One Hundred English Folksongs*, p. 180; Flanders and Brown, p. 103.

“Song Ballet.” Obtained from Mrs. Hiram Proctor, Varnell, Georgia, November, 1930. Mrs. Proctor is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Harmon, of Cade’s Cove, Tennessee.

1. Three boys was turned out of doors  
Because they could not sing.
2. And one of them was a weaver;  
And one of them was a miller;  
And the other one was a little tailor boy;  
And they all three raged together.
3. And the weaver he stole yarn;  
And the miller he stole corn;  
And the little tailor boy stole broadcloth  
To keep the three boys warm.
4. And the miller was drowned in his pond;  
And the weaver was hung in his yarn;  
And the devil flew away with the little tailor boy  
With his broadcloth under his arm.

55

THE BOATSMAN AND THE CHEST

See Campbell and Sharp, No. 42.

“The Sailor Boy.” Obtained from Mrs. Mary Tucker, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Harmon, Varnell, Georgia, January, 1932.

1. The sailor boy come home very late in the night;  
He give the tailor boy a awful fright.

*Chorus*

Tun raw, raw, tun a-rodle, folly day;  
Tun a-raw, raw, raw, tun a-rodle, folly day.

*Ballads and Songs*

2. The tailor boy said: "Now, what will I do?"  
    "Jump in this big chist; I will turn the lock on you."  
*Chorus*

3. "O captain, O captain, what mean this?  
    I am going to the sea and I want a bigger chist."  
*Chorus*

4. He opened up the chist in the presence of them all;  
    There lay the tailor boy like a pig in the stall.  
*Chorus*

5. The sailor boy being heavy made and strong,  
    He picked up the big chist and carried it along.  
*Chorus*

6. He tuk him to the sea and tied him to the ship;  
    The fish played a kitty nine tail all around his lip.  
*Chorus*

56

THE DISHONEST MILLER

See Cox, No. 155; Thomas, p. 80; *Journal*, XXXV, 390; Brown, p. 10.

A

Recorded by Mrs. Henry from the singing of Mrs. Ewart Wilson, Pensacola, North Carolina, August, 1931.

1. There was an old miller and he was well known;  
    He had three sons who were well nigh grown;  
    He came to die — to make his will;  
    He had nothing to give but an old tub mill.

*Refrain*

Fa-de-re-de-ri-you-die-you-die.  
Fa-de-re-de-ri.

2. He first called up his oldest son;  
    He says: "My son, I'm well nigh done.  
    If the mill to you I should make,  
    Come, tell me how much toll you intend for to take."

*Refrain*

*The Dishonest Miller*

3. "Oh, my father, my name is Heck;  
Out of every bushel I'll take one peck;  
Every bushel I do grind,  
A very good living at that I'll find."

*Refrain*

4. "You're not my son," the old man said;  
"You've not fairly learned my trade;  
The mill to you I will not give,  
For never a miller at that can live."

*Refrain*

5. He next called up his second son;  
He says: "My son, I'm well nigh done.  
If this mill to you I should make,  
Come, tell me how much toll you intend for to take."

*Refrain*

6. "Oh, my father, my name is Ralph;  
Out of every bushel I'll take one-half;  
Every bushel I do grind,  
A very good living at that I'll find."

*Refrain*

7. "You're not my son," the old man said;  
"You've not fairly learned my trade;  
The mill to you I will not give,  
For never a miller at that can live."

*Refrain*

8. He next called up his youngest son;  
He says: "My son, I'm well nigh done.  
If the mill to you I should make,  
Come, tell me how much toll you intend for to take."

*Refrain*

9. "Oh, my father, I am your son;  
I'll take three pecks and just leave one;  
And if a good living at that I should lack,  
I'll take the other peck and swear to the sack."

*Refrain*

10. "You are my son," the old man said;  
"You have fairly learned my trade;  
The mill is yours," the old man cried,  
And then he closed his eyes and died.

*Refrain*

B

“The Miller’s Will.” The song was recorded in the Cumberland Mountains by Miss Onelee Brooks, a student in Lincoln Memorial University. Miss Brooks appended the following note: “From *The Miller’s Will* we find that it was usually the custom to give the house or the mill to the youngest son. I asked the person that related this ballad to me why they usually willed it to the youngest instead of the oldest, and the reply was that the older was usually more able to take care of himself than the younger. But still I could not understand why the will was not equally divided. The children were usually called to the side of the death bed and each was given his share.”

1. An old miller lay on his dying bed;  
He called for his sons and to them he said:  
“Sons, O sons, my life is ‘most gone;  
Tell me the toll you mean to take.”
2. He called up his eldest son;  
He called up his eldest son:  
“Son, O son, my life’s ‘most gone;  
Tell me the toll you mean to take.”
3. “Father, you know my name is Heck,  
Father, you know my name is Heck,  
Father, you know my name is Heck,  
And out of a bushel I’ll take a peck.”
4. “Just such a toll a man can’t live,  
Just such a toll a man can’t live,  
Just such a toll a man can’t live,  
And to you I’ll not will my little old mill.”
5. He called up his second son;  
He called up his second son:  
“Son, O son, my life’s ‘most gone;  
Tell me the toll you mean to take.”
6. “Father, you know my name is Ralph;  
Father, you know my name is Ralph;  
Father, you know my name is Ralph,  
Out of a bushel I’ll take a half.”

*The Butcher Boy*

7. "Just such a toll a man can't live,  
Just such a toll a man can't live,  
Just such a toll a man can't live,  
And to you I'll not will my little old mill."
8. He called up his youngest son,  
He called up his youngest son:  
"Son, O son, my life's 'most gone;  
Tell me the toll you mean to take."
9. "Father, you know my name is Paul,  
Father, you know my name is Paul,  
Father, you know my name is Paul,  
Out of a bushel I'll take it all."
10. "Just such a toll a man can live,  
Just such a toll a man can live,  
Just such a toll a man can live,  
And to you I'll will the little old mill."

57

THE BUTCHER BOY

While versions, *C, D, E*, and *F* of this song were not from the Southern Highlands, they were recalled by the reading of versions *A* and *B*, and are included for the sake of comparison. See W. Roy Mackenzie's "The Quest of the Ballad," p. 9; Cox, No. 145; Pound, No. 24; Lomax, p. 397; Sandburg, p. 324 (title is "London City"); Spaeth, "Weep Some More, My Lady," p. 128 (title is "In Jersey City"); *Journal*, XXIX, 169; XXXI, 73; XXXV, 360; XXXIX, 122; Phillips Barry, *Ancient British Ballads*, etc. (A privately printed list), No. 41; Arthur Palmer Hudson's "Specimens of Mississippi Folk-Lore," p. 31; Bradley Kincaid's *My Favorite Mountain Ballads and Old-Time Songs*, Chicago, 1928, p. 43; Flanders and Brown, p. 15.

*A*

Obtained from Miss Rachel Tucker, Varnell, Georgia, who had it from her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Harmon, of Cade's Cove, Blount County, Tennessee, October, 1930.

*Ballads and Songs*

1. In yonder city where I once dwell,  
A Butcher's boy I loved so well;  
He courted me my life away  
And then with me he would not stay.
2. There was a house in this same town;  
My love would go and he would sit down;  
He would take another girl upon his knee,  
And tell her what he wouldn't tell me.
3. "Oh, mama, mama, can't you see,  
How this boy has treated me?  
His gold may scatter; his silver may fly;  
I hope some day he be poor as I."
4. "Give me a cheer, and I will sit down,  
A pen and ink to write it down.  
I will write it down as you plainly see:  
'I once loved a boy that didn't love me.'"
5. After a while her father came home  
Inquiring where his daughter had gone  
Upstairs he went; the door he broke;  
He found her hanging by a rope.
6. He tuk his knife; he cut her down  
And on her breast these he found:  
"I will write it down so you can plainly see,  
'I once loved a boy that didn't love me.'
7. "Go, dig a grave both wide and deep  
And a marble stone at my head and feet;  
And on my breast put a little dove  
To tell the world that I died for love."

*B*

No local title. Obtained from Miss Mary E. King, Gatlinburg, Sevier County, Tennessee, who had it from Dock Stinnett, Sevierville, Tennessee.

1. In London City where I did dwell,  
A merchant's son I loved so well.  
He courted me my life away,  
And then with me he would not stay.

*The Butcher Boy*

2. There lived a girl in that same town;  
He'd go right there and he'd sit down;  
He'd take her upon his knee;  
He'd tell her what he wouldn't tell me.
3. Can you tell me the reason why,  
Unless she had more gold than I?  
Her gold will melt and her silver fly;  
In a few more years she'll be poor as I.
4. I went upstairs to make my bed,  
And listening to what my mama said.  
“O mama, O mama, oh, can’t you see  
How cruel sweet Willie has been to me?
5. “Oh, bring me a chair and I’ll set down,  
A paper and pen — I’ll write it down.”  
On the gold and silver line she dropped a tear,  
A-calling back, “Sweet Willie, dear.”
6. Was late last night when her papa came home.  
He found her missing from the room.  
He went up stairs and the door he broke.  
He found her hanging by a rope.
7. He took a knife and cut her down  
And in her bosom, a note he found:  
“Go, dig my grave both deep and long  
And at my head and feet place a marble stone;
8. “And by my side place a William tree  
That the world may weep and mourn for me;  
And on my heart place a lovely dove  
That the world may know that I died for love.”

C

This version of the song did not come from the South. It was obtained from Miss Nancy Giannotti, Dickinson High School, Jersey City, New Jersey, 1926, who after hearing various versions of the song, then recorded the version of the song as she knew it.

*Ballads and Songs*

1. In Jersey where I did dwell,  
A butcher's son, he loved so well.  
He stole my heart away from me,  
And now with me he would not stay.
2. In that same city there lived a girl,  
And that is where his love went to.  
He took her right upon his knee,  
And now with me he would not stay.
3. I went upstairs to make the bed;  
Without a word to mother I said.  
I took a pen and set me down,  
And on a paper I wrote down.
4. Her father came home and looked around,  
And could not find his daughter bright.  
He went upstairs and broke the door,  
And saw her hanging on a rope.
5. And on her breast these words were found:  
“Oh, dig my grave and dig it deep  
With a marble stone from head to feet;  
And on my dove a golden love,  
To show the world I died for love.”

*D*

This is another version of the song that did not come from the Southern Highlands. It was recorded by Thaddeus Napiorski, a student in Dickinson High School, Jersey City, N. J., 1929, after listening to the reading of version *B*.

1. In Jersey City where I did dwell,  
A butcher's son I loved so well.  
He went and stole my heart away  
And now with me he will not stay.
2. He takes other girls upon his knee,  
And tells them things he will not tell me;  
I go upstairs and set me down  
With pen and ink I write this down.
3. My mother comes late one night,  
And finds that I am not in sight;  
She goes upstairs and breaks down the door,  
And sees me hanging on the wall.

*The Butcher Boy*

4. She takes a knife and cuts me down  
And in my bosom this note she found:  
“Oh, mother dear, what have I done?  
I killed myself for a butcher’s son.
5. “When I am dead and to heaven gone,  
Bury me by the lily pond;  
Put at my head a marble stone;  
Down at my feet another one;  
Put at my bosom a golden dove  
To show the world that I died for love.”

*E*

The following fragment was recalled by Miss Elizabeth Albers, a teacher in Dickinson High School, Jersey City, N. J., after reading versions *A* and *B*.

1. In Jersey City where I do dwell,  
A butcher boy I love so well;  
He took a strange girl on his knee  
And told to her what he wouldn’t tell me.
2. She went up stairs to go to bed  
And on the bed there was a rope  
And with the rope she hung herself;  
She hung herself for the butcher boy.

*F*

This fragment was obtained from Mrs. Henry C. Gray, R. F. D., No. 3, Box 499, Terre Haute, Indiana, who has written as follows: “There is a woman living with mother who has been with our family more than sixty years. She is seventy-six now. Her parents were real pioneers north of here ..... She remembered as a child hearing a young man sing *The Butcher Boy* ..... She was never a singer and could not remember how it went but the last stanza was what struck her attention.” Here it is with only slight variation from the last stanza in *A* and *B*.

Go, dig my grave both wide and deep;  
Put a marble stone at my head and feet;  
And on my grave put a turtle dove  
To show the world that I died for love.

### ONE MORNING IN MAY

This song is nearly identical with Sandburg, p. 136. Cf. also Thomas, p. 112.

“The Nightingale.” The song was recorded in the vicinity of Cumberland Gap, Tennessee, by Ruth Bagwell, a student in Lincoln Memorial University.

1. One morning, one morning, one morning in May  
I met a fair couple a-making their way;  
And one was a lady so neat and so fair;  
The other a soldier, a brave volunteer.
2. “Good morning, good morning, good morning to thee;  
Oh, where are you going, my pretty lady?”  
“Oh, I am going to the banks of the sea  
To see the waters a-gliding — hear the nightingales sing.”
3. We haven’t been a-standing but an hour or two,  
When out from his knapsack, a fiddle he drew;  
The tune that he played make the valleys ring,  
Oh, see the waters a-gliding — hear the nightingale sing.
4. “Pretty lady, pretty lady, it’s time to give o’er.”  
“Oh, no, pretty soldier, please play one tune more;  
I’d rather hear your fiddle or the touch of one string  
As see the waters a-gliding — hear the nightingale sing.
5. “Pretty soldier, pretty soldier, will you marry me?”  
“Oh, no, pretty lady, that never can be;  
I have a wife in London and children twice three;  
Two wives in the army’s too many for me.
6. “I’ll go back to London and stay there one year  
And often I’ll think of you, my little dear;  
If ever I return, ’twill be in the spring  
To see the waters a-gliding — hear the nightingale sing.”

### PRETTY FAIR MISS

See Mackenzie, *Ballads*, No. 63; Cox, No. 92; Campbell and Sharp, No. 98; Shearin and Combs, p. 27; Thomas, p. 104; Wyman and Brockway, *Lonesome Tunes*, p. 88; *Journal*, XXII, 67 (Beatty), 379 (Barry); XXIX, 201 (Rawn and Peabody); Fuson, p. 77; *PTFLS*, No. 10, pp. 155—156.

### A

Obtained from Miss Virgie McMahan, Pensacola, North Carolina, August, 1931.

1. Pretty fair miss all in the garden;  
A brave soldier came riding by;  
Up he stepped and, oh, how he dressed her,  
Saying: "Pretty fair miss, will you marry me?"
2. "No, sir, no, sir, I'm a lady of honor,  
Though a gentleman of honor you may be;  
My true-love has gone to the ocean;  
It's been seven long years since his face I've seen."
3. "Perhaps your true-love is drowned,  
Or in some battle slain;  
Perhaps he's took some pretty girl and married her;  
You'll never see his face again."
4. "I hope he is happy, if he is drowned;  
Or if he's in some battle slain;  
Or if he's took some pretty girl and married her,  
I love the girl that married him."
5. He took his hands all out of his pockets,  
Of which they looked pale and small.  
He showed her the ring that she put on his finger,  
And straight before him she did fall.
6. He picked her up all in his arms;  
The kisses he give her was one, two, three,  
Saying: "If I had of stayed there seven years longer,  
Not a girl on earth would of<sup>1</sup> married me."

---

<sup>1</sup> have.

B

The song was recorded by Johnnie Shields, a student in Lincoln Memorial University, from the singing of Mrs. Wright, Pruden, Tennessee.

1. A pretty fair maid all in a garden;  
A sailor boy came passing by;  
He stepped aside and thus addressed her,  
Saying, "Pretty fair maid, won't you be my bride?"
2. "I have a sweetheart on the ocean,  
For seven long years has been to sea;  
And if he be gone for seven years longer,  
No other man shall marry me."
3. "Perhaps your sweetheart he is drownded;  
Or perhaps he's on some battlefield slain;  
Or perhaps he's married to some fair, fine lady;  
Perhaps he'll ne'er return again."
4. "Oh, if my sweetheart he is drownded;  
Or if he's on some battlefield slain;  
Or if he's married to some fair, fine lady,  
I'll love the one that's married to him."
5. "But my sweetheart he is neither drownded;  
Nor is he on some battlefield slain;  
Nor is he married to some fair, fine lady,  
For he is by my side again."
6. He put his hands into his pockets;  
His fingers they were long and slim;  
And unto her he drew a locket  
And at her feet his knees did bend.
7. She put her hands upon his shoulders  
And he her favor did implore:  
"I've come to claim you for my darling  
And I shall roam the seas no more."
8. As down the path they walked together,  
His arm around her waist so trim,  
He told to her a loving story;  
The maiden gave her heart to him.

*C*

"True Love." Obtained from Miss Susie A. Blaylock, Rabun Gap, Georgia, for whom it was recorded from a singer in the mountains of Georgia.

1. There was a lady all in the garden  
And a soldier he came passing by.  
He says, "Kind lady, will you marry?"  
He says, "Kind miss, will you marry me?"
2. "I take you to be a man of honor;  
A man of honor you may be  
To force yourself on a poor lady,  
On a poor lady, I may be."
3. "I have a true love on the ocean;  
His face haven't seen in seven long years,  
And if he stays there seven years longer,  
Nary man on earth can marry me."
4. "And what if your true love he be drownded?  
Or if he's in some battle slain?  
Or if he's some pretty girl and married?  
Your true love's face you will see no more."
5. "If he's drownded, I hope he's happy;  
Or if he's in some battle slain,  
Or if he's taken some pretty girl and married,  
I love the girl that married him."
6. He picked her up in his arms  
And he gave her kisses, one, two, three.  
Said, "Here's the ring that you put on me!"  
Right down before him she did fall.
7. He picked her up all in his arms  
And he gave her kisses, one, two, three.  
Said, "If I'd stayed there seven years longer,  
Nary a girl on earth could have married me!"

### FAIR DAMSEL

This song bears some resemblance to the song variously entitled, "John Reilly," "George Reilly," "Young Reilly," "O' Reilly," etc., though in this case the lover does not return and his sweetheart plunges

"All into the deep."

As the situation, meter, and phraseology of the "Reilly" song differ almost as frequently as the title, it seems that the present song may be related to it. Cf. Mackenzie, *Ballads and Songs from Nova Scotia*, No. 43; Campbell and Sharp, No. 82; Cox, No. 95; Pound, No. 39; Flanders and Brown, p. 135; Jones, p. 11; *PTFLS*, No. 10, pp. 156—157.

Obtained from Mrs. Samuel Harmon, Varnell, Georgia, formerly of Cade's Cove, Tennessee, October, 1930.

1. I walked out one evening  
All down by the seashore;  
The wind did whistle  
And the waters did roar.

*Chorus*

I heard a fair damsel  
Make a pitiful sound;  
It sounded so lonely  
On the waters around.

2. Crying, "Oh, my lover has gone on sea,  
But he will land at my door;  
But he is gone where  
I never see him no more."

*Chorus*

3. She plunged her fair body  
All into the deep  
And closed her pretty blue eyes  
In the waters to sleep.

*Chorus*

4. Crying, "Oh, my lover has gone on the sea,  
But he will pass by my door;  
But he is gone where  
I will never see him no more."

*Chorus*

FAREWELL, PARTING LOVER

The following references are to the theme of the song rather than to any other version of the song which, of course, is one of the forms of popular farewell dialogue between a soldier and his sweetheart. Professor Belden in "Balladry in America," *Journal*, XXV, 9, has a full and interesting comment on this favorite theme and points out that "in most of the printed ballads of the Female Soldier (or Sailor) theme, emphasis is laid upon the contrast between the heroine's tender beauty and the rough offices she must perform." Professor Belden then quotes a bit of dialogue from the song, "Jack Munro," part of which is almost identical with stanza 7 of *A*. However, it will be observed that the "heroine" in this case does not accompany her soldier lover. Cf. the same theme in Campbell and Sharp, No. 55; Hudson, No. 40; Wyman and Brockway, p. 38. Mrs. Eckstorm remarks that *A* is "a unique making over of *Jack Munro* or *The Wars of Germany*."

*A*

Obtained from Ray Bohanan, Indian Gap, Route 15, Sevierville, Sevier County, Tennessee, August, 1929.

1. "So fare you well, my darling,  
So fare well for a while;  
Don't mourn for my long absence  
While I'm a volunteer.
2. "Since it has been my misfortune  
A soldier for to be,  
Content yourself, my darling,  
And don't weep for me.
3. "I'm going out in Dixie  
To tarry for a while;  
So far from my own darling,  
About one thousand miles."
4. She wrung her little white hands,  
And so mournful she did cry:  
"You'll go and be a soldier,  
And in the war will die.

*Ballads and Songs*

5. "I'm certain you'll be wounded;  
In battle you'll be slain;  
My heart will burst asunder  
If I never see you again."
6. "The cannon loudly roaring  
The balls are flying high;  
The drum and fife are playing  
To drown the deadly cry."
7. "Your waist it is too slender;  
Your fingers are quite small;  
Your cheeks are too rosy-red  
To love a cannon ball."
8. "So farewell, my darling;  
So fare you well, my dear;  
I'm going to fight the enemy,  
And I hate to leave you here."
9. "So fare you well, my true love;  
So farewell for a while;  
I'm going to return again,  
If it be some length of time."
10. "I'll sail around the enemy,  
My fortune for to try;  
I'll think of you, my darling,  
And oft sit down and cry."
11. "If you'll tarry a single life  
Through this great campaign,  
I'll marry you, my sweetheart,  
When I return again."

B

The lines from "The Lass of Roch Royal" appear in stanzas 4 and 5. Cf. the appendices *A* and *B* under "The Lass of Roch Royal." The song was recorded by Johnnie Shields, a student in Lincoln Memorial University, from the singing of Mrs. Wright, Pruden, Tennessee.

1. Oh, fare you well, my own true love;  
So fare you well for a while;  
I'm going away but I'm coming back,  
If I go ten thousand mile.
2. If I prove false to you, my love,  
't he earth shall melt and burn;  
The sea may freeze and the earth may burn,  
If I no more return.
3. Ten thousand miles, my own true love,  
Ten thousand miles or more;  
The rocks may melt and the sea may burn,  
If I no more return.
4. And who will shoe your feet, my love?  
And who will glove your hand?  
Oh, who will kiss your red, rosy cheek,  
When I'm in that far off land?
5. My father will shoe my pretty, little feet;  
My mother will glove my hand;  
And you can kiss my red, rosy cheek,  
When you come from that far off land.
6. Oh, don't you see yon little turtle dove  
A-skipping from vine to vine,  
A-mourning the loss of its own true love  
Just as I mourn for mine?

JACKARO

After the puzzle of the preceding song these stanzas will be clearly recognized as from "Jackaro" ("Jack Munro," "Jackie Fraisure"). See Hudson, No. 40 ("The Wars of Germany"); Campbell and Sharp, No. 55 ("Jack Went A-Sailing"); Ibid., No. 68 ("William and Polly"—not the same song, however); Cox, No. 98; Wyman and Brockway, p. 38. Cf. also a song entitled, "Johnny," Fuson, p. 104. Add *PTLS*, No. 10, pp. 150—154.

"The British Lady." Recorded by Mrs. Henry from the singing of Mrs. Ewart Wilson, Pensacola, North Carolina, August, 1930.

1. She went into a barber shop

.....  
.....  
.....

Sing lillie, lillie, O; sing lillie, lillie, O.

2. She went into a tailor shop

To dress in man's array;  
She went into a ship  
To convey herself away.  
Sing lillie, lillie, O; sing lillie, lillie, O.

3. Your waist is slim and slender;

Your fingers long and small;  
Your cheeks too red and rosy  
To face the cannon ball.  
Sing lillie, lillie, O; sing lillie, lillie, O.

4. My waist is slim and slender;

My fingers long and small;  
I never change my countenance  
To face a cannon ball.  
Sing lillie, lillie, O; sing lillie, lillie, O.

PEARL BRYAN

Both Cox and Pound have pointed out that "Pearl Bryan" is an adaptation from one of the most widespread of American ballads variously entitled, "The Jealous Lover" (Pound, No. 43; Cox, No. 38), "Lorella," "Floella," "Flora Ella," "Blue Eyed Ella," "Poor Lurella," "Poor Lora," "Poor Lorla," "Nell," "Fair Florella," etc. It was made to fit the murder of a girl named Pearl Bryan. For a full account of the murder see Cox's head-note. See also Kittredge, *Journal*, XXX, 344; Shoemaker, *North Pennsylvania Minstrelsy*, 57 (49 in an earlier ed.); Philips Barry, *American Speech*, August, 1928, 441; Hudson, *Journal*, XXXIX, 116. (In Shoemaker's second edition, 1923, the page is 201). Cf. also Combs, *Folk-Songs du Midi des États-Unis*, Paris, 1925, p. 203; Richardson and Spaeth, *American Mountain Songs*, p. 30; Bradley Kincaid, *My Favorite Mountain Ballads and Old-Time Songs*, Chicago, 1928, p. 17; Finger, *Frontier Ballads*, New York, 1927, pp. 80—81; Henry, *Journal*, XLII, 280, 301; Flanders and Brown, p. 59; Fuson, p. 65.

*A*

"Pearlie Bryant." Obtained from Miss Rachel Tucker, Varnell, Georgia, December 26, 1930.

1. January thirty-first  
Awful deed was done;  
Pearl Bryan — she in heaven —  
Jack and Walter is hung.
2. Jack said to Walter,  
As he drew him to his side:  
"Pearl Bryan, fair young lady,  
Let's take her out for a ride."
3. Soon the cab was order  
For to take a fatal stroll  
And if you only listen,  
The half has never been told.

*Ballads and Songs*

4. Little did Pearlie think,  
When she left her home so gay,  
That the little grip she carried  
Would hide her head away.
5. Pearlie went to Cincinnati  
Where she never been before;  
She — led astray by Jackson —  
To never see mother no more.
6. "Oh, Jack, what have I done  
That you would take my life?  
For you know that I always  
Loved you and would have been your wife.
7. "There a place for your picture in my album;  
There a place for your love in my heart;  
There a place for us both in heaven  
Where true friends never part."
8. The next morning the people was excited;  
They look all around and said:  
"Here lays a woman,  
But where, oh, where, is her head?"
9. They 'phone for miles and miles  
Till last one answer came;  
It was from Pearlie's sister:  
"It must be Pearl that's slain."
10. They arrested Jack and Walter  
And locked them in the cell.  
The people all gather around them  
But nothing would they tell.
11. In came Pearlie's sister,  
Fell down on her knees,  
Pleading to Jackson:  
"Give sister's head, oh, please."

*Pearl Bryan*

12. Jackson was so stubborn;  
This is what he said:  
“When you meet your sister in heaven,  
There will be no missing head.”
13. In come Walter’s mother,  
Pleading for her son:  
“Oh, gentlemen of the jury,  
Don’t hang my only one.”
14. The judge was so angry;  
How his words did ring for the crime  
These boys has committed:  
“They are both sentenced to hang.”
15. Pearlie’s parents now in sorrow;  
Their fortune they give  
If their darling girl could come back to them  
Her natural life to live.
16. Come, all of you young people,  
Take warning of Pearl’s fate —  
Awfulest crime ever committed  
In the Ohio state.

*B*

“Florilla.” Obtained from Miss Mary King, Gatlinburg, Sevier County, Tennessee, August, 1929.

1. Down by yon weeping willow where the violets gently bloom;  
Where sleeps my young Florilla, so silent in thy tomb.  
She died not broken hearted, nor in sickness has she fell;  
But in one moment parted from those she loved so well.
2. One night as the moon shone brightly and soft over hill and dale;  
Up to this maiden’s cottage her jealous lover came:  
“Come, love, and let us wander down by yon meadow gay,  
And there we’ll sit and ponder upon our wedding day.”

3. The way was cold and dreary and night was coming on;  
Into that lonely valley he led that maiden on;  
“O Edward, I am tired of wandering here alone;  
The way is cold and dreary, I pray you take me home.”
4. “You have not the wings of an eagle, nor from me can you fly;  
No earthly soul can hear you; you instantly must die.”  
She fell upon her bending knees and begged him for her life;  
But into that snowy bosom he plunged a gleaming knife.
5. “O Edward, I'll forgive you with my last and dying breath;  
I never have deceived you, as I close my eyes in death.  
Here's adieu to my fond parents, to all my friends, adieu!  
To you, my dearest Edward, may all your work prove true.”
6. He fell upon his bending knee, saying, “Lord, what have I done?  
I've murdered my Florilla, true as the rising sun.”  
Now in that lonely valley where the violets weep o'er the grave,  
Lies Florilla forgotten where the merry sunbeams play.

C

“Pearl Bryant.” Obtained from Granville Gadsey, Guerrant, Breathitt County, Kentucky, 1925.

1. In Greencastle lives a lady, who was known this wide world over,  
Who was murdered by Scott Jackson, whom she really did adore.  
Yes, she love him very dearly, for he was both young and gay;  
In him she trusted firmly and by him was led astray.
2. She told him her brave story and he knew that if<sup>1</sup> were true;  
Then, he grew very much discouraged for he knew not what to do.  
He went to his friend, Wallen; they seek and said.....  
And there they held a consultation and the daring plot was laid.
3. On a cab one rainy evening just before the close of day  
Up rode Wallen and Scott Jackson and with Pearl they rode away.  
Yes, Pearl and all her beauty left the town with those two men,  
Not thinking for one moment what would be her awful end.

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<sup>1</sup> if: it.

*Pearl Bryan*

4. They drove far from the city to a place so far from home,  
And there they found her body lying headless, bloodstain, and alone.  
Yes, it surely was those two men killed her; all over this wide world are known:  
The murder of Pearl Bryant has been told in many a home.

*D*

“Floella.” Obtained from Mrs. Sarah Hooker, a neighbor of Mrs. Harmon, Varnell, Ga., November, 1931.

1. Down in the low green valley  
Where the violets bloom and fade,  
There lies my own Floella  
.....
2. She died not broken hearted  
Nor sick with a lingering pain,  
But quickly she departed  
Never to return again.
3. One night where the moon shone pretty  
And early filled with dew,  
Down to this lone little cottage  
This jealous lover flew.
4. “Come, love, and let us wander  
Down by the meadow gate  
And under the shade will fonder  
And name our wedding day.”
5. “Oh, Edward, I am weary;  
I do not care to roam;  
My weary eyes grow weaker  
And I am afraid to stay.”
6. “Oh, please, you may know never  
From me you cannot fly;  
No human hands can save you;  
Poor Ella, you must die.”

7. "Dear Edward, what have I done  
That you should take my life?  
I always have been willing  
And I would have been your wife."
8. Down on her knees a-praying  
And pleading for her life  
While in the throbbing bosom  
He plunged a fatal knife.
9. "Dear Edward, tell my parents  
That all for me shall mourn;  
Each night you'll miss my coming  
At your little cottage door.
10. "Dear Edward, I'll forgive you;"  
This was her dying request,  
While her pulse had ceased their beating  
And her eye lids closed in death.
11. And now her eyes are closed  
And her body ceased to roam;  
Poor Ella has departed  
From her friends and from her home.

64

THE WEXFORD GIRL (THE CRUEL MILLER)

See Cox, No. 90 (*A* "The Tragedy;" *B* "Johnny McDowell"); Hudson, *Journal*, XXXIX, 125 (*A* and *B* "The Oxford Girl;" *C* "The Expert Girl;" *D* "The Shreveport Girl"); Belden, *Journal*, XXV, 11; Henry, *Journal*, XLII, pp. 247, 290; Mackenzie, *Ballads and Sea Songs from Nova Scotia*, No. 115; R. W. Gordon, *New York Times Magazine*, June 19, 1927. Hudson's version is included also in his *Specimens of Mississippi Folk-Lore*, Ann Arbor, 1928, No. 24. See also Flanders and Brown, p. 88.

*A*

"The Lexington Girl." Recorded by Mrs. Henry from the singing of Mrs. Samuel Harmon, Cade's Cove, Blount County, Tennessee, August 13, 1930, who says that she has "known the song all her life."

*The Wexford Girl*

1. My tender parents brought me here  
Providing for my wealth;  
And in a town of wickedness  
He fixed me out a mill.
2. Here came a wanting lass;  
She had a wanting eye;  
I promised her I'd marry her,  
And with her I did lie.
3. A very few weeks and afterwards  
Here came that lass again:  
“I pray you, young John, you'd marry me;  
You've got me with a child.”
4. Perplexed was I on every side;  
No comfort I could find  
But to take my darling's life from her  
My wicked heart inclined.
5. I went to my love's sister's house;  
It was getting late at night.  
But little did the poor creature think  
I owed her any spite.
6. “Come, take a walk with me, my dear;  
We'll pint the wedding day;”  
I tuk her by her lily-white hand;  
I led her through the field.
7. I drew a stake then out of the fence;  
I hit her in the face;  
She fell on her bending knee;  
For mercy loud did cry:  
“I pray, young John, don't murder me,  
For I'm not fit to die.”
8. I kept putting on more and more.  
She did resign her breath,  
And wasn't I a crazy soul  
To put my love to death?
9. I tuk her by the hair of the head;  
I drug her through the field;  
I drug her to the river bank  
And plunged her in the deep.

10. Right straight home then I run;  
My master strangely on me gazed:  
“What’s the matter, young Johnny?” he says,  
“You look as pale as death.
11. “You look like you’ve been running  
And almost spent for breath.  
How came you by, young John,” he says,  
“These trembling hands enfold?
12. “How came you, young John,” he says,  
“These bloody hands and clothes?”  
I answered him immediate lie:  
“A-bleeding at the nose.”
13. He stood; he strangely on me gazed,  
But no more he said.  
I jerked a candle out of his hands  
And made my way to bed.
14. I lay there all that long night;  
I had but little rest;  
I thought I felt the flames of hell  
Strike within my guilty breast.
15. The very next morning by day-light  
Ten guineas I offered any man,  
Ten guineas I offered any man,  
This damsel they would find.
16. The very next morning by sunrise,  
This damsel she were found,  
Floating by her brother’s door  
In Harry Fairy Town.
17. Then her sister against me swore;  
Good reasons without a doubt:  
By coming there after dark,  
And calling her out.
18. “My Lord, my God,  
Look down on me  
And pray receive my soul.”



*"Aunt Leanna" Spangler, of a Family of Ballad Singers, at Her Home in Cade's Cove,  
Tennessee*



*A Swinging Foot-bridge across the Cane River in North Carolina*



B

“Boston Girl.” Obtained from Ray Bohanan, Indian Gap, Route #15  
Sevierville, Sevier County, Tennessee, August, 1929.

1. I courted a girl in Boston,  
A girl that love me well.  
A many of a Sunday afternoon  
Together we would dwell.
2. We took a walk one Sunday;  
We walked a mile or more;  
I drew a stick from under a tree;  
I knocked that Maley girl down.
3. Dov n on her knees she begged me;  
She begged me for her life,  
Says, “Willie, dear, don’t kill me here;  
I am not prepared to die.”
4. I listened not to her pleading;  
I struck o’er and o’er  
Until all the ground around her,  
Was in a bloody gore.
5. I runned my hand through her yellow hair;  
I dragged her down the road;  
I threw her in the river  
That flows through Boston town.
6. I went up to my father’s house  
At twelve o’clock that night.  
My mother met me at the door  
In such an awful fright.
7. Says, “Son, oh, son, what have you done  
That blooded your hands and clothes?”  
The answer that I made to her  
Was, “Bleeding at the nose.”
8. I asked her for a candle  
To light me off to bed,  
And also for a handkerchief  
To bind my aching head.

9. I rolled and tumbled the whole night through;  
No slumber could I find;  
The thoughts of that poor Boston girl  
Was running on my mind.
10. They took me on suspicion;  
They bound me to Boston jail;  
My friends and my relations,  
They could not go my bail.
11. Her sister swore my life away;  
She swore without a doubt;  
She swore that I was the very one,  
Who took her sister out.

C

“The Boston Girl.” Obtained from Mac Hardin, Sevierville, Sevier County, Tennessee, August, 1929. This is the same version as *B*, so far as it goes, with only a few slight verbal changes.

1. I courted a girl in Boston,  
A girl that loved me well;  
And every Sunday afternoon  
Together we would dwell.
2. We took a walk one Sunday eve;  
We walked a mile or more;  
I drew a stick from under a tree  
And knocked the merry girl down.
3. Down on her knees she bended  
A-pleading for her life,  
Says, “Willie, dear, don’t kill me here;  
I’m not prepared to die.”
4. I listened to her pleading not;  
I beat her o’er and o’er  
Till all the ground there all around,  
Was in a bloody glow.

*The Wexford Girl*

5. I took her by the yellow hair  
And drug her down the road.  
I threw her in the river  
That runs through Boston town.
6. "Lie there, lie there, you Boston girl,  
With your dark and rolling eye;  
Lie there," .....  
.....

*D*

"The Lexington Girl." Obtained from Miss Mary Riddle, North Fork Road, Black Mountain, North Carolina, 1925.

1. My tender parents brought me up, — provided for me well.  
It was in the city of Lexington, they placed me in a mill.  
It's there I met a pretty fair maid; on her I cast my eye;  
I promised her I'd marry her, and she believed a lie.
2. I went into her sister's house at nine o'clock at night;  
But little did the creature think at her I had a spite.  
I asked her to walk a little way, a little way away,  
And we would have a little talk and name a wedding day.
3. We walked a long, a lonesome road until we walked through a desert plain.  
I drew a stake out of the fence and hit her in the face.  
She fell upon her bended knees; for mercy loud she cried  
And said, "Oh, please don't murder me for I'm unprepared to die."
4. Little attention did I pay unto her dying prayer, but only hit her more  
Until I saw the innocent blood which I could [not]<sup>1</sup> restore;  
I ran my fingers through her coal black hair; to cover up my sin  
I took her to the river side and there I plunged her in.
5. On my returning home I met my servant, John.  
He asked me why I was so pale and yet so onward worn.  
I snatched the candle out of his hand and went to take my rest,  
For I could feel the flames of hell a-burning in my breast.
6. Come, all you people old and young,  
And listen to my story:  
It's always prove to your lover true  
And never let the devil get the upper hand of you.

<sup>1</sup> Not supplied.

## ON THE BANKS OF THE OHIO

Cf. Pound, No. 45, *A* ("The Old Shawnee") which was obtained from a manuscript book in the possession of L. C. Wimberly, 1916; and also *B* ("On the Banks of the Old Pedee"), the same song, which was obtained from Lillian Gear Boswell at Junction, Wyoming, 1915. Cf. also Brown, p. 11.

Obtained from Miss Cora Clark, Crossnore, Avery County, North Carolina, July 13, 1929.

1. I asked my love to take a walk  
Just to be alone with me,  
And as we walked we'd have a talk  
About our wedding day to be.

*Chorus*

Darling, say that you'll be mine  
In no other arms I you find  
Down beside dark waters flow  
On the banks of the Ohio.

2. I asked your mother for you, dear,  
And she said you were too young;  
Only say that you'll be mine;  
Happiness in my home you'll find.

*Chorus*

3. I drew a knife across her breast;  
In my arms she dearly pressed,  
Crying, "Oh, please don't murder me  
For I'm unprepared to die."

*Chorus*

4. I took her by her pale white hand,  
Led her to the river brink;  
There I threw her in to drown,  
Stood and watched her float on down.

*Chorus*

5. Going home between twelve and one,  
Thinking of the deed I'd done,  
I murdered the only girl I loved  
Because she would not marry me.

*Chorus*

B

Obtained from Miss Virginia Wilson, daughter of Mrs. Ewart Wilson,  
Pensacola, North Carolina, August, 1931.

1. He took her by her little hand,  
Led her down where the waters flow.  
There he shoved her in to drown,  
Watched her as she floated down.

*Chorus*

Only say that you'll be mine,  
Only say that any shall twine,  
Down beside where the waters flow  
On the banks of the Ohio.

2. He ran home crying: "What have I done?  
I have murdered the girl I love,  
I have murdered the girl I love,  
On the bank of the Ohio."

*Chorus*

3. They took him to the barber shop;  
There the barber cut his hair;  
Placed a cap upon his head;  
There he stayed till he was dead.

*Chorus*

66

POOR OMIE

See Campbell and Sharp, No. 70; R. W. Gordon, *New York Times Magazine*, January 9, 1927; *Journal*, XX, 265—267; XXV, 11; XXXIX, 142; Pound, No. 51, who in her note gives an interesting story of this ballad by Professor Belden. Cf. also Henry, *Journal*, XLII, 281; Hudson's *Specimens of Mississippi Folk-Lore*, p. 49; Lunsford and Stringfield, p. 28; Randolph, p. 201.

A

"Little Oma Wise." Obtained from Miss Mary King, Gatlinburg, Sevier County, Tennessee, August 12, 1929.

*Ballads and Songs*

1. Oh! tell me the story  
Of little Oma today:  
John Lewis said he'd marry her  
And set the wedding day.
2. He told her to meet him  
At the Adams' Springs;  
He'd bring her some money  
And many pretty things.
3. He brought her no money  
To spend on that case;  
“We'll go and get married;  
It will be no disgrace.
4. “Oh! leap on behind me  
And away we will go;  
We will go and get married  
And the old folks won't know.”
5. She leaped on behind him  
And away they did ride;  
They rode till they came  
To the deep water side.
6. “John Lewis, John Lewis,  
Oh, tell me your mind:  
Is your mind to marry me  
Or leave me behind?”
7. “Little Oma, Little Oma,  
I'll tell you my mind:  
My mind is to drown you  
And leave you behind.”
8. “Oh, pitty! oh, pitty!  
And spare me my life!  
And I'll go out begging,  
And never be your wife!”
9. “No pitty! no pitty!  
I won't spare your life;  
You'll never go out begging;  
You'll never be my wife.”

*Poor Omaie*

10. He hugged her, he kissed her,  
He threw her around,  
He threw her in the deep waters  
Where he thought she would drown.
11. The people, they gathered;  
They hunted up and down;  
But the corpse of little Oma,  
Could never be found.
12. Little Oma's brother  
Was fishing one day.  
He saw the corpse of Oma,  
Come floating along.
13. They sent for John Lewis;  
They brought him to that place;  
They propped her up before him,  
So he could see her face.
14. "I'll tell you no more stories;  
I'll tell you no more lies;  
I drowned little Oma;  
I'll never reach the skies."
15. Sweet to meet,  
But, oh, how bitter  
To love a pretty girl  
And then can't gitter!

*B*

"Oma Wise." Recorded by Mrs. Henry from the singing of Miss Dicey McLean, Crossnore, Avery County, North Carolina, July, 1929.

1. I'll tell you a story  
Of little Oma Wise:  
How she got drownded  
By John Lewis' lies.
2. He told her to meet him  
At Adams' Spring;  
He'd bring her some money  
And other fine things.

3. Next morning she met him  
At Adams' Spring;  
He brought her no money  
Or other fine things.
4. He brought her no money  
To flatter the case.  
“We'll go and get married  
And there'll be no disgrace.”
5. She hopped up behind him  
And away they did go  
Down to the river  
Where the deep waters flow.
6. “John Lewis, John Lewis,  
Please tell me your mind.”  
“My mind is to drown you  
And leave you behind.”
7. “John Lewis, John Lewis,  
Please spare me my life;  
I'll go out a-begging  
And I won't be your wife.”
8. “Little Oma, Little Oma,  
I'll tell you no lies:  
You shan't go out begging,  
And you shan't be my wife.”
9. He hugged her, he kissed her,  
And turned her all around;  
He threw her in the deep water,  
Where he knew she would drown.
10. Early next morning  
A little boy fishing, about nine o'clock,  
He spied the corpse of Oma  
A-lying on the rocks.
11. He took his canoe  
And brought her to the bank;  
Her clothes being dampen,  
He laid her on the bank.

*Poor Omie*

12. The people all gathered  
From every city and town  
To see the corpse of Oma  
In the place of Oma drown.
13. They sent for John Lewis  
To come to the place  
Where he drownded little Oma  
That he might see her face.
14. John Lewis stepped forward  
And said, "I am the man  
That drownded little Oma  
Below yon mill dam."
15. "You can hang me, you can jail me,  
For I am the man  
That drownded little Oma  
Below yon mill dam."

C

"Oma Wise." This song is from the same locality as *B* and is, of course, the same version as the preceding text. However, even the slight variations are interesting to note. It was recorded by Mrs. Henry from the singing of Mr. C. L. Franklin, Crossnore, North Carolina, in July, 1930.



1. Come, listen and I'll tell you  
The story of little Oma Wise,  
How she was drowned  
By John Lewis' lies.
2. He told her to meet him  
At Adams' Spring;  
He'd bring her some money  
And other fine things.

*Ballads and Songs*

3. He brought her no money;  
He flattered the case;  
“We’ll go and get married;  
There’ll be no disgrace.
4. “You get up behind me  
And away we will ride;  
We’ll go and get married  
And you’ll be my bride.”
5. She hopped up behind him  
And away they did go  
Off down to the river  
Where deep waters flow.
6. “John Lewis, John Lewis,  
Please tell me your mind.”  
“My mind is to drown you  
And leave you behind.”
7. “John Lewis, John Lewis,  
Please spare me my life;  
I’ll go off a-begging,  
I won’t be your wife.”
8. “No pity, no pity;  
I won’t spare your life;  
You shan’t go off begging  
And you shan’t be my wife.”
9. He hugged her and he kissed her  
And he turned her around  
And threw her in the river  
Below yonders dam.
10. “I’m drowning, I’m drowning,”  
She feebly cried,  
“Oh, come, get me, Johnny,  
And I will be your bride.”
11. He rushed in to get her,  
To get her by fate;  
But he rung his hands in sorrow  
And cried, “I’m too late.”

*Poor Omie*

12. They took him to the jail house  
And locked him inside;  
He would not have been there,  
If he had not murdered his bride.
13. From window to window  
Slightly he would go,  
Looking down to the river  
Where deep waters flow.

*D*

“Oma Wise.” Obtained from Henry Clay Oliver, Cade’s Cove, Blount County, Tennessee, August, 1928. This ballad came to the editor by chance. While engaged in writing in his mountain cabin, his sole companion, a native boy of ten, left to himself, voluntarily broke into song so mournful in tune as to be almost startling in effect, coming as it did in the voice of a child. Some coaxing brought a repetition of the song, the words of which were at once taken down.



1. I'll tell you a story of little Oma Wise,  
How she got drowned by John Lewis' lie.  
He told her to meet him at the Adams' Springs,  
Some money he would bring her and other fine things.
2. No money he brought her to flatter the case.  
“We'll go and get married and there'll be no disgrace.”  
She hopped up behind him and away they did go,  
Down toward the river where the deep waters flow.
3. “John Lewis, John Lewis, please tell me your mind.  
Is your mind to marry me or leave me behind?”  
“Little Oma, little Oma, I'll tell you my mind:  
My mind is to drown you and leave you behind.”
4. “John Lewis, John Lewis, I beg for my life.  
I'll go around a-begging, and I won't be your wife.”  
He picked her up and kissed her and turned her around,  
And threw her in the river where he knew she would drown.

*E*

The song was recorded by Eugene Breeding, a student in Lincoln Memorial University, from the singing of his aunt, Mrs. Ida E. Kiser, Jahile, Virginia.

1. I'll tell you a sad story  
Of little Oma Wise,  
How she was deluded  
By John Lewis's lies.
2. He told her to meet him  
At the head of Adam's Spring;  
He'd bring her some money  
And some other fine things.
3. She met him as he said  
At the head of Adam's Spring;  
He brought her no money,  
Nor no other fine things.
4. "Come, get on behind me,  
And away we will go,  
Away to get married,  
And no one shall know."
5. She got on behind him,  
And away they did go,  
Down by the river side,  
Where the clear waters flow.
6. "Little Oma, little Oma,  
I will now tell you my mind:  
My mind is to kill you  
And leave you behind."
7. She threw her arms 'round him.  
Saying, "Spare my dear life,  
Or I will consent  
To never be your wife."

*Come, Pretty Polly*

8. He threw her arms from him  
And threw her in the sea,  
Then mounted his horse  
And rode to Galilee.
9. Her brother went fishing  
And found where her body sank.  
He dragged her to the water's edge  
And laid her on the bank.
10. They handcuffed John Lewis  
And placed him in the county jail.  
They surrounded little Oma,  
And laid her in her lonesome grave.

67

COME, PRETTY POLLY

See Campbell and Sharp, No. 39; Kittredge, *Journal*, XX, 261; Wyman and Brockway, 79; *New Jersey Journal of Education*, March, 1926. For full history of this song see Cox's head-note to No. 89.

A

"Pretty Polly." Obtained from Granville Gadsey, who sang it at Guerrant, Breathitt County, Kentucky, July, 1925.

1. I saw a girl in London,  
Her name I could not tell.  
I saw a girl in London,  
I love her so well.
2. Oh, wonder where is pretty Polly!  
Oh, yonder she stands,  
Gold rings on her fingers,  
Her lily-white hand.
3. "Come along, pretty Polly,  
Go along with me;  
Before we get married,  
Some pleasure we'll see."

4. "O Willie, O Willie,  
I'm afraid of your ways,  
I am afraid you're leading  
My body astray."
5. "Pretty Polly, pretty Polly,  
You guess about right  
For I dug on your grave  
One part of last night."
6. She threw both arms around him  
Begging for hearts and tears:  
"How can you kill a poor girl  
That loves you so well?"
7. He led her over the hollow,  
The valley so deep.  
The last of pretty Polly;  
Begin to mourn and weep.
8. "Us go along a few steps farther  
And see what we can spy:  
A new digging [grave]<sup>1</sup>  
And a spade lying by.
9. "No time for to study,  
No time for to stand;  
Gold rings on your fingers,  
Your lily-white hand."
10. He drew a knife all out of his pocket,  
All in his right hand.  
He stabbed it to her heart; the blood  
Began to float down.
11. In the new digging grave  
Pretty Polly did go.  
He threw the dirt over her  
And started for home.

\*

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<sup>1</sup> *Grave* supplied.

*Come, Pretty Polly*

12. [He]<sup>1</sup> left nothing behind  
But the wild birds to mourn.
- .....  
.....

13. He stepped on the ship with his "hark  
And welcome tend;"  
The ship struck a rock  
To the bottom it did go.

14. The death of the devil Willie,  
Have to pay  
For killing pretty Polly  
And running away.

15. Oh, wonder where is pretty Polly!  
Oh, yonder she goes,  
Rings on her fingers  
And corns on her toes.

B

"Little Mollie." Obtained from Mrs. Mary Tucker, Varnell, Georgia, February, 1929. Mrs. Tucker is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Harmon, formerly of Cade's Cove, Tennessee.

1. "Little Mollie, little Mollie," said he,  
"Will you degree,<sup>2</sup> and get married to me?  
I have a fair<sup>3</sup> off friend,  
That we will go and see."
2. "Sweet Willie, sweet Willie," said she,  
"I am afraid I am too young to get married to you."  
"Little Mollie, oh, no, you are just right  
For I have been digging at your grave all the best part of last night."
3. He led her over valleys and hollows so deep  
Till, at last, poor little Mollie, so bitterly she did weep.  
He led her up the mountain so high,  
Until she came to her grave, and a spade a-laying by.

<sup>1</sup> *He supplied.*

<sup>2</sup> — agree.

<sup>3</sup> — far.

4. She threw her arms around him with a love hug and a fear.  
    "How can you kill a poor little girl, who has loved you so dear?"  
    "I have got no time to tarry, or fool here with you."  
    He pulled his hand out of his pocket — a sharp knife he drew.
5. He pierced her to the heart, oh! how the blood did flow!  
    And into her grave her dead body he threw.  
    He covered her up and went his way home;  
    Left nothing but the small birds to hear his sad moan.
6. As he was sailing all on his heart's delight,  
    The ship it was sinking, and nearly out of sight.  
    Up stepped little Mollie all in a gore of blood,  
    Saying that "A debt you owe the devil, and now you have it to pay."

C

Obtained from Miss Margaret Combs, Guerrant, Breathitt County, Kentucky, September, 1931. Note that this version was recovered in the same community as *A*.

1. Pretty Polly, pretty Polly, over yonder she stands;  
    Pretty Polly, pretty Polly, over yonder she stands,  
    A ring on her finger and lily white hand.
2. "Pretty Polly, pretty Polly, come and go along with me;  
    Pretty Polly, pretty Polly, come and go along with me;  
    Before we get married some pleasure to see."
3. He led her o'er mountain and valley so deep;  
    He led her o'er mountain and valley so deep;  
    Just then pretty Polly began to mourn and weep.
4. "Oh, Willie, oh, Willie, I'm afraid of your ways;  
    Oh, Willie, oh, Willie, I'm afraid of your ways;  
    The way you've been rambling to lead me astray."
5. "Pretty Polly, pretty Polly, you guessed about right;  
    Pretty Polly, pretty Polly, you guessed about right;  
    My mind is to drown you and leave you behind."
6. He stabbed her through the heart and her blood it did flow;  
    He stabbed her through the heart and her blood it did flow;  
    And threw her in the mill dam below.

## EARLY IN THE SPRING

See Hudson, p. 29; Campbell and Sharp, No. 72; Cox, No. 111, who points out that *The Trail in Mexico* (Lomax, *Cowboy Songs*, p. 132) "is an extraordinarily interesting example of an adaptation; it is *Early, Early* transformed into a cowboy song."

### A

The song was recorded by Adria Kiser, a student in Lincoln Memorial University, from the singing of her mother, Mrs. Ida E. Kiser, Jahile, Virginia.

1. Early, early in the spring  
I was pressed on board to serve my king;  
And leaving my dearest dear behind,  
Who often told me her heart was mine.
2. When I had her in my arms,  
I thought I had ten thousand charms,  
Ten thousand promises and kisses sweet,  
Saying, "We'll get married when next we meet."
3. All the time I sailed the sea,  
I could not get one moment's ease,  
For writing letters to my dearest dear,  
And not one word from her could I hear.
4. At last I sailed to Saintler's town;  
I walked the streets both up and down,  
Inquiring for my dearest dear,  
And not one word from her could I hear.
5. At last I sailed to her father's hall,  
And for my true love I did call:  
"Your true love is married; she's a rich man's wife;  
She has married to one who is better for her life."
6. I walked straight up, her hand did take,  
Saying, "All false promises and vows will break;  
You've proved false, and I've proved true;  
For ever and ever I'll bid you adieu."

7. "If you have wrote letters to this town,  
I did not receive a single one;  
It is my father's fault, and you'll find;  
Oh, don't blame this poor heart of mine."
8. "I'll curse all gold and silver too  
And all the girls that won't prove true,  
That will marry a man for his riches' sake  
And leave their true lover's heart to break."
9. "Don't go back on board again;  
Oh, don't go back to serve the king;  
There are plenty young girls more fairer than I;  
Oh, don't go back where the bullets fly."
10. "Yes, I'll go back on board again;  
Yes, I'll go back to serve my king;  
I will sail the sea and the mountain high;  
On the waters I'll ride till the day I die.
11. "And when I'm ready for my grave,  
My body will be found in the ocean wave;  
I want to be buried beneath yonder green tree:  
And remember, love, I died for thee."

*B*

No local title. Obtained from Austin Harmon, Varnell, Georgia.

1. It was on one dark and gloomy day;  
Our ship set sail to America,  
To America our ship was bound,  
The music sweet as trumpet sound.
2. As I was crossing the deep blue sea  
I takened a kind of tunete<sup>1</sup> in writing  
Letters to my dear;  
No letters from her could I hear.

---

<sup>1</sup> *tunete*: opportunity.

*Early in the Spring*

3. For seven long years I served my king;  
On the eighth returned again,  
Enquiring for the girl I left behind  
Who oftentimes told me her heart was mine.
4. As I was going up the street  
I found a letter beneath my feet.  
It was wrote without a blot  
Saying, "Sailed on sea, but not forgot."
5. They told me she had wed for riches' sake,  
"Now, young man, seek another maid."  
.....  
.....
6. "It's curse all gold and silver too  
And curse all girls that won't prove true;  
On sea or land, I will sail no more;  
I will make my way where the bullets roar."
7. "Stop, a stop, a stop," said she.  
"Don't make your way to the raging sea;  
Don't make your way where the bullets fly;  
For there are girls more beautiful than I."

69

BROKEN VOWS

Cf. Fuson, p. 140.

No local title. Copied from a manuscript collection of songs in the possession of Miss Mary King, Gatlinburg, Sevier County, Tennessee, August, 1931.

1. You told me, dear, that you loved me;  
You and I would never part,  
Till at last all charms were broken  
And I had a sad broken heart.

*Chorus*

Would have been better for us both  
If we had never in this wide wicked world have met.  
Though the pleasures we have both seen together —  
Oh, I'm trying in vain to forget.

2. Oh, the first time that I ever saw you,  
Oh, the first time that we ever met,  
The impression you then made upon me —  
Oh, I'm trying in vain to forget.

*Chorus*

3. When the cold, cold sod lies o'er me,  
Will you come, love, and shed one tear  
And to say to the friends standing around you  
That the heart you once broke lies here?

*Chorus*

4. Oh, I'm thinking today of my blue-eyes!  
Oh, I wonder if he ever thinks of me!  
I am thinking today of my past life,  
And the troubles I have to see.

*Chorus*

70

### SHORT LIFE OF TROUBLE

The first stanza is close to the one stanza in Campbell and Sharp, No. 59.  
Cf. also Fuson, p. 127.

Obtained from Miss Margaret Combs, Guerrant, Breathitt County,  
Kentucky, September, 1931.

1. Remember what you told me  
Not more than a week ago.  
You promised that you'd marry me,  
Standing in your mamma's door.

*Chorus*

A short life of trouble;  
A few more words to part;  
A short life of trouble, dear boy,  
If a girl ever broke your heart.

2. But now you've broke your promise;  
Go, marry whoever you please;  
It's this old world is so big and so wide,  
I'll ramble back some day.

*Chorus*

*Little Sweetheart*

3. I used to go a-courtin';  
I did not go for fun.  
I used to love a-many pretty girl,  
But now my love is for naught.

*Chorus*

4. Some say that courtin' is a pleasure;  
No pleasure do I see.  
The only one I ever did love  
Has shore gone back on me.

*Chorus*

71

LITTLE SWEETHEART

Cf. Fuson, p. 112.

Obtained from Margaret Combs, Guerrant, Breathitt County, Kentucky,  
October, 1931.

1. Little sweetheart, we have parted;  
From each other we must go.  
Many a mile may separate us  
From this world of care and woe.
2. Little darling, I've been dreaming,  
Dreaming of your eyes so blue,  
But never dreamed of grief nor parting  
Till the world I bid adieu.
3. Think how often we have wandered  
Down beside the deep blue sea,  
Where you said we would be true, dear,  
That you loved no one but me.
4. Yes, I love you, dear; I love  
More than all the world can know  
But to me you've broke the promise  
That you made so long ago.

5. Here's your letters and your locket  
And your ring I love so well.  
I will meet you as a stranger,  
But to never say farewell.
6. Wish I was in some deep ocean  
With the fish down in the sea;  
I would whisper beneath the waters,  
And land on some distant shore.

72  
FLIRTING

See Hudson, *Journal*, XXXIX, 164; Richardson and Spaeth, *American Mountain Songs*, p. 57; Henry, *Journal*, XLII, 278; Bradley Kincaid's *Favorite Old-Time Songs and Mountain Ballads*, Book 3, p. 36, Chicago, 1930.

A

"Willie." Recorded by Mrs. Emory P. Morrow, Aliceville, Alabama, 1925. Mrs. Morrow writes how she obtained the song and tune from mountain boys: "Some of the 'song-ballets' are so melodramatic and tragic and the tunes so doleful that it is hard to keep from laughing at them, but we finally succeeded in writing down the words to 'Willie' and 'My Little Mohea.' It was even more difficult to remember their tunes. About that time my two room-mates and I succeeded in getting enough money to have water put in the boys' dormitory, in which we roomed, and then I knew my problem was solved, because it is instinctive for boys to sing while bathing. I used to call to them to sing 'Willie' and 'My Little Mohea,' while five or more of them were taking their shower bath — and they couldn't resist. In that way we learned many of the tunes."



1. They say it is sinful to flirt.  
They say I've a heart made of stone.  
They tell me to speak to him kindly,  
Or else leave the poor boy alone.

*Flirting*

2. They say he is only a kid.  
I am sure he is much older than I,  
And if they would leave us alone,  
Much pleasure I'm sure we would have.
3. I remember one night when he said,  
He loved me far dearer than life.  
He called me his darling, his own,  
And asked me to be his dear wife.
4. "Oh, Willie," I said with a smile,  
"I'm sure I will have to say no."  
He took the white rose from my hair,  
And said, "Goodbye, I must go."
5. Next morning dear Willie was found  
Down in the pond by the mill.  
His blue eyes forever were closed  
And damp were the locks of his hair.
6. Pressed close to his dear lips was the rose  
That he took from my dark hair.  
"Oh, Willie, my darling, come back,  
I'll ever be faithful and true.  
Oh, Willie, my darling, come back,  
My heart beats only for you."

*B*

"Sweet Willie." Obtained from Miss Mary Riddle, Black Mountain,  
Buncombe County, North Carolina, 1926.

1. Oh, they say that old sin is a slur,  
And they tell me my heart is a stone.  
And they tell me I must treat him kind,  
Or else leavc the poor boy alone.
2. I remember one night when he said,  
That hc loved me more than his life.  
He called me his darling, his pet,  
And asked me if I'd be his wife.
3. "O Willie," I said with a smile,  
"I'm sure I will have to say no."  
He took a white rose from my hair  
And said "Good bye, I must go."

*Ballads and Songs*

4. Next morning poor Willie was dead;  
He was drowned in the pond by the mill;  
The water so clear and so pure,  
It flows from the brow of the hill.
5. "O Willie, my sweetheart, come back,  
I will always be faithful and true;  
O Willie, my sweetheart, come back,  
I will always be faithful to you."

C

"Willie." Obtained from Miss Mary Franklin, Crossnore, Avery County, North Carolina, July, 1929.



1. They say it is sinful to flirt;  
Oh, they say that my heart is stone;  
Oh, they tell me to speak to him kindly.  
.....
2. They say he is only a boy;  
But I am sure he is older than I;  
And if they would leave us alone,  
How much happier we would be!
3. I remember the night when he said  
That he loved me far more than his life;  
He called me his love and his pet,  
And asked me to be his wife.
4. "Oh, Willie," I said with a smile,  
"I am sure I shall have to say no,"  
And he took from my hair a white rose  
And said, "Goodbye, I must go."

*Flirting*

5. Next morning poor Willie was dead.  
He was drowned in the pond by the mill  
In the deep, clear water that flows  
From the brook on the brow of the hill.
6. His eyes were forever closed,  
Deep sorrow on his brow,  
And in his pale lips he still held  
The white rose he took from my hair.
7. "Oh, Willie, my darling, come back;  
I will ever be faithful and true;  
Oh, Willie, my darling, come back;  
I will ever be faithful to you."
8. You can't love but one and be faithful;  
You can' love but one and be true;  
Oh, you can't lo<sup>v</sup>e but one and be faithful;  
I'm afraid I've been trying to love two.

*D*

"Sweet Willie." Obtained from Margaret Combs, Guerrant, Breathitt County, Kentucky, September, 1931.

1. I can remember one night when he said  
That he loved me far dearer than life,  
When he called me his darling, his pet.  
He asked me would I be his bride.

*Chorus*

Oh, Willie, my darling, come back;  
I will always be faithful and true;  
I will always be faithful and true.

2. I said, "Oh, Willie, my darling,  
I'm afraid I will have to say no."  
He took my hand far and wide,  
And said, "Good-bye, I must go."

*Chorus*

3. Next morning poor Willie was dead;  
He was found in the pond below the mill;  
The cold, quiet water flowing around him,  
That fell from the brow of the hill.

*Chorus*

*E*

“Willie Down by the Pond.” The song was recorded by Johnnie Shields, a student in Lincoln Memorial University, from the singing of Gene Wilson, Gibson Station, Virginia.

1. They tell me 'tis sinful to flirt;  
They say my heart is of stone;  
They tell me to speak to him kind,  
Or else leave the poor boy alone.
2. They tell me he's only a boy,  
But I'm sure he's much older than me,  
And if they would leave us alone,  
I'm sure more happy we'd be.
3. I remember one night when he said  
That I was dearer than his life;  
He called me his darling, his pet,  
And asked me to be his wife.
4. “Oh, Willie,” I said with a sigh,  
“I'm sure I'll have to say no!”  
He then took my hand for a while  
And said, “Good-bye, I must go.
5. “Oh, darling, oh, darling,” he said,  
“Your heart must be carved of stone;”  
He took a white rose from my hair  
And left me standing alone.
6. The next poor Willie was found,  
He was drowned in the pond by the mill;  
The clear, placid water so fair  
Lay round near the brink of the hill.
7. Those blue eyes forever were closed,  
And deeply the golden head fair,  
And close to his dear lips he held  
The white rose he took from my hair.
8. “Oh, Willie, oh, Willie, come back,  
I'll ever be faithful to you;  
Oh, Willie, oh, Willie, come back,  
I loved you so fondly and true!”

A PACKAGE OF OLD LETTERS

See Perrow, *Journal*, XXVIII, 172; Pound, *Folk-Song of Nebraska and the Central West: a Syllabus*, 21; Richardson and Spaeth, *American Mountain Songs*, New York, 1927, p. 54; Henry, *Journal*, XLII, 293; Bradley Kincaid's *Favorite Old-Time Songs and Mountain Ballads*, Book 3, p. 34, Chicago, 1930; Thomas, pp. 34, 100.

*A*

"A Little Rosewood Casket." Recorded by Mrs. Emory P. Morrow, Aliceville, Alabama, 1925.



1. In a little rosewood casket,  
Resting there about the stand,  
Is a package of old letters,  
Written by my true love's hand.

*Chorus*

We have met and we have parted,  
We have said our last farewell,  
My poor heart is almost broken,  
There is none but me can tell.

2. Go and get those letters, sister;  
Read them gently o'er to me;  
Many times I've tried to read them,  
But for tears I could not see.

*Chorus*

3. Now you've brought them, thank you, sister;  
Come, sit down upon my bed  
And press closely to your bosom  
This poor, aching, throbbing head.

*Chorus*

*Ballads and Songs*

4. Tell him when you meet him, sister,  
That I never ceased to love,  
And in dying I've prayed for him  
In a better world above.

*Chorus*

5. Tell him that I was supported;  
Ne'er a word of censure spoke;  
Still his silence and his absence,  
This poor heart is almost broke.

*Chorus*

6. When I'm dead and in my coffin,  
And my shroud around me wound,  
And my narrow bed is ready  
On some pleasant church-yard ground,

*Chorus*

7. Go and get those letters, sister;  
Press them closely to my heart  
And that little ring he gave me  
From my finger'll never part.

*Chorus*

B

“Little Rosewood Casket.” Obtained from Miss Mary E. King, Gatlinburg, Sevier County, August, 1929.

1. In that little rosewood casket  
That is resting on my stand,  
Is a package of old letters  
Written by a cherished hand.
2. Will you, sister, go and get them  
And read them o'er to me?  
I have often tried to read them,  
But for years I could not see.
3. You have them, thank you, darling;  
Now sit down upon my bed.  
And lift gently to your bosom  
My poor, throbbing, aching head.

*A Package of Old Letters*

4. And if you should see him,  
Whom I never more shall see,  
Tell him what a sweetest solace  
Those dear letters were to me.
5. Tell him, sister, when he came not,  
As he promised me he would,  
That my trust in him was perfect  
And it still remains unmoved.
6. When I'm dead and in my coffin,  
And my shroud is round me wound,  
And my narrow bed is ready,  
In that pleasant church-yard ground,
7. Place the letters and the locket  
Both together on my heart;  
And the little ring he gave me,  
Never from my finger part.
8. I am ready now, my sister;  
You may read them o'er again;  
While I listen to you read them,  
I will lose all sense of pain.
9. While I listen to you read them,  
I shall gently fall asleep,  
Fall asleep to wake in Jesus.  
Dearest sister, do not weep.

C

This is another version from Miss Mary E. King, which she obtained from Ashley Stennett, of Gatlinburg, Tennessee. It has three more stanzas than *B* and has some slight but interesting variations in some of the other stanzas.

1. In a little rosewood casket  
That is resting on my stand,  
There's a package of old letters  
Written by a cherished hand.

*Ballads and Songs*

2. Will you go and bring them, sister,  
And read them all tonight?  
I have often tried and could not,  
For the tears would blind my sight.
3. Come up close to me, sister,  
Let me lean upon your breast;  
For the tide of life is ebbing  
And I fain would be at rest.
4. Bring the letters he has written,  
He, whose voice I've often heard.  
Read them over, I love distinctly,  
For I've cherished every word.
5. Tell him, sister, when you see him,  
That I never ceased to love,  
That I, dying, prayed for him  
In the better world above.
6. Tell him that I was supported,  
Ne'er a word of censure spoke,  
But his silence and his absence,  
This poor heart have well nigh broke.
7. Tell him that I watched his coming,  
When the noon-tide sun was high,  
And when at eve the angels  
Set their star-light in the sky.
8. But when I saw he came not,  
Tell him that I did not chide;  
But I spoke in love about him  
And I blessed him when I died.
9. And when in death's white garments  
You have wrapped my form around,  
And have lain me down in slumber,  
In the quiet church ground,
10. Place the letters and the picture  
Close beside my pulseless heart;  
For we years have been together  
And in death we will not part.

*A Package of Old Letters*

11. I am ready now, my sister;  
    You may read the letters o'er;  
    I will listen to the words of him  
        Whom I shall see no more.
12. And ere you have finished,  
    Should I calmly fall asleep,  
    Fall asleep in death and wake not,  
        Dearest sister, do not weep.

*D*

“The Little Rosewood Casket.” Recorded by Mrs. Henry from the singing of Mrs. William Franklin, Crossnore, Avery County, North Carolina, July 16, 1930.

1. In that little rosewood casket  
    That is resting on my stand  
    Is a package of old letters  
        Written by a cherished hand.
2. Will you get them now, dear sister?  
    Will you read them o'er to me?  
    For oft times I've tried to read them  
        But for tears I could not see.
3. Read these precious lines so slowly  
    That I may miss not even one,  
    For the cherished hand that wrote them,  
        His last work for me is done.
4. Tell him that I never blamed him;  
    Not an unkind word was spoke.  
    Tell him, sister, tell, oh, tell him  
        That my heart was doubtless broke.
5. Tell him that I never blamed him  
    Though he's proved to me untrue.  
    Tell him that I'll never forget him  
        Till I bid this world adieu.

*Ballads and Songs*

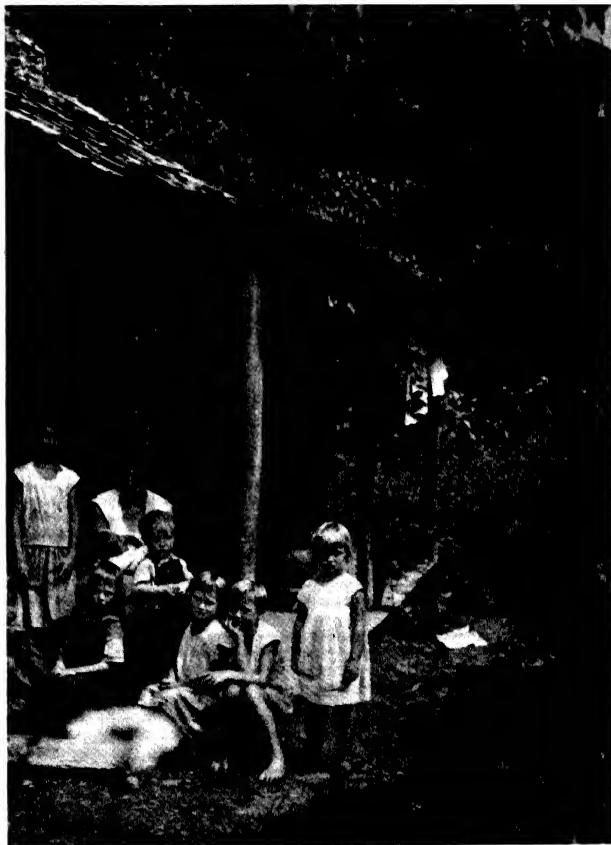
6. You have finished now, dear sister;  
Will you read them o'er again?  
While I listen to you read them;  
I will lose all sense of pain.
7. While I listen to you read them,  
I will gently fall asleep,  
Fall asleep to wake with Jesus.  
Oh, dear sister, do not weep.
8. When I am dead and in my coffin,  
And my shroud's around me bound,  
And my little bed is ready  
In the cold and silent ground,
9. Place his letters and his locket,  
Place together o'er my heart;  
But that little ring he gave me,  
From my finger never part.

*E*

Obtained from Ray Bohanan, Indian Gap, Route #15, Sevierville, Tennessee, July, 1929.

1. There is a package of old letters  
In a little rose-wood box  
With the key tied to the locket,  
Worn upon my heart unlocked.
2. Will you go and get the package,  
And the letters read to me;  
I have tried to do it often,  
But for tears I could not see.
3. You have brought them, thank you, darling;  
Now sit down upon my bed  
And lift gentle to your bosom  
My poor, burning, aching head.
4. Read the blessed words distinctly  
That I lose not even one.  
Oh, the blessed hand, that penned them!  
His last work for me is done.

*A  
Moun-  
taineer's  
Home  
on  
Roaring  
Fork,  
Tennessee*





*A Package of Old Letters*

5. And if ever you should see him,  
Who no more I'll ever see,  
Tell him of the sweetest solace  
His dear letters were to me.
6. Through the years that followed  
When he came not as he promised,  
I could not cast out sorrow  
That my grief for him is done.
7. That I never ceased to love him,  
Nor doubt not that he loved me;  
That my faith with him was faithful  
And remained through all unknown.
8. When I am dead and in my coffin  
And my shroud is round me wrapped  
And my narrow bed is ready  
In the cold and silent ground,
9. Place the letters and his picture  
Both together upon my heart;  
And this little ring he gave me  
From my finger never part.
10. Now I'm ready, read the letters;  
His dear letters once again.  
As I listen while you read them,  
I shall lose all signs of pain.
11. And if ere you have finished  
I shall ever fall asleep,  
Fall asleep and wake now never,  
Dearest sister, do not weep.

*F*

“Rosewood Casket.” Obtained from Mary Riddle, Black Mountain, North Carolina 1925.

1. In a little rosewood casket that is resting on the stand,  
Is a package of old letters written by a perished hand.  
Will you go and bring them, sister, and read them all tonight?  
I have often tried but could not, for the tears would blind my sight.

2. Come up closer to me, sister, let me lean upon thy breast,  
For the tide of life is ebbing and I fain would be at rest.  
Bring the letters he has written, he whose voice I've often heard,  
Read them over, love, distinctly for I've cherished every word.
3. Tell him, sister, when you see him that I never ceased to love,  
For I, dying, prayed to Him in a better world above.  
Tell him that I was supported and ne'er a word of censure spoke,  
But his silence and his absence, this poor heart has well nigh broke.
4. Tell him that I watched his coming when the noontide scene was high,  
And when at eve the angels set their starlight in the sky,  
But when I saw he came not, tell him that I did not chide,  
But I spoke in love about him, and I blessed him when I died.
5. When in death's white garments you have wrapped my form around,  
And have laid me down to slumber in the quiet church yard ground,  
Place the letters and the pictures close beside my pulseless heart;  
We for years have been together and in death we will not part.
6. I am ready now, my sister, you may read the letters o'er;  
I will listen to the words of him whom I shall see no more.  
And ere you shall have finished, should I calmly fall asleep,  
Fall asleep to death and wake not; dearest sister, do not weep.

74  
FORSAKEN

See Campbell and Sharp ("The Dear Companion"), No. 58; Spaeth, *Weep Some More, My Lady*, p. 32; Sharp, *Folk-Songs of English Origin Collected in the Appalachian Mountains* (First Series), p. 41; Belden, *A Partial List of Song-Ballads and Other Popular Poetry Known in Missouri*, No. 88.

Obtained from Miss Mary E. King, Gatlinburg, Sevier County, Tennessee, August, 1930.

1. He once did love with fond affection  
And his heart was all for me,  
Until a dark haired girl proclaimed him  
And now he cares no more for me.

*Forsaken Lover*

2. So go and leave me if you wish to;  
Never let me cross your mind;  
For if you think me so unworthy,  
Go and leave me, never mind.
3. It's many a night with him I wandered;  
It's many a evening with him I spent;  
I thought his heart was mine forever,  
But I found I was only lent.
4. It's many a night while you lie sleeping  
Dreaming out your sweet repose;  
While I, poor girl, I'm broken hearted,  
Listening to the wind that blows.
5. So go and leave me, if you wish to;  
And from me you will be free,  
For in your heart you love another  
And in my grave I'd rather be.
6. There's only three things that I wish for;  
That is my coffin, shroud, and grave;  
And when I'm dead, love, come and see me,  
And kiss the heart you once betrayed.

75

FORSAKEN LOVER

Cf. Richardson and Spaeth, *American Mountain Songs*, p. 55 ("Meet Me in the Moonlight"). It will be at least interesting to compare the two songs.  
Obtained from Miss Pauline Franklin, Crossnore, Avery County, North Carolina, August 13, 1930.

1. They stood in the moon-light  
Near by the gate.  
"Good-bye, my darling,  
I know you will wait."
2. She ceased her weeping  
And smiled through her tears,  
Saying, "I've been true, love,  
Through all these long years."

3. For early tomorrow  
At the break of day  
He was to journey  
Far, far away.
4. He held her closer  
And questions replied:  
“I’ve loved you only; yes, I have been true;  
My heart shall never be loved but by you.”
5. “Oh, darling, remember  
Far over the sea,  
So faithful in love,  
I’ll be to thee.”

76

### THE DEAR COMPANION

See Campbell and Sharp, No. 58.

“Forsaken Love.” Obtained from Mrs. Mary Tucker, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Harmon, Varnell, Georgia, October, 1931.

1. Once I courted a railroad flagsman  
And, indeed, I thought he loved me;  
But away from me he was courting some other  
And that the love he had for me.

*Chorus*

But you go leave me, if you wish to;  
Never let me cross your mind;  
If you think I am so unworthy,  
You go, darling, I don’t mind.

2. When my baby comes around me laughing,  
It makes me think of your smiling face;  
When my baby comes around me crying,  
It makes me think of my disgrace.

*Chorus*

3. Pretty flowers was made to blossom;  
Pretty stars was made to shine;  
Pretty boys was made for woman;  
Darling, you was made for me.

*Chorus*

*I Dreamed Last Night of My True Love*

4. When my baby comes around me crying  
And does climb upon my knee,  
It makes me think of my dear mother,  
How good and kind she was to me.

*Chorus*

5. But you go, leave me here so lonely  
By myself; I always be  
Looked down on by other people  
Throughout a long and eternity.

*Chorus*

77

I DREAMED LAST NIGHT OF MY TRUE LOVE

See Sandburg, p. 149; Campbell and Sharp, No. 80.

A

“Song Ballen.” Obtained from Mrs. Samuel Harmon (formerly of Cade’s Cove, Tennessee), Varnell, Georgia, October, 1930.

1. Last night I dreamed of my true-love;  
All in my arms I had her;  
Her pretty, yellow hair like streams of gold  
A-streaming down my pillow.
2. But when I awoke it was a dream;  
Nor neither could I find her;  
I went on to the jail-house door  
Inquiring for my sweetie.
3. The answer came: “She is not here;  
Nor neither would we keep her.”  
Soon as my voice she heard,  
She came unto the window.
4. “My dearest love, I would be with you,  
But lock and bars do hinder.”  
A moment I stood a-studying on her speeches;  
My patience flew; my sword I drew; I broke them bars to  
pieces.

B

“Song Ballad.” Obtained from Mrs. Helen Tufts Bailie, 22 De Wolfe Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts, who had it from John Oliver, Cade’s Cove, Blount County, Tennessee, April 10, 1931. Mr. Oliver writes that he had it from Mrs. M. J. Lawson-Lequire of Cade’s Cove.

1. Last night I dreamed of my true-love;  
All in my arms I had her;  
But when I waked it was a dream  
I was forced to lie without her.
2. Her yellow hair like chains of gold  
Lie down upon my pillow:  
“You are the girl that I adore;  
You are my bambowillow;
3. “You are the girl I always loved;  
You are my imbowillow.”  
But when I came to her father’s house  
To ask for this fair lady,
4. The answer was, “There is none such here.  
Why do you ask about her?”  
My voice she heard; came quickly to the window  
Saying, “My love, I’d come to thee, but lock and bolts do hender.”
5. And there I stood all in a maze,  
All in a angrew manner.  
My patience grew; my sword I drew  
And quickly I got to her.
6. I took my love all by the hand,  
My sword all in the other  
Saying, “Young men who love like me,  
Take one and fight the other.”
7. Her father gathered a crowd of men  
And after me did follow  
Saying, “Revenge I’ll have of you  
Or in your blood I’ll wallow.”

*Song Ballen*

8. It was over hills and under hills  
And in some lonesome valley;  
It was my love they took from me;  
It was all through spite and malice.

C

The song was recorded by Dora Testerman, a student in Lincoln Memorial University, from the singing of her parents.

1. I dreamed last night of my true-love;  
All in my arms I had her;  
Her pretty, yellow hair like strands of gold  
Lay dangling round my pillow.
2. I waked in the morning and found her not;  
I was forced to do without her;  
I went unto her uncle's house,  
Inquiring for this lady.
3. He said that she was not there,  
And neither would he keep her;  
I turned around to go away;  
My love came to the window.
4. She said that she would come to me,  
If doors nor locks did not hinder;  
I turned around and broke those locks;  
I broke them all asunder.

78

SONG BALLEN

(*I rode to church last Sunday*)

Here is another song of lament for change of heart. This varies from the usual in having two parts — the man's and the girl's — both lamenting the broken engagement. The reference to a seaport indicates either an English attachment or lines taken from a song in which words pertaining to the sea are common. Note in Stanza 6 the use of the archaic "an" for "if" with perfect sense. Stanzas 7 and 8 are borrowed from other songs, only sometimes it is the boy and not the girl that expresses the lament. Cf. these stanzas with

Campbell and Sharp, No. 64, *A*, stanzas 3 and 4. See also "Old Smoky" of the present collection, stanzas 3 and 4.

Obtained from Mrs. Samuel Harmon (formerly of Cade's Cove, Tennessee), Varnell, Georgia, December 27, 1930.

1. I rode to church last Sunday;  
My love, she passed me by;  
I saw her mind was changing  
By movement of her eye.
2. Oh, have you forgot last Sunday  
When you give me your lily white hand  
And said if ever you was married,  
I sure would be the man?
3. But now you have broke your promise;  
Go home with who you please.  
While my poor heart are aching,  
You are lying at your ease.
4. I wish I was in some sea-port,  
Or in some sea-port town;  
I set my foot on sea board  
And sail this ocean round.
5. Some says I love you;  
I know that to be true;  
And some says we will marry,  
But that's more than I can do.
6. For my people is against it  
And yours are the same;  
An my name is on your book, love,  
Please rub out my name.
7. For a false hearted young man  
Is worse than a thief;  
For a thief will only rob you and take what you have,  
But a false-hearted young man will bring you to your grave.
8. The grave will only molder you  
And turn you to dust;  
There's not a boy in a thousand  
That a young girl can trust.

YOUNG LADIES

(*Little Sparrow*)

See Wyman and Brockway, "Lonesome Tunes," p. 55; Josephine McGill, "Folk Songs of the Kentucky Mountains," p. 23; Shearin and Combs, p. 26; Campbell and Sharp, No. 65; Cox, No. 140; *Journal*, XXIX, 183; W. J. Raine's "Land of the Saddle Bags," p. 124; Thomas, p. 82.

A

"Fair and Tender Ladies." Obtained from Miss Lib Franklin, Crossnore, Avery County, North Carolina, July, 1929.



1. Come, all ye fair and tender ladies,  
Take warning how you court young men;  
They are like bright stars of a summer morning;  
They first appear and then they are gone.
2. They'll tell to you some loving stories  
And make you think they love you true;  
Straightway they'll go and court another  
And that is the love they have for you.
3. I wish I never had a-courted;  
If I had known that love was so hard to gain,  
I'd lock my heart in a box of gold  
And fasten it up with a silver chain.
4. I wish I were a little sparrow  
Or some of those that fly so high;  
I'd fly away to my false true lover  
And while he'd talk, I would be by.

5. But as it is I am no sparrow;  
I have no wings; I cannot fly;  
I'll sit down here in grief and sorrow  
And try to pass my troubles by.
6. I hope there is a day a-coming  
When I my love again will see;  
I hope there is a place in torment  
To punish my love for denying me.

*B*

"The False Lover." Obtained from Ray Bohanan, Indian Gap, Route #15, Sevierville, Sevier County, Tennessee, August 15, 1929, who had it from Miss Beulah Bohanan, Elkmont, Tennessee.

1. Come, all you fair and tender ladies,  
Take warnings how you court young men;  
They are like the stars in summer morning;  
They first appear and then be gone.
2. For I, myself, once had a lover;  
Indeed, I thought he was my own;  
But now he's gone and married another  
And left me here in tears to mourn.
3. I wish I was a little sparrow  
And one of these that flies so high;  
I'd fly away to my false lover  
And when he talked, I would be by.
4. But as it is I am no sparrow,  
Nor have I any wings to fly;  
So I'll sit down in grief and sorrow  
And mourn and pass my troubles by.

*C*

Also from Tennessee, in the same vicinity as *B*, but perhaps differing sufficiently to justify its inclusion with the other two versions. It was obtained from Miss Mary E. King, Gatlinburg, Sevier County, August, 1929, who had it from Lewis Childress, Sevierville, Tennessee.

*Young Ladies*

1. Come, all you fair and tender ladies,  
Take warning by me  
How you court young men;  
They are like bright stars  
Of a summer morning;  
They first appear and they be gone.
2. They will tell to you some loving stories;  
Declare to you that they love you well;  
Straightway they will go and court some other,  
And that is the love they have for you.
3. For I, myself, once had a true-lover;  
I thought, indeed, he was my own,  
But now he's gone and married another  
And left me here in tears to weep.
4. I wish I'd a-knew before I'd a-courted  
That love had been so hard to gain;  
I'd a-locked my heart in a box of golden;  
I'd fastened it down with a silver pin.
5. Oh, I wish I were some little sparrow!  
Oh, those that flies so high!  
I'd fly away to my false true-lover;  
I'd sit down and grieve no more.
6. I've not the wings of the little sparrow;  
Neither of those that flies so high;  
I'll sit down in grief and sorrow,  
Grief and sorrow till I die.

*D*

“The False Lover.” Obtained from Miss Margaret Combs, Guerrant, Breathitt County, Kentucky, September, 1931. Stanzas 4, 5 and 6 are from “The Drowsy Sleeper.” See Cox, No. 108.

1. Come, all you young and handsome ladies;  
Be careful how you court young men;  
They're like a star in a bright summer morning  
That first appears and then they're gone.

*Ballads and Songs*

2. They'll tell to you great fairy stories;  
They'll prove to you their love is true;  
They'll go straightway and court some other;  
That shows the love they've got for you.
3. If I had of known before I'd courted  
That love would have been such a charming thing,  
I'd a-locked my heart in a golden box  
And pinned it down with silver pin.
4. I dare to go and ask my papa,  
Who's lying on his couch to rest,  
For in his hands he holds a dagger  
To kill the one that I love best.
5. Wake up, wake up, you drowsy sleeper,  
It's almost day.  
How can you sleep and slumber  
When your own true-love is taken away?
6. Come back, come back, you distant lover.  
Come back, come back, she cried,  
For the sake of my home and my parents,  
I'll go with you and I'll be your bride.
7. If I had wings of a birdie,  
Had wings, and I could fly,  
I'd fly away to my true-lover  
And as he talked I would deny.
8. But I have no wings of no birdie,  
No wings, nor I can't fly;  
So I'll just sit down in grief and sorrow  
And try to pass my troubles by.

*E*

“Come, Roll 'round the Wheel of Fortune.” The song was recorded near Cumberland Gap, Tennessee, by Glada Gully, a student in Lincoln Memorial University.

*Young Ladies*

1. Come, roll 'round your wheel of fortune;  
Come, roll around once more for me;  
A young man's love is quite uncertain;  
My own experience teaches me.
2. Once I had a gay, young lover;  
He was my joy; he was my pride;  
But now he's going with another;  
He's sitting by another's side.
3. I must confess I dearly love him;  
I kept the secret in my breast;  
I never knew an ill about him  
Until I learned to love him best.
4. I never knew he was going to leave me  
Until one night when he came in;  
He sat down by me and told me;  
'Twas when my trouble first began.
5. Had I the wings of a little sparrow,  
I wouldn't pine nor would I die,  
But I would follow my false-hearted lover  
And tell him where he told a lie.
6. Had I the wings of a little swallow,  
Or had I the wings of a turtle dove,  
I'd fly away from this world of sorrow  
Into some land of light and love.
7. Now, all you girls, take warning;  
Be careful how you love young men,  
For they are like the stars of morning,  
As soon as daylight they are gone.

MY PRETTY LITTLE PINK

See Brown, p. 10; Sandburg, p. 166; *Journal*, XLIV, 89 (the same text). Mrs. Fannie Hardly Eckstorm sent the following comment: "The song is worthless as literature, yet I should include it . . . . It is an extreme example of the patchwork of odds and ends so often found in these 'love lorn songs'. . . . . It is really nothing at all but an illustration of the way minds of a certain sort work when they meet reverses in love; they think they are making poetry — instead they make up thi" sort of thing."

A

Obtained from Austin Harmon, Varnell, Georgia, 1929.

1. My pretty little pink,  
So fare you well.  
You slighted me,  
But I wish you well.
2. The prettiest face,  
And the meanest hand;  
I love the ground  
Whereon she stands.
3. I saw you the other day:  
You looked so loving  
And you were so gay;  
You fooled and trifled your time away.
4. If on earth  
No more shall see,  
I can't serve you  
As you serve me.
5. I love me love  
And well she knows  
.....  
.....

*My Pretty Little Pink*

6. I would rather build my home  
    On some icy hill  
    Where the sun refuses to shine;  
    A trusting girl is hard to find.
  
7. But when you find one  
    Just and true,  
    Forsake not the old one  
    For the new.
  
8. On the twenty-ninth of May  
    The prison doors flew open wide  
    With guns and guards on ever side,  
    And on my coffin made ride.
  
9. Come, welcome, death,  
    I will go with you;  
    The roads are dark  
    And lonesome too.
  
10. Come on, my dear,  
    And see me die,  
    And meet sweet Jesus  
    In the sky.
  
11. The rope is bought,  
    The bolt is swung,  
    A innocent man,  
    You all have hung.
  
12. Before they thought  
    He was quite dead,  
    Down came a little dove,  
    Hovered around his head,  
    And they thought it was  
    The Saviour dear.

B

As this song was recorded under the title of "My Pretty Little Pink," it is given a place here<sup>1</sup>; but it is, of course, a mixture of several songs: stanza 2 is similar to a stanza in "Come, All You Fair and Tender Ladies" ("Little Sparrow"); stanza 3 is from "The True Lover's Farewell" (cf. Campbell and Sharp, No. 61, stanza 6); stanzas 4 and 5 are evidently recalled from "The Gypsy Laddie." The song was recorded in the Cumberland Mountains by Onelee Brooks, a student in Lincoln Memorial University.

1. Sixteen roosters on a fence,  
All in a row;  
There's wondering where their loves could be,  
And just where they must go.
2. Wish I had a needle and thread  
As fine as I could sew;  
I'd take my true love to my side  
And down the road I'd go.
3. Do you see that turtle dove,  
Sitting in yonder pine?  
It's mourning for its own true love  
Just like I mourn for mine.
4. How old are you, my pretty little Pink?  
How old are you, my honey?  
How old are you, my pretty little Pink?  
I'll be sixteen next Saturday.
5. Will you marry me, my pretty little Pink?  
Will you marry me, my honey?  
Will you marry me, my pretty little Pink?  
I'll marry you next Sunday.

---

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Fannie Hardy Eckstorm sent the following interesting comment on songs of this class: "Songs of this kind can *not* be placed with any certainty. They are what we call 'fluid ballads,' still in the making and exceptionally unstable, altered at any time by anybody. Some of them are composed of fragments belonging to half a dozen songs which ordinarily are semi-stable—songs that we can name with some expectation that others may recognize them by title, though the contents vary much."

THE TRUE LOVER'S FAREWELL

Cf. stanzas 6, 7, 8 with Campbell and Sharp, No. 61; cf. also Sandburg, p. 98, stanza 4; Hudson, No. 112.

"Parting Sweethearts." Obtained from Ray Bohanan, Indian Gap, Route No. 15, Sevierville, Tennessee, August, 1929.

1. O Lord, my dear, the time draws near  
That you and I must part;  
And no one knows the inward grief  
That attends my love sick heart.
2. But now, my love, you have gone away  
And I am left alone,  
There is no one near to hear my cry  
Or to ease me of my moan.
3. There is one thing I do request,  
If I should be so bold;  
To ask a room within your heart  
My secrets for to hold.
4. My secrets for to hold, my love,  
Never to be removed;  
Your name is there in secret wrote  
In letters made of gold.
5. Your name is there in secret wrote;  
Believe me what I say:  
You are the boy that I love best  
Until my dying day.
6. The crow that is so black  
Will surely turn to white;  
If I prove false to you, my love,  
Bright day will turn to night.
7. The Dements will turn,  
If I prove false to you, my love;  
The Arralian sea will burn  
.....
8. Don't you see that little bird  
A-flying from pine to pine,  
Mourning for her own true love  
Just as I mourn for you.

BLACK IS THE COLOR

Cf. Campbell and Sharp, No. 85.

"My Dear Sweetheart." Obtained from Miss Mary E. King, Gatlinburg, Sevier County, Tennessee, August, 1929.

1. Dark is the color of my sweetheart's hair;  
His cheeks are like some roses fair;  
The prettiest face and neatest hands,  
I love the ground whereon he stands.
2. My dear sweetheart, my harmless love,  
I hope we'll meet in heaven above;  
And there to dwell with Christ forever;  
My dear sweetheart, you are so clever.
3. I go to cry, to mourn, to weep;  
But satisfy I never can sleep;  
You have turned me away and broke my heart;  
Oh, how can I from you depart?
4. Yes, you are all for this to blame:  
That I must die in grief and shame;  
And after death I will go home  
And think of what you've done for me.
5. Many an hour have I spent with you;  
But never knew that you wasn't true.  
I found it out and cried aloud;  
I must, I did, in all this crowd.
6. But if it be God's will, I'd rather  
For us to live in this world together;  
For I have said and done my part;  
I love you, mister, with all my heart.
7. As you do pass me by so brave,  
Look at the tomb-stone on my grave;  
And read this there that you may see;  
And think of what you have done to me.

*Lonesome Dove*

83

LONESOME DOVE

Cf. Shearin and Combs, p. 22; Barry, *Journal*, XXV, 276; Thomas, pp. 61, 162.

A

"The Little Dove." Obtained from Mrs. Samuel Harmon, Cade's Cove, Blount County, Tennessee, August, 1930.



1. Down in some lonesome, piney grove;  
Down in some lonesome, piney grove;  
Down in some lonesome, piney grove;  
My little dove she sets and moans.
2. My little dove, you're not by yourself;  
My little dove, you're not by yourself;  
My little dove, you're not by yourself;  
For my dear Polly is by your side.
3. I once, like you, I had a mate;  
I once, like you, I had a mate;  
I once, like you, I had a mate;  
But now, like you, I'm disalayed.
4. Consumption seized my love so dear;  
Consumption seized my love so dear;  
Consumption seized my love so dear;  
And preyed on her for seven long years.
5. Her red, rosy cheeks, her pretty, blue eyes;  
Her red, rosy cheeks, her pretty, blue eyes;  
Her red, rosy cheeks, her pretty, blue eyes;  
Just like a rose that blooms and dies.
6. God bless them arms that bounds me round;  
God bless them arms that bounds me round;  
God bless them arms that bounds me round;  
Lie mouldering away in the cold ground.

B

“The Little Dove.” Obtained from Mrs. Helen Tufts Bailie, 22 De Wolfe Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts, who had it from John Oliver, Cade’s Cove, Blount County, Tennessee, April 10, 1931.

1. One day while in a lonesome grove  
Sat o’er my head a little dove;  
For her lost mate began to coo  
Which made me think of my mate too.
2. Ah! little dove, you’re not alone,  
For I like you can only mourn.  
I once like you did have a mate  
But now like you am desolate.
3. Consumption seized my love severe  
And preyed upon her one long year  
Till death came at the break of day  
And my poor Mary he did slay.
4. Her sparkling eyes and her blooming cheeks  
Withered like the rose and died.  
The arms that once embraced me round  
Lie mouldering under the cold ground.
5. But death, grim death, did not stop here;  
I had one child to me most dear;  
He like a vulture came again  
And took from me my little Jane.
6. But, bless the Lord, his word is given,  
Declaring babes are heirs of heaven.  
Then cease my heart to mourn for Jane  
Since my small loss is her great gain.
7. I have a hope that cheers my breast:  
To think my love has gone to rest;  
For while her dying tongue could move,  
She praised the Lord for pardoning love.
8. Shout on, ye heavenly powers above,  
While I this lonesome desert rove;  
My Master’s work will soon be done  
And then I’ll join you in your song.

*My Dearest Dear*

9. Oh, hasten on that happy day  
When I must leave this clod of clay  
And soar aloft o'er yon blest plain  
And there meet Mary and my Jane.

84

MY DEAREST DEAR

See Campbell and Sharp, No. 77; Hudson, *Journal*, XXXIX, 146. The refrain does not occur in either of the above texts.

No local title. Obtained from Mrs. Mary Tucker, Varnell, Georgia, 1929.

1. The time is drawing very near  
When I and you must part.  
It little do you think or care  
For the grief of my poor heart,  
For the grief of my poor heart, my love,  
For the grief of my poor heart.  
It little do you think or care  
For the grief of my poor heart.
2. I wish my breast was made of glass,  
And in it you would behold  
Your name in secret I would write  
In letters of bright gold.  
In letters of bright gold, my love,  
In letters of bright gold.  
Your name in secret I would write,  
In letters of bright gold.
3. The blackest crow that ever flew  
Will surely turn to white,  
If ever I prove false to you.  
Bright days will turn to night,  
Bright days will turn to night, my love,  
Bright days will turn to night,  
If ever I prove false to you,  
Bright days will turn to night.

4. His eyes is of the sparkling blue;  
    His lips is ruby be;  
His conversation was so sweet  
    Till it charmed this heart of mine,  
Till it charmed this heart of mine, my love,  
    Till it charmed this heart of mine.  
His conversation was so sweet,  
    Till it charmed this heart of mine.

5. What have I suffered for your sake!  
    For you I love so dear.  
What would I care for all this world,  
    If I was married to you!  
If I was married to you, my dear!  
    If I was married to you!  
What would I care for all this world,  
    If I was married to you!

6. I wish I was one hundred miles,  
    Ten thousand miles or more,  
Among the Rocky Mountains so high,  
    Where the wild beast howls and wars,  
Where the wild beast howls and wars, my love,  
    Where the wild beast howls and wars  
Among the Rocky Mountains so high,  
    Where the wild beast howls and roars.

85

THE LOVER'S LAMENT

This song seems to be related to Campbell and Sharp's "The Lover's Lament," No. 57. There, however, the lament comes from the soldier who returns to find his sweetheart dead.

"Soldier Boy." Obtained from Mac Hardin, Sevierville, Tennessee, August, 1929.

1. I once had a sweetheart,  
    A sweetheart brave and true;  
His hair was dark and curly;  
    His loving eyes were blue.

*The Lover's Lament*

2. He was just like all other boys:  
He had a friend and chum  
And oft together they would roam  
For pleasure and for fun.
3. They persuaded him away one day;  
I never knew what for;  
They persuaded him far away one day  
To the terrible war.
4. And when he came to say good-bye,  
My heart did overflow:  
“Goodbye, my little sweetheart,  
Far away to war I'll go.”
5. He had a little diamond ring;  
He placed it on my hand:  
“When this you see, remember me,  
When I'm in a distant land.”
6. He promised that he'd write to me;  
This promise he kept true;  
The last lines that he ever wrote:  
“I'll soon be at home with you.”
7. I read it with a cheerful heart  
And with a bowed down head.  
The next message I heard from him  
My darling boy was dead.
8. I'll always keep his little ring  
And all his letters too;  
And always live a single girl  
For the boy that was so true.

NO CHANGE IN ME

Parts of several songs appear to be mixed up with this song. Cf. Campbell and Sharp, No. 61, in which stanza 2 is almost identical with the last stanza of the present song.

Obtained from Ray Bohanan, Indian Gap, Route #15, Sevierville, Sevier County, Tennessee, August, 1929.

1. If there is no change in the ocean,  
There is no change in the sea;  
If there be no change in you, my love,  
There'll be no change in me.

*Chorus*

The storms are on the ocean;  
The sea begins to roar;  
The world shall lose its motion,  
If I prove false to you.

2. I asked your mama for you;  
She said you was too young;  
I wish I never had seen you,  
Nor love had never been born.

*Chorus*

3. Oh! It is sad to leave you, dear;  
Oh! It is sad to part.  
It's sad to leave you, darling;  
It almost breaks my heart.

*Chorus*

4. I have a ship on the ocean,  
All lined with silver and gold;  
Before my love shall suffer,  
I'll have it anchored and sold.

*Chorus*

5. If I prove false to you, my love,  
The rocks will meet and run,  
The fire will freeze and be like ice,  
And the raging sea will burn.

*Chorus*

## OLD SMOKY

See Perrow, *Journal*, XXVIII, 159. Some of the following stanzas are almost identical with some of the stanzas in Campbell and Sharp's "The Wagoner's Lad," No. 64, A. See also Lunsford and Stringfield, p. 54; Fuson, p. 119.

### A

Obtained from Miss Ronie Johnson, Crossnore, Avery County, North Carolina July 13, 1929.

1. On top of Old Smoky, all covered with snow  
I lost my true lover by courting too slow.
2. While courting is pleasure and parting is grief,  
A false hearted lover is worse than a thief.
3. A thief they will rob you and take what you have,  
But a false hearted lover will take you to the grave.
4. The grave will decay you, will turn you to dust,  
Only one boy out of a hundred a poor girl can trust.
5. They'll tell you they love you to give your heart ease;  
As soon as your back's turned, they'll court who they please.
6. 'Tis raining, 'tis hailing, this dark stormy night;  
Your horses can't travel for the moon gives no light.
7. Go, put up your horses and give them some hay;  
Come, sit down beside me as long as you can stay.
8. My horses aren't hungry; they won't eat your hay;  
My wagon is loaded; I'll feed on my way.
9. As sure as the dewdrops fall on the green corn,  
Last night he was with me; tonight he is gone.

10. I'll go back to Old Smoky, to the mountain so high,  
Where the wild birds and turtle doves can hear my sad cry.
11. Way down on Old Smoky all covered in snow,  
I lost my blue eyed boy by courting too slow.
12. I wrote him a letter of roses and lines;  
He sent it back to me all twisted in twine.
13. He says, "You keep your love letters, and I'll keep mine;  
You write to your true love and I'll write to mine."
14. "I'll go to old Georgia; I'll write you my mind;  
My mind is to marry you and leave you behind."

B

Obtained from Mrs. C. L. Franklin, Crossnore, North Carolina, February, 1930.

As stanzas 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, and 8 are practically identical with the same stanzas of A, they are omitted. Note that the last stanza of A becomes stanza 9 in B. Stanzas 10 and 11 of B vary but slightly from 9 and 10 of A, but their order is transposed. The last two stanzas of B do not occur in A.

9. I will drive on to Georgia and write you my mind,  
For my mind is to marry and leave you behind.
10. I will go upon the mountains, on the mountains so high,  
Where the birds and turtle doves can hear my mourns and my cries.
11. As soon as the dewdrops grow on the green lawn,  
Last night she was with me; tonight she is gone.
12. I can love little, I can love long,  
I can love an old sweetheart till a new one comes on.
13. I can hug them and kiss them and prove to them kind;  
I can turn my back upon them and alter my mind.

C

Obtained from Miss Rachel Tucker, Varnell, Georgia, December 10, 1930.

1. On top of Old Smoky there lays a deep snow  
And foot of Old Smoky there runs a clear stream.
2. ....  
And I'm going to marry pretty Sarah, the queen.
3. It's no long journey I dreading to go;  
It's leaving my country for just debts I owe.
4. I look all around me; I found I was alone.  
.....
5. My love, she won't have me which I understand;  
She wants a freeholder and I have no land.
6. But I think I could maintain her on silver and gold;  
I would buy her as many fine things as my love-house could hold.
7. I wish I was some fine pindle — could write some fine hand;  
I'd write my love a letter that she may understand.
8. I send it by the waters as the island overflows.  
.....
9. I wish I was in some lone valley or in some lone place,  
Where the small birds don't whistle or the notes don't increase.
10. No better pastime but to be with my sweet,  
.....
11. Adieu to my father; likewise my mother too;  
I am going to ramble this whole world through.
12. When I get tired I set down and cry  
And think of pretty Sarah and think I will die.

SWEET WILLIE (SWEET LILLIE)

See Cox's head-note to No. 146 for comparisons with many songs under various titles. Cf. Perrow, *Journal*, XXVIII, 177.

*A*

Sung by Henry Clay Oliver (aged 10), Cade's Cove, Blount County, Tennessee, August, 1928.



*Cho.:* Wil - lie, sweet Wil - lie, Oh, Wil - lie, fare you  
1. My foot's in my stir - rup, My reins in my



well. I'm go - ing a - way to leave you I love you so well.  
hand. I'm go - ing a - way to leave you [to] some far distant land.

*Chorus*

Willie, sweet Willie,  
Oh, Willie, fare you well.  
I'm going away to leave you,  
I love you so well.

1. My foot's in my stirrup,  
My rein's in my hand;  
I'm going away to leave you  
[To]<sup>1</sup> some far distant land.

*Chorus*

Willie, sweet Willie,  
Oh, Willie, fare you well.  
I'm going away to leave you,  
I love you so well.

---

<sup>1</sup> *To* supplied.

*Sweet Willie*

2. Your parents don't like me;  
They say I'm too poor;  
They say I'm unworthy  
To enter your door.

*Chorus*

Willie, sweet Willie,  
Oh, Willie, fare you well.  
I'm going away to leave you,  
I love you so well.

3. Some say I drink whiskey.  
My money's my own,  
And those who don't like it  
Can leave me alone.

*Chorus*

Willie, sweet Willie,  
Oh, Willie, fare you well.  
I'm going away to leave you,  
I love you so well.

*B*

A mixture of "Sweet Willie" and "I'm Going to Georgia." See Campbell and Sharp, No. 78. Obtained from Cleophas L. Franklin, Crossnore, Avery County, North Carolina, July, 1929.

1. Willie, sweet Willie,  
O Willie, fare you well;  
I'm sorry to leave you;  
I love you so well.
2. Some folks say I drink whiskey;  
My money is my own,  
And those that don't like me  
Can let me alone.
3. I'm going to Georgia;  
I'm going to Rome,  
I'm going to Georgia  
To make it my home.
4. My sweetheart's a dandy  
And I am the same;  
She lives down in Georgia;  
You can't guess her name.

### I'M GOING TO GEORGIA

See Campbell and Sharp, No. 78, which has five stanzas of two lines each. The first stanza is nearly identical with the refrain of the present song. Cf. also *Journal*, XXVIII, 159 (Perrow).

Obtained from Miss Mary E. King, Gatlinburg, Sevier County, Tennessee, August 12, 1929, who had it from Miss Lala King, Knoxville, Tennessee.

1. I once loved a young man as dear as my life,  
And oftentimes I told him I'd make him his wife.  
I've fulfilled my promise, I made him his wife  
And see what I've come to by being his wife.

*Chorus*

I'm going to Georgia,  
I'm going to roam,  
And if ever I get there,  
I'll make it my home.

2. My cheeks were once red, as red as a rose,  
But now they are as pale as the lilies that grow;  
My children all hungry and crying for bread;  
My husband, a drunkard, Lord, I wish I were dead!

*Chorus*

3. Come, all young ladies, take warning by me:  
Never plant your affections on a green, young tree;  
For the leaves will wither and the buds they will die;  
Some young man might fool you as one has fooled I.

*Chorus*

4. They'll hug you, they'll kiss you, they'll tell you more lies  
Than the cross-ties on the railroad or the stars in the skies;  
They'll tell you they love you like stars in the West  
But along comes corn whiskey; they love it the best.

*Chorus*

5. Go, build me a cabin on the mountain so high  
Where the wild birds and turtle dove can hear my sad cry.

*Chorus*

### THE WAGONER'S LAD

See Kittredge, *Journal*, XX, 268; Campbell and Sharp, No. 64, *A, B, C*, (eleven of the stanzas of *A* are almost identical with eleven of the stanzas of the preceding song, "Old Smoky"). Cf. also Wyman and Brockway, p. 64 ("Loving Nancy"); Cox, No. 146 ("Farewell, Sweet Mary") and his interesting note pointing out how lines of other songs have been taken up by "The Wagoner's Lad."

### *A*

"The Wagoner Lad." Obtained from Cleophas L. Franklin, Crossnore, Avery County, North Carolina, July, 1929.

1. I'm a poor little girl;  
My fortune's been bad;  
I've a long time been courting  
A wagoner lad.
2. He courted me daily  
By night and by day;  
But now he is loaded  
And going away.
3. So hard is the fortune  
Of poor womankind;  
They are always controlled  
And always confined.
4. Controlled by their parents  
Till they are made wives;  
Then slaves for their husbands  
The rest of their lives.
5. "Your wagon ain't greasy;  
Your bill it ain't paid;  
Come, sit you down by me,  
For I know you can stay."
6. "My wagon is greased;  
My bill it is paid;  
So fare you well, Polly,  
No longer to stay."

*Ballads and Songs*

7. He mounted his horses  
With his whip in his hand:  
“So fare you well, Polly,  
No longer to stand.”
8. So early that morning  
As he did arrive  
He crossed over the mountain  
With tears in his eyes,
9. To think he must leave her  
And see her no more;  
He left his girl weeping  
On the New River shore.
10. “I can love a light love;  
I can love long;  
I can love an old sweetheart  
Till a new one comes on.
11. “I love them and kiss them  
And think it proves kind;  
Then turn my back upon them  
And alter my mind.
12. “I build my love a castle  
On yon mountain high,  
When the wild geese will hear her  
As they pass by.
13. “Where the wild geese will hear  
Her cries and her moans,  
Sweet instruments of music  
And the firing of guns.”

B

“Wagner Boy.” Obtained from Miss Rachel Tucker, Varnell, Georgia.  
December 10, 1930.

1. In old North Carolina I bred and born;  
In old North Carolina I bear a great scorn;  
In ninety-one thousand and ninety-nine  
Among all pretty women, oh, now I found mine.

*Love Little Willie*

2. One morning, one morning while taking a stray,  
I meet as fair damsel as ever you see;  
I view her furthers; it suit me well;  
Oh, then I forced on her her mind to tell.
3. Quickly she answers: "I your bride shall be;"  
But her parents was not willing for her to have me.  
"Go, put up your horses and feed them some hay;  
Come, set down beside me; that's all I can say."
4. "My horses are not hungry and won't eat your hay;  
So fare you well, pretty Nancy, I've not time to stay."  
"Your horses are not harnessed; your whip's not in your hand;  
Come, set down by me just as your command."
5. "My horses are in harness; my whip's in my hand;  
So fare you well, pretty Nancy, I no time to stand."  
.....  
.....
6. Oh, now he is loaded and driving away  
And how it has grieved me you can very well see;  
But when I get with him I crave him with joy;  
I kiss the sweet lips of my wagner boy.

91

I LOVE LITTLE WILLIE

This song is practically identical with the song of the same title in Bradley Kincaid's *Favorite Old-Time Songs and Mountain Ballads*, Book 2, p. 28, except the fifth stanza which does not occur in Kincaid's song. Brown (p. 12) refers to a song entitled, "Don't Tell Pa."

A

Obtained from Mrs. C. L. Franklin, Crossnore, Avery County, North Carolina, February, 1930.

1. I love little Willie, I do, mama!  
I love little Willie, ha! ha! ha! ha!  
I love little Willie, but don't you tell pa,  
For he won't like it, you know, mama!

*Ballads and Songs*

2. He asked me to marry him, he did, mama!  
He asked me to marry him, ha! ha! ha! ha!  
He asked me to marry him, but don't you tell pa,  
For he won't like it, you know, mama!
3. He's gone for the license, he has, mama!  
He's gone for the license, ha! ha! ha! ha!  
He's gone for the license, but don't you tell pa,  
For he won't like it, you know, mama!
4. The preacher is coming, he is, mama!  
The preacher is coming, ha! ha! ha! ha!  
The preacher is coming, but don't you tell pa,  
For he won't like it, you know, mama!
5. He gave me a ring, he did, mama!  
He gave me a ring, ha! ha! ha! ha!  
He gave me a ring, but don't you tell pa,  
For he won't like it, you know, mama!
6. And now we are married, we are, mama!  
And now we are married, ha! ha! ha! ha!  
And now we are married, and you can tell pa,  
For he can't help it, you know, mama!

*B*

The song was recorded by Johnnie Shields, a student in Lincoln Memorial University, from the singing of Mrs. Wright, Pruden, Tennessee.

1. I love little Willie, I do, mama;  
I love little Willie, ha, ha, ha, ha;  
I love little Willie, but don't you tell pa,  
For he won't like it, you know.
2. He asked me to marry, he did, mama;  
He asked me to marry, ha, ha, ha, ha;  
He asked me to marry, but don't you tell pa,  
For he won't like it, you know.
3. He's gone for the license, he has, mama;  
He's gone for the license, ha, ha, ha, ha;  
He's gone for the license, but don't you tell pa,  
For he won't like it, you know.

*Pretty Saro*

4. The preacher is coming, he is, mama;  
The preacher is coming, ha, ha, ha, ha;  
The preacher is coming, but don't you tell pa,  
For he won't like it, you know.
5. Oh, now we are married, we are, mama;  
Oh, now we are married, ha, ha, ha, ha;  
Oh, now we are married, and you can tell pa,  
For he can't help it, you know.

92

PRETTY SARO

See Campbell and Sharp, No. 76, *A, B, C*. The present song is close to *A*. Cf. also Hudson, No. 33; Brown, p. 11.

Obtained from Mrs. William Franklin, Crossnore, Avery Country, July 14, 1930, who learned it from her brother, Edmund Malone Johnson.

1. I came to this country in eighteen forty-nine  
And I saw many fair lovers, but I never saw mine,  
And I looked all around me and I were alone  
And me a poor stranger and a long ways from home.
2. Farewell, my old father, likewise mother too;  
I'm going to ramble this country all through  
And when I get tired I'll set down and rest  
And I'll think of pretty Saro and one I love best.
3. Pretty Saro, pretty Saro, I love you, I know;  
I love you, pretty Saro, wherever I go;  
No tongue can express it or a poet can tell  
How truly I love you, — I love you so well.
4. I wish I was a poet — could write a fine hand;  
I'd write my love a letter that she might understand;  
I'll send it by the waters and the isle overflow  
And think of pretty Saro wherever I go.
5. I wish I was a little dove, had wings and could fly;  
Unto my loved darling this night I'd draw nigh,  
And in her lily-white arm I would lay,  
And watch some little window for the dawning of day.

LITTLE NELL OF NARRAGANSETT BAY

See Shoemaker, 3rd ed., p. 138; Spaeth, *Weep Some More*, p. 30; M. C. Dean, *The Flying Cloud*, etc., p. 119.

"Narragansett Nell." Obtained from Dr. D. S. Gage at Montreat, North Carolina, July, 1931.

1. Toll, toll the bell at early dawn of day  
For lovely Nell who quickly passed away.  
Toll, toll the bell so sad and mournfully  
For bright-eyed, laughing, lovely Nell of Narragansett Bay.
2. The cord was quickly loosened; she soon was in the boat  
(No one there to guide her) and on the tide afloat.  
The treacherous bark flew onward and swift before the wind  
While home and friends and all so dear were many a mile behind.
3. Next day her fair body was washed upon the beach;  
I stood and looked upon her bereft of sense and speech.  
Years since thus we parted, but still I weep today  
For bright-eyed, laughing, little Nell of Narragansett Bay.

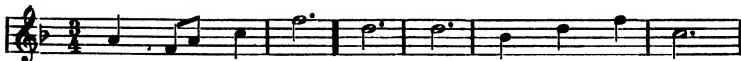
PRETTY MOHEA

Cox, No. 116, quotes three variants that have been found in West Virginia under the titles, "Pretty Maumee," "The Little Maumee," and "The Pretty Maumee." See Eckstorm and Smyth, *Minstrels of Maine*, 230—33; Pound, No. 91; Wyman and Brockway, 52; *New Jersey Journal of Education*, February, 1926; *Ibid.*, March, 1928; Hudson, *Journal*, XXXIX, 132; Henry, *Journal*, XLII, 282; Bradley Kincaid, *My Favorite Mountain Ballads and Old-Time Songs*, 1928, p. 38; Mackenzie, *Ballads and Sea Songs from Nova Scotia*, p. 155; Dean, *The Flying Cloud and 150 Other Old Time Poems and Ballads*, p. 17. Cf. also Tolman and Eddy, *Journal*, XXXV, 408; Belden MSS. (Missouri), Harvard College Library; Flanders, "Vermont Folk-songs" (*Springfield, Mass., Sunday Union and Republican*, Aug. 30, 1931); Fuson, p. 84; Thomas, p. 98.

*Pretty Mohea*

*A*

"Little Mohea." Recorded by Mrs. Emory P. Morrow, Aliceville, Alabama, 1925.



1. As I went out walking for pleasure one day  
In sweet recreation to while time away;  
As I sat amusing myself on the grass,  
Oh! who should I spy but a fair Indian lass.
2. She sat down beside me, took hold of my hand,  
Said: "You are a stranger and in a strange land,  
But, if you will come, you're welcome to go  
And dwell in the cottage that I call my home."
3. The sun was fast sinking far over the sea  
As I wandered along with my pretty Mohea;  
Together we wandered, together we roamed,  
Till we came to the cottage in the cocoanut grove.
4. Then this kind expression she made unto me:  
"If you will consent, sir, and stay here with me,  
And go no more roaming far over the salt sea,  
I'll teach you the language of an Indian Mohea."
5. "Oh! no, my dear maiden, that never can be,  
For I have a true love in my own country.  
And I'll not forsake her, for I know she loves me,  
And I love her and her heart is as true as the pretty Mohea."
6. It was early one morning, one morning in May,  
To a fair maiden these words I did say:  
"I'm going to leave you, so farewell, my dear,  
My ship sail's approaching and home I must stay."

7. And the last time I saw her she was standing on the sand.  
As my ship sailed past her she waved me her hand,  
Saying, "When you get landed with the girl that you love,  
Think of the little Mohea in the cocoanut grove."
8. And when I got landed on my own native shore,  
My friends and relations gathered around me once more.  
They gazed all about me; not one could I see  
That was fit to compare with my little Mohea.
9. And the girl that I trusted proved untrue to me;  
So I'll turn my course backward o'er the deep sea;  
I will turn my course backward and far from this land  
I'll flee and go live with my pretty Mohea.

*B*

Copied from a manuscript in the possession of Miss Mary E. King,  
Gatlinburg, Sevier County, Tennessee, August 12, 1929.

1. As I went out walking for pleasure one day  
In sweet recollection to while time away;  
As I sat musing myself in the grass,  
Oh, who should I spy but a fair Indian lass.
2. She sat down beside me, and taking my hand,  
Saying, "You are a stranger in a strange land,  
But if you will follow, you are welcome to come,  
And dwell in the country that I call my home."
3. The sun was fast sinking fair over the blue sea  
When I wandered alone with my pretty Mohea;  
Together we wandered; together we did roam,  
While we came to the cottage in the cocoanut grove.
4. This kind expression she made upon me:  
"If you will consent, sir, to stay here with me,  
And go no more roving upon the salt sea,  
I will teach you language of the lass of Mohea."

*Pretty Mohea*

5. "Oh, no, my dear maiden, that never could be;  
For I have a true tour<sup>1</sup> in my own country  
And I'll never forsake her, for I know she loves me;  
For her heart is as true as the pretty Mohea."
6. 'Twas early one morning, a morning in May,  
That to this fair maiden these words I did say:  
"I'm going to leave you, so farewell, my dear,  
My ship's sails are spreading and home I must stir."<sup>2</sup>
7. The last time I saw her she stood on the strand  
And as my boat passed her, she waved me her hand,  
Saying, "When you have landed with the girl you love,  
Think of the little Mohea in the cocoanut grove."
8. And then when I landed on my own native shore,  
With my friends and relations around me once more,  
I gazed all about me, not one could I see,  
That was fit to compare with the pretty Mohea.
9. And the girl that I trusted proved untrue to me;  
So I'll turn my course back and fare o'er the deep sea;  
I'll turn my course back and from this land I'll flee;  
I'll go spend my days with the little Mohea.

C

"Little Mohea." Obtained from Miss Mary Riddle, Black Mountain, Buncombe County, North Carolina, 1925.

1. As I was roaming for pleasure one day,  
Out in the sweet wild-wood to fly time away;  
As I was amusing myself in the grass,  
Well, who did I see but a fine Indian lass?
2. She sat down beside me and taking my hand,  
Said, "You must be a stranger and in some strange land,  
But if you will follow, you are welcome to come  
And dwell in the cottage that I call my home."

---

<sup>1</sup> mistake for *love*.

<sup>2</sup> for *stir* or *steer*.

*Ballad and Songs*

3. The sun was fast setting far o'er the blue sea  
While I was a-wandering with my Little Mohea;  
Together we rambled, together we roamed,  
Till we came to the cottage in the Cocoanut Grove.
4. And this kind expression she made unto me:  
“I'll teach you the language of the Little Mohea;  
It's go no more roaming far o'er the blue sea  
And dwell in the cottage with the Little Mohea.”
5. It was early one morning, a morning in May;  
It grieved my heart sadly these words for to say:  
“I'm going to leave you, my Little Mohea,  
I have a lover far o'er the blue sea  
And I'll not forsake her, for I know she loves me;  
Her heart is as true as the Little Mohea.”
6. The last time I saw her she stood on the sand  
And as my ship passed her she waved me her hand,  
Saying, “When you have landed on your native shore,  
Think of the Little Mohea in the Cocoanut Grove.”
7. And when I had landed on my native shore  
With friends and relations around me once more,  
I gazed all around me but none could I see  
That could compare with my Little Mohea.
8. The girl I thought loved me proved untrue to me;  
I turned my course backward far o'er the blue sea;  
I turned my course backward far o'er the blue sea  
To dwell in the cottage with my Little Mohea.

*D*

Obtained August 1, 1930, from Mrs. Ewart Wilson, wife of the grandson of "Big Tom" Wilson, famed hunter of the Black Mountains and the man who found Professor Mitchell when he lost his life while taking observations on Mt. Mitchell. Mrs. Wilson's address is Pensacola, North Carolina is on the Cane River at the western base of Mt. Mitchell.

1. As I went out walking for pleasure one day  
In sweet recreation to while time away;  
As I sat amusing myself on the grass,  
Oh, who should I spy but a fair Indian lass.

*Pretty Mohea*

2. She came and sat by, and taking my hand,  
Said, "You are a stranger and in a fair land,  
But if you will follow, you're welcome to come  
And dwell in the cottage that I call my home."
3. Together we wandered, together we roamed  
Till we came to the cottage in the cocoanut grove;  
"Now if you'll consent, sir, to stay here with me,  
I'll teach you the language of the lass of Mohea."
4. "Oh, no, my dear maiden, that never can be,  
For I have a sweetheart in my own country,  
And I'll not forsake her; I know she loves me;  
She's a heart just as true as the pretty Mohea."
5. The last time I saw her, she stood on the sand;  
As my boat passed her she waved her hand,  
Saying, "When you have landed with the girl that you love,  
Think of little Mohea in the cocoanut grove."
6. And when I landed on my own native shore,  
Kind friends and relations around me once more,  
I gazed all about me; not one could I see  
That I could compare with the pretty Mohea.
7. And the girl that I trusted proved untrue to me;  
So I'll turn my steps backward across the blue sea;  
I'll turn my steps backward; from this land I'll flee  
And go spend my days with the pretty Mohea.

*E*

"Little Mauniee." Obtained from Ray Bohanan, Indian Gap, Route 15,  
Sevierville, Sevier County, Tennessee, August, 1929.

1. As I went out roaming for pleasure one day,  
In self recollection the hours passed away.  
As I sat a-sunning myself in the grass,  
Who could I spy coming but a young Indian lass?
2. She came and sat by me and took up my hand:  
"You look like a stranger and in a strange land."  
Together we wandered; together we roamed,  
Till we came to the cottage in the cocoanut grove.

3. "And now, pale-face stranger, if you never more roam,  
We'll live here together in a snug little home;  
And if you are agreed, sir, to stay here with me,  
I'll teach you the language of the little Mauniee."
4. "Ah, now, fairest maiden, that never can be,  
For I have a true-love in my own country;  
And I can't forsake her, for I know she loves me;  
Her heart is as true as my little Mauniee."
5. The last time I saw her, she stood on the sand;  
And as I passed her, she gave me her hand,  
Saying, "When you return, sir, to the land that you know,  
Remember the maiden where the cocoanut grows."
6. And now I've returned to my own native shore,  
Where friends and relations surround me once more,  
All that I see .....  
There's none to compare with my little Mauniee.

*F*

Obtained from Miss Margaret Combs, Guerrant, Breathitt County, Kentucky, September, 1931.

1. As I went out walking for pleasure one day,  
All in sweet recreation the day passed away.  
As I sit amusing myself on the grass,  
Who could I spy near but a young Indian lass?
2. She walked slowly up to me; took hold of my hand,  
Saying: "You are a stranger and in a strange land,  
But you're welcome to follow; you're welcome to go  
To dance in the cottage where the cocoanuts grow."
3. "Oh! no, no, kind maiden, this never can be,  
For I have a sweetheart far cross the South Sea."  
The last time I saw her she was deep in the sand;  
As my boat passed by her, she waved me her hand.
4. When I got back home to the South Sea  
To my home and my sweetheart, no one could compare of the pretty  
Mohee.  
I turned my boat far cross the South Sea,  
Spent the rest of my days with the little Mohee;  
Together we rambled; together we roamed;  
We built a little cottage in a cocoanut grove.

PAPER OF PINS

See Campbell and Sharp, No. 92, *A, B, C*; Pound, No. 111; Shearin and Combs, p. 29; Newell, *Games and Songs of American Children*, 1884, p. 51; Hudson, *Specimens of Mississippi Folk-Lore*, No. 113; also Hudson, *Journal*, XXXIX, 180; Bradley Kincaid, *My Favorite Mountain Ballads and Old-Time Songs*, Chicago, 1928, p. 34; Richardson and Spaeth, *American Mountain Songs*, p. 52 ("The Keys of Heaven"); Flanders and Brown, p. 160; Thomas, p. 160; Brown, p. 12; Fuson, pp. 82, 152; Belden, No. 141.

*A*

"Paper Pins." Obtained from Misses Mary and Pauline Franklin, Crossnore, Avery County, North Carolina, July 11, 1929.

*Boy*

I'll give to you a paper of pins  
And that's the way our love begins,  
If you will marry me, oh, me,  
If you will marry me.

*Girl*

I won't accept the paper of pins,  
If that's the way our love begins  
And I won't marry you, oh, you,  
And I won't marry you.

*Boy*

I'll give to you a little puppy dog,  
To take with you when you go abroad,  
If you will marry me, oh, me,  
If you will marry me.

*Girl*

I won't accept the little puppy dog,  
To take with me when I go abroad  
And I won't marry you, oh, you,  
And I won't marry you.

*Ballads and Songs*

*Boy*

I'll give to you a dress of red,  
Bound around with golden thread,  
If you will marry me, oh, me,  
If you will marry me.

*Girl*

I won't accept the dress of red,  
Bound around with golden thread,  
And I won't marry you, oh, you,  
And I won't marry you.

*Boy*

I'll give to you a coach of four,  
And every horse as white as snow,  
If you will marry me, oh, me,  
If you will marry me.

*Girl*

I won't accept the coach of four,  
And every horse as white as snow,  
And I won't marry you, oh, you,  
And I won't marry you.

*Boy*

I'll give to you a coach of six,  
And every horse as black as pitch,  
If you will marry me, oh, me,  
If you will marry me.

*Girl*

I won't accept the coach of six,  
And every horse as black as pitch,  
And I won't marry you, oh, you,  
And I won't marry you.

*Boy*

I'll give to you a dress of blue,  
And golden strings to tie your shoe,  
If you will marry me, oh, me,  
If you will marry me.

*Paper of Pins*

*Girl*

I won't accept the dress of blue,  
And golden strings to tie my shoe,  
And I won't marry you, oh, you,  
And I won't marry you.

*Boy*

I'll give to you the key of my heart,  
That we may live and never part,  
If you will marry me, oh, me,  
If you will marry me.

*Girl*

I won't accept the key of your heart,  
That we may live and never part,  
And I won't marry you, oh, you,  
And I won't marry you.

*Boy*

I'll give to you the key of my chest,  
That you may have money at your request,  
If you will marry me, oh, me,  
If you will marry me.

*Girl*

I will accept the key to your chest,  
That I may have money at my request,  
And I will marry you, oh, you,  
And I will marry you.

*Boy*

Now, my friends, don't you see?  
She loves my money and she don't love me,  
And I won't marry her, oh, her,  
And I won't marry her.

*Girl*

I'll get me a stove and sit in the shade,  
And I'll determine to be an old maid,  
And I won't marry you, oh, you,  
And I won't marry you.

*B*

Obtained from Mrs. Mary Tucker, Varnell, Georgia, October 11, 1930.

1. I will buy you a paper of pins,  
If this is the way your love begins,  
If you will marry me, mis-sie,  
If you will marry me.
2. Well, I don't want your paper of pins,  
For that's not the way my love begins,  
And I won't marry you, kind sir,  
And I won't marry you.
3. Well, I will buy you a dress of black  
And stretch it all around a fodder stack,  
If you will marry me, mis-sie,  
If you will marry me.
4. Well, I don't want your dress of black  
Stretched all around a fodder stack  
And I won't marry you, kind sir,  
And I won't marry you.
5. I will buy you a petticoat of red  
Stitched all around with golden thread,  
If you will marry me, mis-sie,  
If you will marry me.
6. Well, I don't want your petticoat of red  
Stitched all around with golden thread  
And I won't marry you, kind sir,  
And I won't marry you.
7. I will give you these keys of my heart  
That me and you will never part,  
If you will marry me, mis-sie,  
If you will marry me.
8. Well, I don't want the keys of your heart  
That me and you will never part,  
And I won't marry you, kind sir,  
And I won't marry you.

*The Black Mustache*

9. I will give you the keys of my desk  
To have my money at your request,  
If you will marry me, mis-sie,  
If you will marry me.
10. Well, I will take the key of your desk  
To have your money at my request  
And I will marry you, kind sir,  
And I will marry you.
11. Well, you love coffee and I love tea;  
You love my money but you don't love me,  
And I won't marry you, mis-sie,  
And I won't marry you.

96

THE BLACK MUSTACHE

See Combs, p. 210.

*A*

“The Darling Black Mustache.” Obtained from Mr. C. L. Franklin,  
Crossnore, Avery County, North Carolina, July 13, 1930.

1. Once I knew an old, old maid;  
She was worth her weight in gold;  
She courted him for his black mustache;  
And he married her for her gold.

*Chorus*

So every time I hear his name;  
My heart, it beats with rash;  
So now you see I've lost my beau,  
The darling Black Mustache.

2. She wore false teeth, she wore false hair;  
She was forty-five years old;  
She courted him for his black mustache;  
He married her for her gold.

*Chorus*

3. He came to see me on Saturday night  
And stayed till almost three;  
He said he never loved a girl  
As dear as he loved me.

*Chorus*

B

Same title. Obtained from Mrs. William Franklin, the mother of Mr. C.L. Franklin, July 18, 1930. The variant is given in spite of the slight changes for purposes of comparison. It is interesting to note the variations of a song sung in the same family. Mrs. Franklin said: "I can't think of any more but I know that a young girl beat the old maid out of her Black Mustache and she made the song."

1. There was a maid, a dear old maid;  
She was worth her weight in gold;  
She wore false teeth, she wore false hair;  
And was forty-five years old.

*Chorus*

That little black mustache,  
That little black mustache;  
A diamond ring, a watch and chain,  
And the darling black mustache.

2. He came every Saturday night;  
He stayed till almost three;  
He said he never loved a girl  
As dear as he loved me.

*Chorus*

3. So now, young girls, take my advice  
And never be so rash,  
For I have courted a naughty boy  
Who wears a black mustache.

*Chorus*

C

"His Little Black Mustache." Recorded by Miss Mary Frances Stokes from the singing of her mother, Mrs. J. W. Stokes, Lithonia, Georgia, September, 1931.

1. I once did have a charming beau  
And I loved him dearer than life.  
I thought the time would surely come,  
When I would be his wife.  
He came to see me every day  
And when he'd go away,  
He'd always press upon my lips  
His little black mustache.

*Chorus*

Oh, his little black mustache,  
His darling black mustache;  
Every time I think of him  
My heart beats quick and fast.  
Oh, his little black mustache,  
His darling black mustache;  
Girls, did you know I had a beau?  
It's the boy with a black mustache.

2. And then there came an old, old maid,  
Worth her weight in gold.  
She had false hair; she wore false teeth  
And was fifty-five years old;  
And then he coolly deserted me  
For that old maid's cash.  
And now he presses on her lips  
His little black mustache.

*Chorus*

Oh, his little black mustache,  
His darling black mustache;  
Every time I think of him  
My heart beats quick and fast.  
Oh, his little black mustache,  
His darling black mustache;  
Girls, did you know I've lost my beau,  
The boy with the black mustache?

### THE LONESOME SCENES OF WINTER

The change of mind expressed in stanzas 6, 7, 8, 9, does not appear in a Kentucky version reported by Professor Kittredge, *Journal*, XX, 273. Cf. also *Journal*, XXIX, 200 and "The Flying Cloud and 150 Other Old Time Poems and Ballads" by M. C. Dean, p. 108. Add "Twenty Kentucky Mountain Songs" by Wyman and Brockway, p. 94.

### A

Obtained from a manuscript in the possession of Miss Mary E. King, Gatlinburg, Tennessee, August, 1931.

1. All in the scenes of winter  
And climb to frost and snow;  
Dark clouds had gathered around me;  
The stormy wind did blow.
2. Last night I went my love to see  
And felt most scornfully;  
I asked that girl to marry;  
She wouldn't answer me.
3. This young man, he sat writing  
Until the break of day:  
"I'm waiting for an answer,  
True-love, what do you say?"
4. "Oh, if I have to answer you,  
I choose a single life;  
I never thought it suitable  
For me to be your wife.
5. "The little bird sings sweetly  
On every bush and vine;  
My trouble would be doubled,  
If you were only mine."
6. In the course of three weeks later,  
This girl's mind did change;  
She wrote her love a letter:  
"Kind sir, I feel ashamed.

*The Lonesome Scenes of Winter*

7. "I feel as if I had slighted you;  
I cannot hear you mourn;  
Oh, here is my heart, come, take it,  
And seal it as your own."
8. I wrote her back another  
And sent it back in speed,  
Saying: "Darling, once I loved you,  
I loved you, dear, indeed."
9. "But since my mind has changed me,  
I choose some other way  
Upon some fairer damsel  
More suitable than thee!"

B

"Pretty Polly." The singer begins the song with the stanzas from "Come, Pretty Polly." Obtained from Mrs. Austin Harmon, Varnell, Georgia, November, 1931.

1. Pretty Polly, pretty Polly,  
Oh, yonder she stands  
With rings on her fingers,  
Her lily white hands.
2. "Come, pretty Polly,  
And take a walk with me;  
We go and get married  
And some pleasure we see."
3. And when he got her answer,  
This is what she said:  
"I wouldn't marry you  
If all the rest was dead."
4. All through the scenes of winter  
Through cold rain and snow  
Dark clouds gather around me;  
The stormy wind did blow.
5. The little birds singing;  
They hop from bush to vine;  
It would double my pleasure,  
If she was only mine.

6. Here this young man set  
Until the break of day.  
Waiting for an answer:  
“True-love, what do you say?”
7. “Take this for your answer;  
I hope it will provide:  
I can have a sweet-heart  
When you are laid aside.”
8. In the course of two weeks  
This lady mind did change;  
She wrote her love a letter:  
“Kind sir, I feel ashame.”
9. “I feel that I have slighted you;  
I know I done you wrong;  
Here is my heart, love,  
Contain as your own.”
10. He wrote his love a letter;  
He sent it on in speed:  
“Darling, once I loved you;  
I loved you dear and deep.”
11. “Since my mind has change,  
I will search some other way  
Upon some blue-eyed damsel  
More suitable than you.”

C

This version came from the same locality as *A* and is doubtless the same as *A*. There are some slight changes in the wording in stanzas 1, 7, 8, 9. It was obtained from Mac Hardin, Sevierville, Sevier County, Tennessee, August, 1929.

### THE OLD MAN'S COURTSHIP

See Sharp, *Songs*, II, p. 66; Shoemaker, 3rd ed., p. 307; Alfred Williams, *Folk-Songs of the Upper Thames*, p. 73; Campbell and Sharp, No. 108. For further American and English references, see Cox, No. 169.

#### A

"His Old Gray Beard a-Shining." Obtained from Miss Virginia Wilson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ewart Wilson, Pensacola, North Carolina, August, 1931.

1. My mamma, she bid me to open the gate;  
Oh, but I won't have him.  
I opened the gate, and he walked very straight  
With his old gray beard a-shining.
2. My mamma, she bid me to open the door;  
Oh, but I won't have him.  
I opened the door and he fell in the floor  
With his old gray beard a-shining.
3. My mamma, she bid me to set him a stool;  
Oh, but I won't have him.  
I set him a stool and he looked like a fool  
With his old gray beard a-shining.
4. My mamma, she bid me to set him a chair;  
Oh, but I won't have him.  
I got him a chair, and he called me his dear  
With his old gray beard a-shining.
5. My mamma, she bid me to fry him a fish;  
Oh, but I won't have him.  
I fried him a fish, and he swallowed the dish  
With his old gray beard a-shining.
6. My mamma, she bid me to get him a fork;  
Oh, but I won't have him.  
And he wished I was in New York  
With his old gray beard a-shining.
7. My mamma, she bid me to give him a knife;  
Oh, but I won't have him.  
I gave him a knife and he called me his wife  
With his old gray beard a-shining.

8, My mamma, she bid me to put him to bed;  
Oh, but I won't have him.  
I put him to bed, and he slept like he's dead  
With his old gray beard a-shining.

B

"Oh! But I Won't Have Him." Obtained from Mrs. Rachel Brackett,  
granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Harmon, Varnell, Georgia, August,  
1932.

1. My mother told me to open the door.  
Oh! but I won't have him!  
I open the door and he fell through the floor  
With his old boots and logums.
2. My mother told me to set him a stool.  
Oh! but I won't have him!  
I set him a stool and he set like a fool  
With his old boots and logums.
3. My mother told me to fix his supper.  
Oh! but I won't have him!  
I fixed his supper and he eat like a puppy  
With his old boots and logums.
4. My mother told me to light him to bed.  
Oh! but I won't have him!  
I lit him to bed and he slept like the dead  
With his old boots and logums.
5. My mother told me to wake him up.  
Oh! but I won't have him!  
I wake him up and he quacked like a duck  
With his old boots and logums.
6. My mother told me to saddle his horse.  
Oh! but I won't have him!  
I saddle his horse and saddle fell off  
With his old boots and logums.
7. My mother asked him back again.  
Oh! but I won't have him!  
He said he be back when he could get in  
With his old boots and logums.

THE CRAFTY LOVER

Shoemaker (3rd ed., p. 295) has a full version of this song. His headnote reads: "Sung by the members of the Clinton County Fox-Hunt-Clubs, prior to 1847, as transcribed by J. H. Chatham, 1921."

"The Old Counselor." Recorded by Mrs. Henry from the singing of Mrs. Samuel Harmon, Cade's Cove, Tennessee, July, 1932.

1. There was an old counselor of whom I write;  
And he had one dear daughter;  
Courted was she by lords and lides  
But none of them could gain her
2. Till a young sea-captain then did improve;  
He thought he'd safely gain her.  
.....  
.....
3. "My father is an old counselor  
Go, tell him your condition;  
Ten guineas, love, will be your fee  
To keep you safe from danger."
4. He camc to the old counselor  
And he fell down before him.  
He laid his complaint before him  
A-pleading for an heiress.
5. This old man, he did not know  
It was his own dear daughter.  
"She jump on a milk-white steed  
And you jump on behind her.
6. "And you complain that she stole you  
And that will divide the fury;  
That is law I will maintain  
Before any judge or jury."
7. She jumped on a milk-white steed  
And he jumped on behind her  
And they rode off to church  
Like a sister and brother.

(Mrs. Harmon could not recall the next stanza, but remembered that the father pursued the couple in order to recover his daughter. When overtaken the couple confronted him with his own decision in the case.)

9. "Your hand and seal, you can't deny  
For here's your hand-writing."  
"My hand and seal I won't deny  
For by you I'm outwitted."

100

WILL THE WEAVER

See Shoemaker, p. 130 (2nd edition). Cf. also Alfred Williams's *Folk-Songs of the Upper Thames*, p. 106.

Recorded by Mrs. Henry from the singing of Mr. Samuel Harmon, Varnell, Georgia, August, 1931.



1. Mammy, mammy, now I'm married,  
And if I marry, where must I tarry?  
The women-kind, they do declare,  
The breeches they intend to wear.
2. O son, O son, you can't live with her;  
You go home; bid her adieu;  
And let me hear  
No more from you.
3. As he went home his neighbors met him;  
This they told him, for to fret him:  
"You can't guess to save your life  
Who I saw hugging of your wife."

*Will the Weaver*

4. "I saw your wife and Will de Weaver  
    Standing in the door together,  
    A-standing in your parlor door  
    And where they went — I saw no more."
5. He went home all in a wonder  
    A-looking at the door like thunder.  
    "Who is this?" the weaver cried;  
    "It is my husband; you must hide."
6. Upon the chimney pole he ventured  
    Before she let her husband enter.  
    He come in; made this reply:  
    "I want some grog, for I am dry."
7. Then while grog, it was making,  
    Every hole and corner searching,  
    He peeped upon the chimney pole;  
    There he saw some living soul.
8. "Ha, ha, now I've found you;  
    I'll neither shoot you, hang you, nor drown you."  
    Then he thought but wasn't spoke:  
    "I'll roust you out of here with smoke."
9. So he built on a rousin' fire  
    Just to please his heart's desire.  
    His wife cried out in a free good will:  
    "Stop your smoke or a man you'll kill."
10. He retched up and off he tuk him  
    And like an old raccoon he shuck him;  
    He went home all in disguise,  
    With black, smoky face and eyes.
11. "O wife, O wife, I got a trimin'  
    For medlin' with my neighbor's women."  
    She picked up a stick and spanged his head,  
    And where it was black she turned it red.

THE WEAVER HAD A WIFE

This is a song on a theme somewhat similar to the preceding song. Note that it is also a Harmon song.

It was obtained from Mrs. Samuel Harmon, Varnell, Georgia, October, 1930.

1. The weaver had a wife  
And the major loved her dearly;  
And to her bed-side  
He appeared both late and early.
2. The weaver a-being away from home,  
Away from home a-drinking,  
The major come in  
With his gay gold guineas jingling.
3. The weaver come home within the night  
Which made them hurry, scurry.  
“Where must I hide?” the major cried,  
“This is too bold a venture.”
4. “You may hide under my bed-side  
Before I let him in.”  
.....  
.....
5. “Oh, ho! my loving husband,  
For you I have been longing.  
I have rolled my bed from side to side  
For the want of you, my darling.”
6. He got up late in the night  
And through a grand mistake  
He surely made,  
He put on the major’s breeches.
7. As he rode along he spied a gold watch  
By his side, and guineas he had twenty.  
He clasped his [= hand] in his pocket  
And found he had money plenty.

*The Ballad of the Waterfall*

8. And then he saw his mistake:  
That he had on the major's breeches:  
"And now I will return to my wife;  
Perhaps she has got better."
9. He jumped and caroused all over the floor.  
"Good Lord, how my breeches does glitter!"  
My wife lay sobbing on the old — — —  
"With you I have been evil."
10. She cursed them breeches in her heart  
And wished [= them] to the devil.  
"Oh, ho! my dear wife, unto [= you] I wager,  
I'm as fit to wear these breeches as you are for the major."

102

THE BALLAD OF THE WATERFALL

See Brown, p. 11.

Obtained from Miss Mabel Hall, Guerrant, Breathitt County, Kentucky,  
January, 1932.

1. Come, all you that have been in love,  
And sympathize with me,  
For I have loved the fairest girl  
That ever you did see.
2. Her age, it was but seventeen;  
She was a figure fair and tall;  
She was a handsome creature;  
She wore a waterfall.
3. The first time I saw her,  
I never will forget;  
I went into a dry goods store,  
Some handkerchiefs to get.
4. She stood behind the counter.  
A glance did on me fall.  
I never saw a fairer face  
Nor such a waterfall.

*Ballads and Songs*

5. It was at a picnic party,  
I met her after that;  
I quickly introduced myself;  
We had a pleasant chat.
6. There were many other girls along,  
But none of them at all  
Could dance with me like the girl  
Who wore the waterfall.
7. I saw her home — we walked along;  
I swore we'd never part,  
Until she asked me to come in;  
I found she'd won my heart.
8. While sitting there I thought I heard  
A foot-step in the hall;  
All sorts of colors turned this girl  
That wore the waterfall.
9. A great, big fellow six feet tall  
Came walking in the room  
And when he saw me sitting there  
At once began to fume.
10. His air so free, it pierced my frost;  
My heart it did appall;  
“This is my husband,” said the girl  
That wore the waterfall.
11. Before I had time to say a word  
This fellow at me flew  
And while they made and held me down  
They beat me black and blue.
12. When up I got and found I'd lost  
Watch, money, chain and all,  
I've never since went near a girl  
That wore a waterfall.

### OLD MAID'S SONG

This song, like the "I'll Not Marry at All," has the stanzas giving reasons for not marrying different types of men. The fourth stanza seems to be a kind of retort from the bachelor. Haywood Parker, *Journal*, XX, 247, gives stanza 4 with slightly different wording as part of a banjo song. His next stanza is stanza 1 of the present song which "is supposed to be the old maid's retort." Perrow, *Journal*, XXVIII, 176, gives stanza 4 with "widow" in the first line instead of "old maid." Stanzas like stanza 4, giving the bachelor's reasons for not marrying certain types of women, are to be found in a mixed song of negro origin, Perrow, *Journal*, XXVIII, 136. Other stanzas will be found on page 176 (*Journal*, XXVIII). Cf. also Tolman, *Journal*, XXIX, 188.

Recorded from the singing of Miss Pauline Franklin, Crossnore, Avery County, North Carolina, August, 1931.

1. I wouldn't marry a bachelor;  
I'll tell you the reason why:  
His nose is always dripping;  
His chin is never dry.
2. I wouldn't marry a lawyer;  
I'll tell you the reason why:  
He is always in the court-house  
A-making people lie.
3. I wouldn't marry a preacher;  
I'll tell you the reason why:  
He is always in the pulpit  
A-making people cry.
4. I wouldn't marry an old maid;  
I'll tell you the reason why:  
Her neck is so long and strangely  
I'm afraid she will never die.

I'LL NOT MARRY AT ALL

See Pound, No. 99; Fuson, p. 91; Brown, Page 11.  
"I'll Not Marry." The song was recorded by Onelee Brooks in the  
Cumberland Mountains.

1. I'm gonna live to be an old maid;  
I'll take my stool and sit in the shade;  
And I'll not marry at all, at all;  
And I'll not marry at all.
2. I'll not marry a farmer's son,  
For all he would want is a dog and a gun,  
So I'll not marry at all, at all,  
So I'll not marry at all.
3. I'll not marry a man that's little,  
'Cause he couldn't carry my big brass kettle,  
So I'll not marry at all, at all,  
So I'll not marry at all.
4. I'll not marry a man that's poor,  
For he'd go begging from door to door,  
So I'll not marry at all, at all,  
So I'll not marry at all.
5. I'll not marry a preacher's son,  
'Cause he wouldn't let me have any fun,  
So I'll not marry at all, at all,  
So I'll not marry at all.

## COME, ALL YOUNG MEN

The last two lines of the chorus of this song are similar to the lines in the chorus of "I'll Not Marry at All." Campbell and Sharp have a song entitled *Married and Single Life* (No. 73), which begins "Come, all ye young people" and which has as the first line of stanza 2, "If you go to get married, don't hasten it on," but there the similarity ends.

Obtained from Mr. Cleophas L. Franklin, Crossnore, Avery County, North Carolina, July, 1929.

1. Come, all young men, take warning by me:  
Never be so fast as I've been.  
I married me a wife;  
She makes me tired of my life,  
Makes me strive and do all that I can, can, can;  
Makes me strive and do all that I can.

*Chorus*

I lived all my days  
By the hating of her ways;  
And I'm sure I'll not marry any more, more, more;  
And I'm sure I'll not marry any more.

2. When I come home at night,  
I never speak a word she can hear.  
So fatal is my doom  
I go marching to my room  
With cold joints all trembling with fear, fear, fear;  
With cold joints all trembling with fear.

*Chorus*

3. She dresses me in rags and the worst of old rags;  
She dresses like a lady so fine,  
Goes sweeping through town  
By day and by night,  
Where them rowdy boys do drink wine, wine, wine;  
Where them rowdy boys do drink wine.

*Chorus*

4. Oh, come, welcome death;  
Come, take away her breath  
And give me back my freedom once more, more, more;  
And give me back my freedom once more.

*Chorus*

AN OLD MAN AT HIS GRAVE

Alfred Williams in his *Folk-Songs of the Upper Thames* gives a fragment of this song.

Recorded by Mrs. Henry from the singing of Miss Pauline Franklin, Crossnore, North Carolina, August, 1931.

1. I'd rather marry a young man  
With an apple in his hand  
Than to marry an old man  
With all his house and land.

*Chorus*

An old man, and an old man,  
An old man at his grave;  
A young man's heart is full of love;  
Get away old man, get away.

2. I'd rather marry a young man  
That ditches all the time  
Than to marry an old man  
That dresses in breeches so fine.

*Chorus*

3. I'd rather marry a young man  
With forty cows to milk  
Than to marry an old man  
That would dress me up in silk.

*Chorus*

I HAVE ALWAYS HEARD OF THESE OLD MEN

This song has the same theme as the preceding one.

It was obtained from Mrs. Mary Tucker, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Harmon, Varnell, Georgia.

1. I have always heard of these old men  
Until I got one at last.  
I wish grim death had seized him  
Before I seen his face.

*I Have Always Heard of These Old Men*

2. I wish grim death had seized him  
And tuk him at a call  
So I may have a-married some younger man  
To roll me from the wall.
3. Hold your tongue, pretty Polly,  
For I am going to town:  
I will buy you a beaver bonnet,  
Likewise a Holland gown.
4. I will buy you a beaver bonnet  
A Holland gown likewise;  
Also a little black boy  
To follow your riding cheer.
5. What care I for your black boy?  
Your riding cheer likewise?  
I rather married some younger man  
With sparkles in his eyes.
6. I rather wedded some younger man,  
Lay on a bed of hay,  
As to wedded myself to this old man,  
For he is always in the way.
7. He never in good order;  
He never in good tune;  
And when he gets away from home,  
Not able to return.
8. This old man he will come boggling in  
Just like he had no life.  
A young man he come scampering home  
Saying, "Kiss me, my dear wife."

SONG BALLET

(*I was sixteen years of age*)

Note that in this song it is the woman who suffers from the marriage yoke.

Obtained from Miss Rachel Tucker, Varnell, Georgia, December, 1930. Miss Tucker is the granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Harmon, formerly of Cade's Cove, Tennessee.

1. I was sixteen years of age,  
A damsel in my prime.  
I dearly thought of a married life  
And it just at that time.
2. I fell in love with a glooming youth  
And marry was my plan;  
Was not very long till married I was  
To my good looking man.
3. We just been married just two weeks;  
One Sunday afternoon  
Sun went down and night got dark  
And away went honeymoon.
4. My man stepped out to take a little walk,  
And follow was my plan.  
Was not very long till a lady I seen  
With my good looking man.
5. I listened to their tales of love  
To each other they did tell.  
Said I to myself: "When you come home,  
I'll tan your hide right well."
6. Clock on the mantle was striking one;  
My darling he come in:  
"Oh, my darling Willie dear,  
Wherever have you been?"

*Ellen Smith*

7. "I been to church," said he;  
    "And that's a lie," said I,  
    "And nagging is your plan;"  
        I whaled away with the rolling pin  
            At my good looking man.
8. I knocked him down and broke his back  
        And ribs and tore his clothes  
        And picked up the packing stick  
        And laid that across his nose.
9. His face was as black as the chimney sweep's;  
        All down the streets he run;  
        There was not a lady fell in love  
        With my good looking man.
10. Come, all you gentlemen and ladies too,  
        Of a low and high degree:  
        When you meet a nagging man,  
        Pitch into him like me.

109

ELLEN SMITH

See Combs, p. 219; Hudson, p. 52; Brown, p. 11; Fuson, p. 132.

Obtained from Mr. C. L. Franklin, Crossnore, Avery County, North Carolina, July 14, 1930. Mr. Franklin could remember only the following fragment.

1. Poor Ellen Smith —  
        How she was found  
        Shot through the heart  
        Lying cold on the ground.
2. ....  
        .....  
        The blood hound and the sheriff —  
        They gave him no rest.

CLAUD ALLEN

The songs about Claud and Sidney Allen are based on facts. The local information is that both Allens shot sheriffs over a dispute about liquor and that Sidney was released from prison not long ago. The Hillsdale, Virginia, courthouse seems to have been the chief seat of warfare. It is still pointed out to tourists. Cf. Richardson and Spaeth, *American Mountain Songs*, p. 34 ("The Pardon of Sidna Allen") and the note, p. 106, which gives some account of the local feud at Hillsdale, Virginia. Cf. also Hudson, *Specimens of Mississippi Fork-Lore*, No. 71.

*A*

Obtained from Miss Dicie McLean, Crossnore, Avery County, North Carolina, July, 1929.

1. Claud Allen and his dear old father  
Have met their fatal doom at last.  
Their friends are glad their troubles are over  
And hope their souls are now at rest.
2. Claud's mother's tears will gently flow  
For the loss of the ones she loves so dear.  
It seems that none can tell her troubles;  
It seems no one can tell but her.
3. Claud Allen had a pretty sweetheart  
To mourn the loss of the one she loved.  
She hopes to meet beyond the river  
A fair young face in heaven above.
4. Claud was young and very handsome  
And still had hopes until the last  
That he might in some way or other  
Escape his death at the Richmond Pen.
5. The governor being so hard hearted  
And not caring what his friends might say  
That he finally took his sweet life from him  
And they laid his body in the clay.

6. High up on yonders lonely mountain  
Claud Allen sleeps beneath the clay.  
No more we'll hear his words for mercy,  
Nor see his face till Judgment Day.
7. Come, all young men, you may take warning:  
Be careful how you go astray;  
Or you might be like poor Claud Allen  
And have that awful debt to pay.

*B*

Obtained from Miss Rachel Tucker, Varnell, Georgia, December 10, 1930.

1. Claud Allen and his dear old father  
Met their fatal doom at last.  
Friends are glad their troubles are over;  
Hope their souls in heaven at last.
2. Claud was young, fair and handsome,  
And he hoped unto the end  
That he may in some way or other  
Shun his death at the rich man's pen.
3. But the governor, being so hard hearted,  
Cares not what his friends may say.  
They finally took his sweet life from him;  
In the cold ground Claud now lays.
4. Sad, indeed, to think of killing  
A man just in his youthful years,  
To leave his dear old mother weeping  
And all his friends in bitter tears.
5. Claud, he had a pretty sweetheart;  
Lost one gone, she dearly loves;  
She hopes to meet him over the river,  
His fair young face in heaven above.
6. Come, all of you young people,  
Take warning to what I say;  
Or you may be like poor Claud Allen:  
Have this awful deed to pay.
7. Way up on that old, high mountain,  
Claud all lays beneath the clay.  
We no more hear his words of mercy,  
Or see his face till the Judgment Day.

*C*

This is the same version as *B*, but it will be interesting to note the differences in the wording of a song sung in the same family. The song was recorded and sent in by Mrs. Mary Tucker, the mother of Miss Rachel Tucker (now Mrs. Brackett), Varnell, Ga., October, 1931.

1. Claud Allen and his dear old father  
Have met their fatal doom at last.  
Their friends are glad their troubles is over  
And their souls at rest at last.
2. Claud was young and fair and handsome  
And he hoped unto the end  
That he may in some way or other  
Escape his death at the rich man pen.
3. But the governor, being so hard hearted,  
Cared not what his friends may say.  
They finally took his sweet life from him;  
In the cold, cold clay Claud's body lays.
4. Claud, he had a pretty sweetheart;  
When the lost one gone she dearly loved,  
She hoped to meet him over the river,  
He fair young face in heaven above.
5. It sad, indeed, to think of killing  
A young man just in his blooming year,  
To leave his dear old mother weeping  
And all his friends in bitter tears.
6. Away up there on that cold mountain  
Claud's body sleeps beneath the clay.  
We no more hear his words of mercy  
Or see his face till the Judgment Day.

(*Mrs. Tucker adds that this song was composed a long time ago, and that Claud was "some of our far off kin."*)

III

SIDNEY ALLEN

See Hudson, No. 71; Richardson and Spaeth, *American Mountain Songs*, p. 34.

Obtained from Dr. D. S. Gage, Westminster College, Fulton, Missouri, who received it from Professor Artus M. Moser, Lincoln Memorial University, Harrogate, Tennessee, 1932. The song was recorded by a student in Lincoln Memorial University.

1. Come, all you people, if you want to hear  
The story of a cruel mountaineer.

Sidney Allen was a rounder;  
At Hatfield Court House he won his fame.

2. Court called the jury at half past nine;

Sidney Allen was a prisoner and he was on time;  
He mounted to the bar with his pistol in his hand,  
And he sent Judge Massie to the promised land.

3. Just a moment later, and the place was in a roar;

The dead and the dying, they were lying on the floor;  
With a thirty-eight special and thirty-eight ball  
Sidney backed the sheriff up against the wall.

4. The sheriff saw that he was in a mighty bad place;

The mountaineer was staring him right in the face;  
He turned to the window and then he said:  
“Just a moment later and we’ll all be dead.”

5. He mounted to his pony and away he did ride;

His friends and his neighbors — they were riding at his side —  
They all shook hands and swore they would hang  
Before they would give up to the Bolton gang.

6. Sidney Allen wandered and he traveled all around,

Until he was captured in that western town.  
He was taken to the station with a ball and a chain  
And they put poor Sidney on that east-bound train.

7. They arrived at Sidney's home about eleven forty-one;  
There he met his wife and daughters and two little sons;  
They all shook hands and all began to pray  
And they said, "O Lord, don't take our papa away."
8. The people they all gathered from far and near  
Just to see poor Sidney sentenced to the electric chair;  
But to their great surprise the judge he said,  
"He's going to the penitentiary instead."

112

JESSE JAMES

Cf. Charles J. Finger, *Frontier Ballads*, New York, 1927, pp. 57—59; Shearin and Combs, p. 16; Hudson, *Specimens of Mississippi Folk-Lore*, No. 77; Pound, No. 64; Lomax, p. 27; Sandburg, p. 420; Charles J. Finger, *Sailor Chanties and Cowboy Songs*, p. 18; Cox, No. 44; *Journal*, XXII, 246; XXV, 17, 145; Randolph, p. 195; *Journal*, XXIV, 387.

A

"Jessey James." Obtained from Miss Mary E. King, Gatlinburg, Sevier County, Tennessee, August 12, 1929, who had it from Lewis Clabo, Sevier-ville, Tennessee.

1. Whilst living in Missouri was a great, bold man.  
He was known from Seattle down to Birmingham,  
From Boston, Massachusetts, and across the states  
From Denver, Colorado, to the Golden Gates.
2. You people all have heard of some famous men,  
In every nook and corner heard of Jessey James.  
We used to read about him in our homes at night.  
The wind came down the chimney — made us shake with fright.
3. Jessey said one morning, "Boys, some coin we need."  
He polished up his rifle, got a hasty steed.  
He mounted to his horse, rode to his brother Frank's,  
Says, "We've got to have some money from the Pittsville bank."
4. They rode to town next morning; it was ten o'clock;  
The cashier of that bank, he got an awful shock;  
While Jessey kept him covered with his forty-four,  
The cashier counted out a half of million or more.

*Jesse James*

5. Jessey in his cabin one day all alone —  
His wife had left him to straighten up the hall,  
When scrubbing in the kitchen — when the door bell rang.  
In stepped forty members of an outlaw gang.
6. The photograph of Jessey's wife was hanging on the wall;  
Says, "Tonight I'll put that picture up in the hall;  
Says, "Tonight the western mail is coming to town,  
So tonight I'll put that picture back up there."  
He reached to get it, stood upon a chair,  
While Robert with his forty-four ranging (?) at his head.  
The news went over the country: "Jessey James was dead."
7. And on his tombstone was some verses read:  
"If you're going to be a bandit, live a single man,"  
For we know that Jessey wouldn't have lost his life  
If it hadn't been for the picture of his dear old wife;  
That Jessey wouldn't have lost his life, if it hadn't been  
For the picture of his dear old wife.  
He reached to get his rifle, knocked the picture down.

B

The song was recorded by Ruby Kiser, a student in Lincoln Memorial University, from the singing of Luther Arrington.

1. Jesse James and Frank  
They robbed many a bank  
And they flagged down that east-bound train.  
They would fall upon their knees  
And deliver up the keys  
To Frank and Jesse James.
2. One moonshiny night  
The stars were shining bright;  
They went to the jailer's house.  
He fell upon his knees  
And delivered up the keys  
To Frank and Jesse James.

*Ballads and Songs*

3. They rolled out west  
For to live upon the best,  
And the people asked them their names.  
They laughed and they scorned,  
And they made this reply:  
“It is Frank and Jesse James.”

4. Jesse James had a wife,  
In the morning of her life,  
And their children they grew brave.  
They stood upon the spot,  
And they saw their father shot,  
And they laid poor Jesse in his grave.

*Chorus*

In his grave, in his grave,  
And they laid poor Jesse in his grave.

5. All the people out west,  
When they heard of Jesse's death,  
They wondered how come him to die.  
He was shot on the sly  
By Comarn Robbie Ford,  
And they laid poor Jesse down to die.

*Chorus*

Down to die, down to die;  
They laid poor Jesse down to die.  
He was shot on the sly  
By Comarn Robbie Ford,  
And they laid poor Jesse down to die.

6. All the children cried aloud  
When they saw their father's shroud,  
Saying, “Mother, we are left alone.”  
She trembled and replied  
As she stood by their side,  
Saying, “God will prepare us a home.”

*Chorus*

Us a home, us a home,  
Saying, “God will prepare us a home.”  
She trembled and replied,  
As she stood by his side,  
Saying, “God will prepare us a home.”

C

"Poor Jesse James." Obtained from Cleophas L. Franklin, Crossnore, Avery County, North Carolina, July, 1930, who could recall only the following fragment:

1. Poor Jesse James!  
He robbed the Denver train  
And they laid poor Jesse  
In his grave.

II3

WILD BILL JONES

See Campbell and Sharp, No. 99; Richardson and Spaeth, p. 36; Spaeth, *Weep Some More*, p. 134.

A

Obtained from Miss Julia Stokes, who recorded the song from the singing of Hettie Twiggs, Crossnore, Avery County, North Carolina, July, 1931.

1. I went out this morning for to take a little walk;  
I walked upon wild Bill Jones;  
He was walking and talking by my true lover's side  
And bid me to leave her alone.
2. He took out his revolver from his side  
And destroyed that poor boy's soul.  
He kicked and scrambled all over the ground  
And gave one dying groan.
3. Pass around your fancy bottle;  
Let's all take a drink,  
For this evening will be the last of me  
And tomorrow will be the last of Wild Bill Jones.
4. I got a letter from a woman,  
Saying: "Darling, what is your Bill?"  
I wrote my woman back a letter,  
Saying: "Darling, my Bill come free."

5. My woman wrote me back a letter,  
Saying: "Darling, come back to me."  
.....  
.....
6. I was on that train at midnight;  
I was on her when she whistled for day;  
I was going 'round that curve straining every nerve;  
That engine was taking me away.
7. The engineer said to the fireman:  
"Throw in a little more coal;  
I'll take this man to his woman.  
Oh, sing him in some lonesome hole."

B

Obtained from Bonnie Ball, a student in Lincoln Memorial University,  
who has heard the song all her life.

1. As I went out for to take a little walk,  
I walked upon that Wild Bill Jones.  
He was walking and talking with my true love,  
And I bid him for to leave her alone.
2. He said, "Young man, I'm twenty-one;  
I'm too old for to be controlled."  
I drew my revolver from my side  
And destroyed that poor man's soul.
3. He kicked and he screamed till he fell to the ground;  
He gave one dying death groan;  
I threw my arms around my true love's neck,  
Says, "Darling, you'll be left alone."
4. Come on now, boys, let's take a little drink,  
While I've got this money for to spend,  
For today was the last of that Wild Bill Jones,  
And tomorrow will be the last of me.

TOM DOOLEY

See Brown, p. 11. This is another song, based on a real tragedy in North Carolina, in which the young man sings that he was warned,

*"That drinking and the women  
Would be my ruin at last."*

A

Obtained from Mrs. William Franklin, Crossnore, Avery County, North Carolina, July, 1930, who learned it from her brother, Edmund Malone Johnson.

1. Oh, bow your head, Tom Dooley;  
Oh, bow your head and cry;  
You have killed poor Laury Foster  
And you know you're bound to die.
2. You have killed poor Laury Foster;  
You know you have done wrong;  
You have killed poor Laury Foster,  
Your true love in your arms.
3. I take my banjo this evening;  
I pick it on my knee;  
This time tomorrow evening  
It will be of no use to me.
4. This day and one more;  
Oh, where do you reckon I be?  
This day and one more,  
And I'll be in eternity.
5. I had my trial at Wilkesboro;  
Oh, what do you reckon they done?  
They bound me over to Statesville  
And there where I'll be hung.
6. The limb being oak  
And the rope being strong —  
Oh, bow your head, Tom Dooley,  
For you know you are bound to hang.

7. O pappy, O pappy,  
What shall I do?  
I have lost all my money,  
And killed poor Laury too.
8. O mammy, O mammy,  
Oh, don't you weep, nor cry;  
I have killed poor Laury Foster  
And you know I am bound to die.
9. Oh, what my mammy told me  
Is about to come to pass:  
That drinking and the women  
Would be my ruin at last.

B

Obtained from Mr. C. L. Franklin, the son of Mrs. William Franklin.  
The four stanzas recalled by Mr. Franklin vary very slightly from stanzas  
1, 5, 7, and 9 of A, but 7 is put before 9 in B, becoming there 3 and 4 re-  
spectively.

1. Bow your head, Tom Dooley,  
Oh, bow your head and cry;  
You killed poor Laura Foster  
And you know you're bound to die.
2. They had my trial at Wilkesboro  
And what do you reckon they done?  
They bound me over to Statesville  
And that's where I'll be hung.
3. Mama, oh, dear mama,  
Your words have come to pass:  
Drinking and the women  
Would be my ruin at last.
4. Oh, papa, dear papa,  
Oh, what can I do?  
I've lost all my money  
And killed poor Laura too.

*II5*

THE PRISONER'S SONG

See Mackenzie, *Ballads*, No. 121, who gives a reference to a version of the song printed by R. W. Gordon in *Adventure Magazine*, January 1, 1927.

"My Ole Home in Tennessee." Obtained from Miss Margaret Combs, Guerrant, Breathitt County, Kentucky, September, 1931.

1. Oh, I'm thinking tonight of my ole home  
Down among the hills of ole Tenpessee.  
Oh, I'm thinking tonight of my ole pals,  
And I wonder if they ever think of me.

*Chorus*

All alone! all alone!  
In my cell all day long,  
Thinking of the days that's gone by me  
And the days that I know I done wrong.

2. Now I have a father and mother  
Living in a cottage by the sea.  
Now I have a sister and brother  
And I wonder if they ever think of me.

*Chorus*

All alone! all alone!  
In my cell all day long,  
Thinking of those good ole days gone by me  
And the days that I know I done wrong.

*II6*

THE RICH RAMBLER

See Fuson, p. 63.

"The Wretched Rambling Boy." The song was recorded by a student in Lincoln Memorial University.

1. I was a wretched, rambling boy;  
.....  
In Columbus City I paid my way;  
I spent my money at the ball and play.

*Ballads and Songs*

2. I married a girl, a pretty little wife;  
I loved her better than I loved my life;  
Her manners were so neat and gay;  
She caused me to rob on the road highway.
3. I robbed them all, I do declare;  
I robbed them of all they had to spare.  
I robbed them of all ten thousand pounds  
One night when I was a-rambling around.
4. I had dry goods to carry me through,  
A bright new sword and a pistol too,  
A forty-four that never did fail,  
When my true love come to go my bail.
5. My true love sits in deep despair,  
Her bright blue eyes and her curly hair;  
She was the prettiest thing I ever did see,  
When I was condemned to the gallows tree.
6. The rose is red and the stem is green;  
Days have passed that we've never seen;  
The days that are left, they may be few,  
But I hope to spend them all with you.
7. I'll take a chair and I'll sit down;  
I'll write a letter to old Frankfort town;  
In every word I'll write the truth,  
And I'll beg the Lord to turn me loose.
8. I wish to the Lord that the train would come  
And take me back to what I've run from;  
I thought I heard the old train blow;  
Farewell, dear friends, I'm bound to go.

## LOGAN COUNTY COURT HOUSE

Some of the stanzas of the following song are of the sort characterized by R. W. Gordon as "stray 'jail' verses that seem to be very widespread. They constantly turn up in widely separated localities as parts of various songs." Stanzas 4 and 5 are close to stanzas 3 and 4 of a song quoted in R. W. Gordon's "Jail Ballads," *The New York Times Magazine*, June 19, 1927, p. 20. He remarks of these stanzas that they seem "to have been influenced, in their style at least, by broadside material such as the *Boston Burglar*." See Cox, No. 42.

"The Poor Boy." The song was obtained from Miss Jessie Pressley, Montreat, North Carolina, July, 1932.

1. When I was a poor boy, I stood upon the square;  
I use to pocket money; I knew it was not fair;  
I traveled on a steam-boat; I learnt to rob and steal;  
When I made a big haul, how jolly I would feel!

*Chorus*

Oh, where is the money, boy, come to go my bail?  
Oh, where is the money, boy, come to go my bail?  
Oh, where is the money, boy, come to go my bail?  
Left me broken-hearted in old Asheville jail.

2. When I left on Birmingham, I left her on a bum  
Straightway to Minford and there I just begun;  
Sat down for to gamble; five dollars was the game;  
How I beat that gambler was a scandle and a shame.

*Chorus*

3. I used to wear the white and hat, the horse and buggy fine;  
I used to court those pretty girls; I always called them mine;  
I courted them a long time; I courted them all in vain;  
They sent me around to Raleigh to wear the ball and chain.

*Chorus*

*Ballads and Songs*

4. In came my dohy, ten dollars in her hand;  
Says: "My dearest darling, I've done the best I can;  
I hope the Lord be with you wherever you may be  
And the devil get those jurymen who sent you here to stay."

*Chorus*

5. In came a jailer — ten o'clock at night —  
A bunch of keys all in his hand, the lamp a-giving light;  
"Wake up, my dearest prisoner," I thought I heard him say,  
"I'll carry you around to Raleigh, five long years to stay."

*Chorus*

6. As I passed those stations, I heard the people say:  
"Yonder goes that idle bird all bound down in chains,  
All bowed down in sorrow, all bowed down in shame,  
Carrying him around to Raleigh to wear the ball and chain."

*Chorus*

118

THE PEDDLER AND HIS WIFE

See Fuson, p. 116, who says in his head-note: "They were robbed and killed on Martin's Fork, of Cumberland River, Harlan County, Kentucky, about twenty-five years ago. This is only a short distance from where I am now writing this in Harlan."

The song was recorded by D. G. Tiller, a student in Lincoln Memorial University, from the singing of Mr. James Taylor Adams, Big Laurel, Virginia.

1. One day the sun was rising high,  
A day in merry June;  
The birds set singing on a tree;  
All nature seemed in tune.
2. A peddler and his wife were traveling  
Along a lonely way,  
A-sharin' each other's toil and care;  
They both were old and grey.

*Charles Guiteau or James A. Garfield*

3. They were laboring, toiling hard,  
A living for to make;  
They did not know, nor did they think  
They their lives would take.
4. Just as the wagon came along,  
Shots rang out upon the air;  
And while the echo died away,  
Terrible was the experience there.
5. His wife pitched out upon the ground  
And tossed her dying head;  
The men rushed to take her gold —  
Poor lady, she was dead!
6. The horse rushed on with the dying man,  
Till kind friends checked his speed;  
Alas, alas, it was too late  
To stop this horrible deed.
7. Now they are sleeping in their tomb,  
Their souls have gone above,  
Where thieves disturb them now no more,  
For all is peace and love.

119

CHARLES GUITEAU or JAMES A. GARFIELD

See Pound, *Ballads*, No. 65, who gives the following note: "Text secured by Professor E. F. Piper of the University of Iowa, from a student who had it from South Dakota. The origin of this song is unknown. Dr. Carl Van Doren says that he often heard it in Illinois during the 90's from his father." Under the same number Dr. Pound gives *The Death of Young Bendall* and says: "Text from Miss Agnes Andrews of Cambridge, Nebraska. 1918. She writes of the piece as follows: 'A young man by the name of Bendall whose parents were supposed to be living in England in wealth came to Canada about the year 1890 and settled near St. Thomas, Ontario. He soon made friends with a young married man by the name of J. J. Birchell. Birchell, knowing that Bendall carried much gold on his person, enticed him out on a hunting expedition and very coolly shot him. The lines of *Young Bendall*

were composed and set to music by a young school teacher in the neighborhood where the tragedy took place.'

"A third piece of the same pattern is *John T. Williams*. A fragment of it from Mrs. E. N. Hardin (1916) of Missouri Valley, Iowa, who had it from a ranchman at Cambridge, Nebraska, who had it from Canada, begins as follows:

My name it is John T. Williams,  
My name I'll never deny,

I'll leave my dear old parents  
To suffer and to die,

For murdering....  
Upon the scaffold high.

Their testimony is to the effect that it was sung in the seventies before the death of Garfield (1881). Other pieces from the same singers are old, or are closer to their Old World originals than many American texts, so that it is possible that *John T. Williams*, or some other predecessor of *Charles Guiteau* and *Young Bendall*, was the model for these pieces. The song is of a staple pattern and, in its original form, might belong to the Old or the New World."

See also Hudson, No. 79, who secured the text from Mr. T. D. Clark, Louisville, who had it from his mother, Mrs. Sallie Clark. Add Combs, p. 218, who had it from Mr. R. H. Johnson, Morgantown, West Virginia.

Recorded by Mrs. Henry from the singing of Alec Padgett, Black Mountain, North Carolina, July, 1934. The music was recorded by Maurice Matteson.



*A Kentucky Feud Song*

James A. Garfield,  
He took me to be his friend,  
I shot a bullet into him  
That caused his fatal end.

*Chorus*

My name is Charles Guiteau;  
My name I'll never deny;  
To leave my aged parents  
In sorrow for to die,  
But little did they think that I,  
While in my youthful bloom,  
I'll be taken to the scaffold  
For to meet my fatal doom.

I was standing at the depot;  
I thought I'd make my escape,  
But Providence turned against me;  
I found it was too late.

*Chorus*

I was standing at the depot  
All in my uniform;  
The police stepped beside me  
And took me by the arm.

*Chorus*

He led me up to the prison;  
The door flew open wide;  
My heart did sink within me;  
The laws I must abide.

*Chorus*

120

A KENTUCKY FEUD SONG

See variant published by Professor Josiah H. Combs in *Folk-Songs du Midi des États-Unis*, Paris, 1925, p. 183. It has thirteen stanzas and a chorus. Some of the stanzas are almost identical with those of the present text. The chorus of the former is practically the same as the last two lines of stanza 8 and the first three lines of stanza 9 of the song printed here.

“The Hargis-Marcum Feud” (“The Hargis-Callihan Feud”). Obtained

from Miss Mabel Hall, Taft, Texas, who had it from Clay Hurst, Heiner, Breathitt County, Kentucky.

With this "song-ballet" came the request not to print it for a few years. Some years have now passed. Moreover, another correspondent writes: "The newspapers helped to make the Hargis-Callihan feud in bloody Breathitt County widely known. It is interesting to know that, true to nature, the people have sung the story of the terrible feud until now it is one of their many song ballets." It, therefore, appears to be current enough in oral transmission. The story has been stated to be about as follows:

"Marcum killed a Hargis, fled to the country, went to Texas. He felt compelled to go back to settle some business. Upon his return, war was declared in Jackson. The governor sent troops to *try* to quiet things but they could do nothing. Marcum, it seems, had succeeded in settling all business and was leaving the courthouse expecting to take a train for the West that night, but Hargis's man got him — Jett, you understand, was hired by Hargis to do the killing. Jim Hargis once ruled Breathitt County with an iron hand."

1. It was on the fourth of May,  
Half past eight o'clock that day;  
J. B. Marcum was standing in the courthouse of his town,  
Where Curt Jett was lurking 'round  
Just to get a chance to lay him on the floor.
2. Thomas White, a friend of Jett's,  
No worse man was ever met,  
Then came walking boldly through the courthouse hall.  
As he was passing by, he looked Marcum in the eye,  
Knowing truly that poor Marcum soon must die.
3. Judge Jim Hargis and his man,  
Sheriff Edward Callihan,  
Were across the street in Hargis Bros.' store.  
Some people knew the plot and were listening for the shot  
And see Jett's victim fall there in the door.
4. Jett advances through the hall  
With his pistol, lead and ball,  
And he killed poor Marcum on the spot.  
B. J. Ewen, standing by, saw him fall and heard him cry:  
"O Lord! O Lord! They have killed me now at last."

*A Kentucky Feud Song*

5. Ewen kept the secret well  
For he was afraid to tell;  
For he feared they would kill him there and then.  
They arrested White and Jett; and the courts of Jackson met;  
And the prosecution labored with its might.
6. With the courts of Breathitt over,  
Judge Redwine could do no more,  
And he left it with the jury for the right.  
One man began to plead that he thought they should be freed,  
And it is believed Jim Hargis paid that man a fee.
7. Then the courts at Harrison met  
And condemned bo' th White and Jett;  
And sent them to the prison where they both will have to stay.  
Their poor mothers grieve each day for their boys who have gone away  
For there is nothing that can sever a mother's love.
8. She'll pray for them with each breath  
And cling to them until death  
And hope to meet them in the courts above.  
Marcum leaves a wife to mourn him all her life,  
But his little children stand it well and brave.
9. But that little Curtis Jett,  
Thomas White, and others yet,  
Are the men who laid poor Marcum in his grave.  
But they'll let these men go free and they'll pay their lawyer's fee  
But they will get their judgment on that Judgment Day.

*Note : This happened on May 4th, 1905. Both men have been pardoned for several years. — Clay Hurst.*

### LEO FRANK AND MARY PHAGAN

See "Leo Frank and Mary Phagan" by Franklyn Bliss Snyder, *Journal*, XXXI, 264. Mr. Snyder thinks that this song "represents a piece of folk-lore 'in the making.'" He had it from Miss Helen L. Duncan, of Chicago, "who took it down from recitation while she was a visitor at the Muscoda Mines, Bessemer, Alabama." The singer was a Georgian who could neither "read or write and made no claim to the authorship of what he sang." Miss Duncan states that before she got the ballad from this singer "she had heard it in various forms from a number of different people . . . . . and that no one had ever seen it in print." The present song seems to have sufficient variation from the Alabama version to make it worth while to print it for the sake of further study of a piece of folk-lore "in the making." The names of the judge and watchman in the present song differ from the names of the same persons in the Alabama version. No mention of a solicitor is made in the present song. Verbal changes are frequent. Cf. also "Farm Life," July, 1927, p. 14.

"Mary Fagen." Obtained from Miss Mary E. King, Gatlinburg, Sevier County, Tennessee, Aug. 12, 1929, who had it from Miss Maud King, Sevierville, Tennessee.

1. Little Mary Fagen,  
She went to town one day:  
She went to the pencil factory  
To get her weekly pay.
2. She left her home at eleven;  
She kissed her mother goodbye;  
Not once did the poor girl think  
She was going off to die.
3. Leo Frank met her  
With a brutish heart and grin;  
He says to little Mary:  
"You'll never see home again."
4. Down on her knees fell  
To Leo Frank and pled.  
He picked a stick from the trash pile  
And beat her o'er the head.

*Leo Frank and Mary Phagan*

5. The tears rolled down her cheek,  
The blood rolled down her back;  
For she remembered telling her mother  
What time she would be back.
6. Nemphon was the watchman;  
He went to wind his key;  
Away down in the basement  
Was nothing he could see.
7. They phoned for the officers;  
Their names I do not know;  
They came to the pencil factory,  
Says to Nemphon, "You must go."
8. They took him to the jail house;  
They bound him in his cell;  
The poor old innocent negro  
Had nothing he could tell.
9. Mother sits a-weeping;  
She weeps and mourns all day  
And hopes to meet her darling  
In a better land some day.
10. Come, all ye good people,  
Wherever you may be,  
Suppose that "little Mary"  
Belonged to you or me.
11. I have an idea in my mind  
When Frankie comes to die  
And stands examination  
In the courthouse in the sky,
12. He'll be so astonished  
To what the angels say  
And how he killed little Mary  
Upon that holiday.
13. Judge Roan passed a sentence;  
He passes it very well;  
The Christian doers of heaven  
Sent Leo Frank to hell.

### FRANKIE AND ALBERT

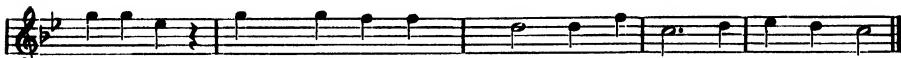
See Sandburg's head-note to his four versions of this song, 75; R. W. Gordon, *Adventure Magazine*, August 20, 1923; *ibid.*, May 10, 1925; Spaeth, *Read' Em and Weep*, 34; Scarborough, 79; *New Jersey Journal of Education*, September, 1926; Cox, No. 46; Glen H. Mullin, *Adventures of a Scholar Tramp*, 260; Odum, *Journal*, XXIV, 366; Perrow, *Journal*, XXVIII, 178; R. W. Gordon, *New York Times Magazine*, June 19, 1927; Bradley Kincaid, *My Favorite Mountain Ballads and Old-Time Songs*, 1928, p. 41; Henry, *Journal*, XLII, 285; Richardson and Spaeth, *American Mountain Songs*, p. 38. "Frankie and Johnny," a play by John Huston, Albert and Charles Boni, New York, 1930, contains a dozen versions of the song from various sources. Two of them are reprinted from the *Journal*. Cf. also "Frankie and Johnny," a review of the play with some account of the song in *The New Jersey Journal of Education*, Vol. XX, Nos. 5 and 6, January-February, 1931, p. 15.

### A

"Frankie." Obtained from Austin Harmon, Cade's Cove, Blount County, Tennessee, August, 1928.



Frankie was a good girl As every-body knows. She paid a hundred



dollar bill For a suit of Albert's clothes, Just because she loved him so.

1. Frankie was a good girl  
As everybody knows.  
She paid a hundred dollar bill  
For a suit of Albert's clothes,  
Just because she loved him so.

*Frankie and Albert*

2. Frankie went down to the bar-room;  
She called for a bottle of beer;  
She whispered to the bar-tender;  
“Has Albert — he been here?  
He is my man and he won’t come home.”
3. “I am not a-going to tell you no story;  
I am not a-going to tell you no lie;  
He left here about an hour ago  
With a girl called Alice Fry;  
He is your man and he won’t come home.”
4. Frankie went to the house  
As hard as she could run;  
And under her apron  
Concealed a smokeless gun;  
“He is my man but he won’t come home.”
5. Frankie went to the pool-room,  
And knocked on the pool-room door,  
And there she saw the man she loved  
Standing in the middle of the floor;  
“You are my man and you will come home.”
6. Albert ran around the table  
And fell down on his knees.  
He hollowed out to Frankie:  
“Don’t kill me, if you please;  
I’m your man and I have done you wrong.”
7. Frankie stepped out in the back yard;  
She heard a bull-dog bark:  
“That must be the man I love slipping out in the dark.  
If it is, I am a-going to lay him low;  
He is my man, but he done me wrong.”
8. Frankie went down to the river.  
She looked from bank to bank:  
“Do all you can for a gambling man,  
But yet you will get no thanks;  
For a gambling man won’t treat you right.”

9. Frankie reached down in her pocket,  
And pulled that forty-four out,  
And shot little Albert through that suit of clothes  
People been a-talking about:  
“He’s my man but he won’t be long.”
10. “Turn me over, Frankie,  
Turn me over slow,  
Turn me on my right side;  
My heart will overflow;  
I’m your man and I have done you wrong.”
11. Frankie looked down on Broadway  
As far as she could see,  
Two little children just a-crying and singing,  
“Nearer, My God, to Thee” —  
Seems so sad little Albert is dead.
12. They took little Frankie to the courthouse;  
They sat her in a big arm chair;  
She was listening for the judge to say:  
“We will give her ninety-nine year,  
She killed her man in the first degree.”
13. But the judge, he said to the jury:  
“Jury, I can’t see  
When she shot the man she loved;  
I think she ought to go free,  
For a gambling man won’t treat you right.”
14. Frankie walked out on the scaffold  
As brave as she could be:  
“When I shot the man I loved,  
I murdered in the first degree;  
He is my man and I loved him so.”
15. Now little Albert is buried  
And Frankie is by his side;  
Had it cut on the head and foot tomb-stones:  
“The gambler and his bride,  
The gambling man and his bride.”

*B*

“Little Frankie.” Sung by Granville Gadsey, Guerrant, Breathitt County, Kentucky, 1925.

1. Frankie went down to the old hop-shop  
To get her a thirty-eight.  
She's going to kill little Albert  
For coming through her gate.
2. Frankie went up to the big ball game;  
She did not go for fun;  
All under her white apron,  
She carried a forty-one.
3. Frankie went down to the depot;  
The door was open wide;  
There sat little Albert with another woman by his side.  
“Oh, Albert, you are my man, a gamble-man,  
But you won't stay at home.”
4. Albert started out the back door,  
He started all in a run.  
“If you don't stop there, Albert,  
I'll shoot you with my gun.”
5. She shot little Albert once;  
She shot little Albert twice;  
The third time she shot little Albert,  
It took poor Albert's life.
6. Go and take little Albert to the hospital,  
Go and turn him over slow,  
For the ball of Frankie's gun  
Is hurting his side so.
7. Go and gear up your horses  
And hitch to the golden hack  
To take little Albert to the grave-yard  
And never bring him back.
8. Frankie went to the grave-yard  
All dressed in scholar (?) black,  
Saying she would give one thousand dollars  
If she had little Albert back.

9. Frankie went to the grave-yard;  
She kneeled down on her knees  
Saying praises to the Lord —  
Give her heart some ease.
10. Frankie went to the courthouse  
To have her trial.  
The jury said to the judge,  
“I believe little Frankie ought to be cleared.”
11. Frankie had two children,  
One was a girl and [= one a] boy.  
She said, “If you ever see your papa’s face,  
It will be in another world.”
12. Frankie was a good little woman,  
So everybody knows.  
She paid one hundred dollars  
For Albert’s suit of clothes.

C

“Frankie Baker.” Obtained from Miss Ronie Johnson, Crossnore, Avery County, North Carolina, July, 1929.

1. Frankie was a good girl  
As everybody knows;  
She paid a hundred dollar bill  
For Albert a suit of clothes,  
Just because she loved him so.
2. Frankie took them to him;  
Albert put them on,  
Went stepping off down the broad highway,  
Saying, “Bye, bye, Honey, I’m gone,  
For I’m your man who won’t treat you right.”
3. Frankie went to the beer shops  
And called for a glass of beer,  
Saying to the bar-room keeper:  
“Have you seen little Albert here?”  
“Oh, no, no, Frankie, no.”

*Frankie and Albert*

4. The keeper turned to Frankie,  
Says, "Frankie, I told you a lie;  
He left here about an hour ago  
With a girl he called Alice Fry;  
I know he's your man; he won't treat you right."
5. Frankie went to the bar-room;  
She called for a glass of gin,  
Saying to the burie-be,  
"I'm going to get drunk again;  
I'll kill my man, who won't treat me right."
6. Frankie went down the broadway,  
With a razor in her hand:  
"Stand back all you loving girls;  
I'm hunting my gambling man;  
I'll kill my man, who won't treat me right."
7. She went down to the pool room;  
She looked in the pool room door,  
And there she spied the man she loved,  
A-sitting in the middle of the floor,  
Saying, "I'm your man who won't treat you right."
8. "Come to me, little Albert,  
I'm calling through no fun;  
If you don't come to the one loves you,  
I'll shoot you with my old gun,  
For you're my man, who won't treat me right."
9. Albert went behind the counter;  
He fell upon his knees,  
Look right up into Frankie's face,  
Saying, "Frankie, don't shoot me, please,  
For I'm your man who won't treat you right."
10. Frankie got up next morning,  
About nine o'clock.  
She picked up that forty-four gun,  
And fired the fatal shot;  
She killed her man, who wouldn't treat her right.

11. "Turn me over, Frankie,  
    Turn me over slow;  
    Turn me over on my left side;  
    Those bullets hurt me so.  
    You've killed your man who wouldn't treat you right."
12. People all said to Frankie:  
    "Little girl, why don't you run?  
    Don't you see that chief police  
    With a forty-four smokeless gun?  
    You've killed your man who wouldn't treat you right."
13. Frankie went down to the river;  
    She marched from bank to bank;  
    "I've done all I could for a gambling man  
    And yet I get no thanks  
    For killing my man, who wouldn't treat me right."
14. Frankie went to the funeral;  
    She rode in a rubber tired hack;  
    When they lowered him into the grave,  
    She screamed, "He'll never come back,  
    He'll never come back, he'll never come back."
15. Frankie had two children,  
    A boy and a girl;  
    She told them if they ever saw their papa,  
    They would see him in another world.  
    She killed her man who wouldn't treat her right.
16. Frankie sat in the court-room,  
    Fanning with an electric fan.  
    Whispering to her sister, she said,  
    "Never love a gambling man,  
    For all you do, he won't treat you right."
17. Judge said to the jury:  
    "Jury, I cannot see,  
    Though Frankie has killed the man she loved,  
    Why she should not go free  
    For killing her man who wouldn't treat her right."

*Frankie and Albert*

18. Frankie walked out on the scaffold,  
As brave as a girl could be,  
Saying, "Judge, you tried me  
Murder in the first degree,  
For killing my man, who wouldn't treat me right."
19. Now little Frankie is buried;  
She's sleeping by Albert's side;  
Albert was a gambling man,  
And Frankie was his bride;  
She killed her man who wouldn't treat her right.

*D*

"Frankie and Johnnie." Obtained from Mrs. Ewart Wilson, Pensacola, North Carolina, August 1, 1930.

1. Frankie and Johnnie were lovers.  
Oh, ho, how they did love!  
Swore to be true to each other  
As true as the stars up above.  
He was her man; he wouldn't do her wrong.
2. Frankie went down to the corner  
Just for a bucket of beer.  
Said, "Mr. Bartender,  
Has my loving Johnnie been here?  
He's my man; he won't do me wrong."
3. "Frankie, I'll cause you no trouble;  
Frankie, I'll tell you no lie;  
Your lover left here about an hour ago  
With a girl named Nellie Bly.  
He's your man but he's doing you wrong."
4. Frankie looked over the transom;  
There to her great surprise,  
There on a couch sat her Johnnie  
Making love to Nellie Bly.  
He was her man, but he done her wrong.

*Ballads and Songs*

5. Frankie pulled back her kimono,  
Drew out her little forty-four toruute;  
Three times she shot  
Right through that hard wood door,  
Killed her man 'cause he done her wrong.
6. "Frankie, come, turn me over;  
Come, turn me over slow;  
Your bullet in my left side;  
Oh, how it hurts me so!  
You killed your man 'cause he done you wrong."
7. Bring on your rubber tired horses;  
Bring on your rubber tired hack.  
Taking my man to the grave yard  
And I'm not going to bring him back.  
I killed my man 'cause he done me wrong.
8. Frankie went to the warden.  
Said, "What are you going to do?"  
The warden said to Frankie:  
"It's the electric chair for you.  
You've killed your man 'cause he done you wrong."
9. Frankie went to the policeman.  
Said, "I don't want to live another day.  
Lock me up in a dungeon  
And throw the key away.  
I've killed my man 'cause he done me wrong."
10. This story has no moral;  
This story has no end;  
This story goes right on to show  
There's not no good in men.  
She killed her man 'cause he done her wrong.

*E*

"Frankie Baker." Obtained from Mrs. Cleophas L. Franklin, Crossnore, Avery County, N. C., July, 1929, who had it from her mother-in-law, Mrs. Alicidona Franklin, of Avery County.

*Frankie and Albert*

1. Frankie Baker was a good girl,  
As every body knows;  
She paid one hundred dollar bill,  
For a suit of little Albert's clothes,  
Just because she loved him so.
2. Frankie went down to the bar-room;  
She called for a glass of beer;  
She said to the man behind the bar:  
"Have you seen little Albert here?  
He's my man, don't treat me right."
3. Says, "Law, no, little Frankie,  
I'll tell you no lie;  
He left here about an hour ago,  
With a girl called Alice Fry;  
He's your man, don't treat you right."
4. She went down to the ball room;  
She spied him standing in the door,  
Said, "If you don't come to the one you love,  
I'll shoot you with your own gun;  
You're my man, don't treat me right."
5. Albert run around behind the table;  
He fell down upon his knees;  
He cried out, "My loving wife,  
Oh, Frankie, don't shoot me, please,  
I'll be your man, I'll treat you right."
6. 'Twas one Friday morning  
At half past four o'clock;  
Frankie pulled out her forty-four gun;  
She fired the two fatal shots;  
She killed her man, wouldn't treat her right.
7. "Turn me over, Frankie,  
Turn me over slow.  
Please don't touch my wounded side,  
For, mercy, it hurts me so;  
You killed your man, wouldn't treat you right."

8. Frankie went down the Broadway;  
The band begin to play;  
All the tune that it would play  
Was, "Nearer, My God, to Thee;"  
All over the town the band did sound.

*F*

"Little Frankie." Obtained from Austin Tuohy, Jersey City, N. J., who had it from Miss Wilna Suggs, Chattanooga, Tennessee.

1. Frankie was a good woman, as everybody knows;  
She saved up all her money, to buy her old man's clothes;  
He was her man, but he done her wrong.
2. Frankie went to the bar-room for to get a glass of beer;  
She said, "Say, Mr. Bartender, did you see my old man here?"  
He was her man, but he done her wrong.
3. Bartender said, "I say, Miss Frankie, I cannot tell you a lie;  
Old Albert was here about an hour ago with a girl named Sussie Sly;"  
He was her man, but he done her wrong.
4. Frankie went home just as fast as she could run;  
She reached down in the pocket — pulled out a forty-four gun;  
He was her man, but he done her wrong.
5. Frankie shot him once — bang! Frankie shot him twice;  
The third time Frankie shot him, she took her old man's life;  
He was her man, but he done her wrong.
6. Rubber-tire buggies, great high silk hats!  
They took old Albert to the grave yard;  
And she forgot to bring him back;  
He was her man, but he done her wrong.

### THE TEXAS RANGERS

See John A. Lomax ("Cowboy Songs and Other Frontier Ballads"), 44; Pound, No. 73; *New Jersey Journal of Education*, March, 1928. Cf. also *Journal*, XLII, 281; Jones, p. 11; Fuson, p. 191.

### A

"Texas Ranger." Obtained from Austin Harmon, Varnell, Georgia, 1929.

1. Come, all you Tennessee men,  
    Wherever you may be,  
And I will tell you all some troubles  
    That happened unto me.
2. At the age of sixteen  
    I joined the jolly band.  
We marched from Sears<sup>1</sup>, Texas,  
    To English Orland land.
3. Our captain there informed us,  
    Perhaps he thought it right,  
"Before we reach the mountain, my boys,  
    We will have to fight."
4. We saw them rebels coming;  
    We heard them give the yell,  
My feeling at that moment  
    No human tongue could tell.
5. The smoke it was descending,  
    Descending to the sky.  
My feelings in that moment:  
    I thought that I must die.
6. I thought of my old mother;  
    In tears she said to me:  
"You are my only ranger,  
    You better stay with me."
7. I thought she was old and childish,  
    The best she did not know.  
My mind was bent on roaming  
    And I was bound to go.

---

<sup>1</sup> Sherman(?).

*Ballads and Songs*

8. We fought them nine long hours,  
    Before the strife give over.  
The like of dead and wounded  
    I never saw before.
9. There lie three the noblest rangers  
    That ever traveled the West,  
Was buried by their comrades  
    With bullets in their breasts.
10. Perhaps you have a mother,  
    Likewise a sister too;  
Perhaps a sweetheart  
    To weep and mourn for you.
11. If this be your condition  
    Although you like to roam,  
I will tell you by experience  
    You better stay at home.
12. One word to you, young ladies:  
    It makes my bosom swell;  
I wish you all be happy  
    On this earth may dwell.
13. I wish you all be happy  
    On this earth may dwell  
I'm going away to leave you,  
    Young ladies, fare you well.

*B*

“Texas Ranger.” Obtained from Miss Mary Riddle, Black Mountain, Buncombe County, North Carolina, 1925, who learned it from her father.

1. Come, all you Texas Rangers, wherever you may be,  
    A story I will tell you which happened unto me:  
My name — it’s nothing extra — my name, I will not tell;  
    I am a Texas Ranger and shortly I must go.
2. At the age of sixteen years I joined the social band;  
    In marching from Cincinnati to the Rio Grande,  
How our captain did inform us to what he thought was right:  
    “Before we reach yon station our boys will have to fight.”

*When the Work's All Done This Fall*

3. I saw those Indians coming, I heard them give command:  
From "arms, to arms," they shouted, "Pray, by your horses stand."  
I saw the smoke arising; it seemed to reach the sky;  
My feelings at the moment — now is my time to die.
4. I saw their glittering arrows all around me like hail did fall;  
My heart it sunk within me, my courage almost fell;  
They fought there nine long hours before the lines gave way;  
The like was [= of] dead and wounded, I never saw before.
5. There was six as nobler Rangers as ever trod the West,  
Lies buried by their comrades with bullets in their breast.  
I thought of my dear old mother when this she said to me:  
"My son, my son, they are all strangers; with me you'd better stay."
6. I thought she was childish and this she did not know;  
My mind was on Rangers and I was bound to go.  
Perhaps you have a mother, perhaps a sister too;  
My mother nor my sister is here in earth no more;  
I have no wife nor sweetheart to weep and mourn for me.

124

WHEN THE WORK'S ALL DONE THIS FALL

Cf. Lomax, *Cowboy Songs*, p. 53.

A

The song was recorded by Dora Testerman, a student in Lincoln Memorial University, from the singing of relatives.

1. A jolly group of cowboys, discussing plans one day,  
Says one, "I'll tell you something, boys,  
If you will listen, please.  
I am an old cow-puncher all dressed in rags;  
I used to be a tough one and go out for big jags.  
I have a home, boys, a good one, you all know,  
Although I have not seen it since long, long ago.  
I'm going back to Dixie once more to see them all;  
I'm going home to see my mother when the work's all done this fall.

2. "After the round up's over and the shipping is done,  
I'm going home, boys, before my money's all gone;  
I'm going home, boys, when the works all done this fall.  
When I left home, boys, my mother cried for me;  
Begged me not to go, boys, for me she would have died;  
My mother's heart is breaking, breaking for me, that's all;  
And with God's help I'll see her when the work's done this fall."
3. That very night this cowboy went out to stand his guard;  
The night was dark and cloudy and storming very dark;  
The cattle all got frightened and rushed in wild stampede;  
The cowboys tried to herd them, riding at full speed.  
While riding in the darkness, so loudly did he shout,  
Trying his best to herd them and, turning the herd about,  
His saddle horse did stumble and on him did fall;  
The poor boy won't see his mother when the work's done this fall.
4. His body was so mangled — the boys all thought him dead;  
They picked him up so gently and laid him on a bed;  
He opened wide his blue eyes, and looking around,  
He motioned to his comrades to sit near him on the ground.  
"Boys, send my mother my money that I have earned;  
I'm going to a new range; I hear my master's call;  
And I'll not see my mother when the work's done this fall.
5. "Bill, you may have my saddle; George, you may take my bed;  
Jack may have my pistol, after I am dead;  
Boys, think of me kindly when you look upon them all;  
For I'll not see my mother when the work's all done this fall."  
Poor Charlie was buried at sunrise — no tombstone at his head —  
Nothing but a little board — and this is what it said:  
"Charlie died at day-break; he died from a fall;  
The boy won't see his mother when the work's done this fall."

B

From the singing of C. L. Franklin, Jr. (ten years of age), Crossnore,  
North Carolina, July, 1930.

1. I have a home in Dixie,  
A good one, you all know;  
But, boys, I haven't seen it  
For many years ago.

*When The Work's All Done This Fall*

2. My mother's heart is breaking,  
Is breaking for me, that is all.  
I'm going to see my mother  
When the work's all done this fall.
3. That very night that cowboy  
Went out to stand that guard.  
The wind it was a-blowing;  
It sure was storming hard.
4. The cattle all got scattered  
And running at a wild stampede;  
He tried his best to head them  
By running at full speed.
5. His saddle horse did stumble  
And on to him did fall.  
He'll not go to see his mother  
When the work's all done this fall.
6. They picked him up so gently  
And laid him on the bed.  
All the cowboys crowded around him  
To see if he was dead.
7. He opened wide his blue eyes  
And this is what he said:  
“Oh, Ted, you take my pistol  
And, Bill, you take my bed,
8. “And send my saddle to mother  
After I am dead;  
For I'll not see my mother  
When the work's all done this fall.”

### THE RAMBLING COWBOY

See Lomax, *Cowboy Songs*, p. 244. Cf. also p. 83, the song entitled, "Lackey Bill." N. Howard Thorp remarks: "Author supposed to have been K. Tolliver. I first heard it at Van Horn, Texas" (*Songs of the Cowboys*, p. 134).

### A

"The Girl I Left on New River." The song was recorded near Cumberland Gap, Tennessee, by Ruth Bagwell, a student in Lincoln Memorial University.

1. My parents raised me tenderly,  
Not having any child but me;  
My mind was bent on rambling;  
At home I couldn't agree.  
My mind was bent on rambling,  
This wide world to see o'er;  
I left my kind old mother,  
Never to see any more.
2. There was a rich old farmer  
Who lived in the country near by,  
Who had an only daughter  
On whom I cast my eye.  
She was most beautiful and handsome,  
So lovely and so fair;  
There was not a girl in this wide world  
With her I could compare.
3. I asked her if it made any difference  
If I should cross the plains;  
She said it would not differ,  
So I returned again.  
She said she would be true to me  
Till death should prove unkind;  
We kissed, shook hands, and parted;  
I left my girl behind.

*The Rambling Cowboy*

4. 'Twas then I left Iowa;  
To Utah I did go;  
From Utah to Mount City,  
To view this wide world o'er.  
Trade and work being plentiful,  
The women all treated me kind,  
But the girl I left on New River  
Was always on my mind.
5. I hadn't been there but about two weeks,  
I'm sure it was not three,  
Till I fell in love with Maude Walker,  
And she in love with me.  
She said, "Your pockets being lined with silver and gold,  
Hard labor you give o'er,  
And marry pretty Maude Walker,  
And never drink no more."
6. "Oh, no, Miss Maude Walker,  
I'll not be so unkind;  
I'll go ask my parents  
Before I do resign."  
One eve while I was walking  
Around the public square,  
The mail coach having just arrived,  
I met the post boy there.
7. He handed me a letter;  
It gave me to understand  
The girl I left on New River  
Had married another man.  
I read down a few lines further  
Not knowing these words to be true;  
Turning myself all around about,  
I didn't know what to do.
8. Trade and work then I gave up;  
Bad company I've joined;  
Roving from town to town  
For the girl I left behind.  
My heart being filled with trouble  
And trouble on my mind,  
I'll spend all my days in rambling  
For the girl I left behind.

9. Come, all you young people,  
And listen to my song:  
If it does you no good, my boys,  
I'm sure it'll do you no harm.  
When you fall in love with a fair, young girl,  
Go, marry her while you can;  
For if you wait to cross the plains,  
She'll marry another man.

*B*

“The Rambling Cowboys.” The song was recorded by Dora Testerman, a student in Lincoln Memorial University, Harrogate, Tennessee.

1. Come, all you rambling cowboys,  
While down your souls, for now  
I tell you a story,  
While you around me stand:  
I'm going to quit this wide world,  
This black and stormy place  
Where the Indians are, I leave you  
To never return again.
2. I've crossed the Rocky Mountains;  
I've crossed the rocky hill;  
I've crossed the Rocky Mountains,  
While many a brave boy fell.  
I've seen the distant countries,  
Both Indian and the White,  
But I'll never forget the old, old home  
And mother's sweetly smile.
3. There was an old rich merchant,  
Who lived in a neighborhood by;  
He had the only daughter;  
On her I cast my eye;  
She was most tall and handsome,  
Blue eyed and curly hair;  
There is no one in this wide world  
With her I can compare.

*The Rambling Cowboy*

4. This lady fair and handsome  
Sat close by my side;  
She promised me so faithfully  
That she would be my bride;  
I kissed away these rolling tears,  
Bedimming her blue eyes;  
I'll never forget that darling girl;  
I'll love her till I die.

C

“Song Ballet.” Obtained from Ray Bohanan, Indian Gap, Route #15, Sevierville, Sevier County, Tennessee, August, 1929.

1. I am a jolly, bold cowboy  
Just from the stormy plains;  
And if ever there was a hell on earth,  
It was holding my bridle reins.
2. My papa always taught me well  
And give me good advice.  
My mind, it was on rambling,  
And we could not agree.
3. As I walked up the street one day  
Just across from the market square,  
The mail coach it had just arrived  
To the post office.
4. Then handing me down a letter  
That I might understand,  
The girl I left behind me,  
Had married another man.
5. The city I will lay aside;  
This county I'll resign;  
I'll ramble rable from town to town  
And find that girl of mine.
6. I've just arrived from buffalo range;  
Corn dodger is my bread;  
The dearest one to me is gone;  
I almost wish I was dead.

7. My papa always taught me well  
And give me good advice;  
To quit my rough and rowdy way  
And choose me a loving wife.
8. Then take her in some secret room  
And by her side set down;  
For the only pleasure a man can have  
Is with his loving wife.
9. There's a girl in Baxter Springs,  
They call her the rising sun;  
She has broken the heart of nine.  
Love, boys, and this poor heart is one.
10. Her rosy cheeks, her sparkling eyes,  
She is the daughter of a queen.  
My name is nothing extry, my heart is almost broke;  
My name is nothing extry, my trouble I do see.
11. And when they see my coming home,  
They ring their hands with joy,  
And treat me on fresh bottles of wine,  
And call me their old cowboy.

126

DEATH OF A MAIDEN FAIR

Cf. B. E. Denton, *A Two-Gun Cyclone*, Dallas, Texas, 1927, p. 142.  
“Cowboy Song.” Obtained from Miss Rachel Tucker, Varnell, Georgia,  
December, 1930. Miss Tucker is the granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs.  
Samuel Harmon, formerly of Cade’s Cove, Tennessee.

1. There was a fair maiden;  
She lived on the plains;  
She helped me herd cattle  
Through the cold rain and snow.
2. She help me herd cattle  
The year in and up;  
She would take a drink with me  
From the strong whisky cup.

*Death of a Maiden Fair*

3. She drink as strong whisky  
That effects a man's soul;  
She help me herd cattle  
Through the cold rain and snow.
4. I learned her the cow trade,  
A ranger's command,  
How to hold a six-shooter  
In a neat little hand.
5. How to hold a six-shooter  
And never to run  
As long as she had a bullet  
Or a load for her gun.
8. We camp by the canyon  
In the fall of the year;  
We stood there one season  
With a herd of fat steers.
7. The red skins broke on us  
In the middle of the night.  
.....  
.....
8. She arose from her bed  
With a gun in each hand:  
“Come, all of you young cowboys,  
Let's win this fair land.”
9. Loud roared the thunder  
And down came the rain;  
In come a stray bullet  
And blew out her brains.
10. I jumped in my saddle  
And this was the cry:  
“Come, all of you young cowboys,  
Right here we must die,  
For these redskins has murdered  
My dear, darling wife.”

THE LONE PRAIRIE

See Will C. Barnes, "The Cowboy and His Songs" in *The Saturday Evening Post*, June 27, 1925, p. 125, with which the present fragment is nearly identical; Lomax, "Cowboy Songs and Other Frontier Ballads," p. 3; Charles J. Finger, "Sailor Chanties and Cowboy Songs," *Little Blue Book*, No. 301 (Haldeman-Julius Company, Girard, Kansas), p. 57; Pound, No. 78; H. Howard Thorp, "Songs of the Cowboys," p. 62; Cox, No. 54; Shearin and Combs, p. 15; Belden, No. 67; Hudson, No. 64; Franz Rickaby, "Ballads and Songs of The Shanty-Boy," p. XXVIII. Phillips Barry points out (*Journal*, XXII, 372, note 3) that the song is an adaptation of "The Burial at Sea" ("The Ocean Burial"). Cf. also *Journal*, XIV, 186; XXV, 278; XXVI, 357. The lines

"*Oh, bury me out on the prairie,*" etc.,

without the negative, "not," are mixed up with another song in Bradley Kincaid's *My Favorite Mountain Ballads and Old-Time Songs*, p. 24, Chicago, 1928.

Obtained from Mrs. Elizabeth C. MacMillan, 1 Bary Place, Passaic, N. J., who learned the fragment in western North Carolina.

Oh, bury me out on the lone prairie  
Where the coyotes howl so drearily,  
Where the rattlesnakes whir and the winds blow free!  
Oh, bury me out on the lone prairie.

THE DYING COWBOY

Cf. Cox, No. 53, C, D; Pound, No. 77; Jones, p. 11.

Only the following fragment could be recalled by Dr. D. S. Gage, at Montreat, North Carolina, July, 1931.

For I'm a poor cowboy  
And I know I've done wrong.

## THE ARKANSAS TRAVELER

*The Arkansas Traveller's Song-Book*, published by Dick & Fitzgerald, New York (cop. 1864) prints "The Arkansas Traveller" (p. 5) by Mose Case with music and an explanatory preface. It was published, in sheet-music form, by Blodgett and Bradford, music publishers, Buffalo, "apparently in the fifties," according to Cox. The introduction has the following explanation:

"This piece is intended to represent an Eastern man's experience among the inhabitants of Arkansas, showing their hospitality and the mode of obtaining it.

"Several years since, he was travelling the state to Little Rock, the capital. In those days, railroads had not been heard of, and the stage-lines were very limited; so, under the circumstances, he was obliged to travel the whole distance on foot. One evening, about dusk, he came across a small log house, standing fifteen or twenty yards from the road, and enclosed by a low rail fence of the most primitive description. In the doorway sat a man, playing a violin; the tune was then the most popular air in that region — namely, *The Arkansas Traveller*. He kept repeating the first part of the tune over and over again, as he could not play the second part. At the time the traveller reached the house it was raining very hard, and he was anxious to obtain shelter from the storm. The house looked like anything but a shelter, as it was covered with clapboards, and the rain was leaking into every part of it. The old man's daughter, Sarah, appeared to be getting supper, while a small boy was setting the table, and the old lady sat in the doorway near her husband, admiring the music."

See Cox, No. 179; Shoemaker, p. 250, 3rd ed.

Recorded by Mrs. Henry from the singing and recitation of Mr. Samuel Harmon, Cade's Cove, Tennessee, July, 1932.

The Arkansas Traveler, he traveled all day  
With an old yoke of oxen and he fooled his time away.  
Tum-a-tudle, tum-a-tudle,  
Tum-a-tudle, all the day.

(*Spoken*) : He passed a man's house and says: "Hello, stranger, why haven't you got your house kivered?" "In dry weather I don't need it kivered, and in rainy weather I can't kiver it."

Tum-a-tudle, tum-a-tudle,  
Tum-a-tudle, all the day.

(*Spoken*) : "Hello, stranger, how far is it to Big Rock?" "I don't know. There is a hell of a big un down here in my spring house."

Tum-a-tudle, tum-a-tudle,  
Tum-a-tudle, all the day.  
Tu didle dar dō-tu didle dar dō,  
Tu didle dar dō-dady dō,  
Du-dō-daddle-du.

(*Spoken*) : "Hello, stranger, have you any liquor there to sell?" "I believe when the old woman biles her cabbage, she throws the liquor to the dogs."

Tum-a-tudle, tum-a-tudle,  
Tum-a-tudle, all the day.

(*Spoken*) : "Hello, stranger, can you feed my horse?" "Yes, sir. Put up this stranger's horse and feed him high."

(*Aside*) : "Feed him so high he can't reach it."  
Tum-a-tudle, tum-a-tudle,  
Tum-a-tudle, all the day.

(*Spoken*) : "Hello, stranger, where does this road go to?" "I don't know. I've been living here forty-odd years and it has not gone anywhere yet."<sup>1</sup>

Tum-a-tudle, tum-a-tudle,  
Tum-a-tudle, all the day.

(*Sings*) : "Hello, fisherman, I wish you mighty well,  
If you have any sea crabs here for to sell?"  
"Yes, I have one, two or three."  
"And if you have, just hand them out to me.  
Throw on their wethers, catch them on the back bone."  
And he laid them on his shoulder  
And tottled off home.

<sup>1</sup> That the traveler need not go to the backwoods of Arkansas for the dry, quick replies of the country-man is shown by the following actual occurrence. A hasty stop while driving along a country road where a farmer was cutting the grass led to the seemingly silly question:

"Where am I going?"  
(*Farmer, sharply*). "I don't know."  
"Well, where does this road lead?"  
(*Farmer, more sharply*). "Any where you want to go."  
Thus rebuffed we drove on in uncertainty.

### THE BATTLE OF FREDERICKSBURG

See "The Charge at Fredericksburg" in *The Flying Cloud and 150 Other Old Time Poems and Ballads*, compiled by M. C. Dean, p. 14; W. Roy Mackenzie's *Ballads and Sea Songs from Nova Scotia*, No. 118; Pound, *Folk Song of Nebraska and the Central West: a Syllabus*, p. 39; Shearin and Combs, *A Syllabus of Kentucky Folk-Songs*, p. 14; Phillips Barry, *Journal*, XXVII, 70; Fuson, p. 94.

"Just Before the Last Great Charge." Obtained from Miss Rachel Tucker, Varnell, Georgia.

1. Just before the last great charge  
To Salgres, drew<sup>1</sup> a ring  
With the shake of a hand and a parting word:  
"We may never meet again."
2. One of them was a blue eyed boy,  
Just eighteen months ago,  
Down on his chin, red on his cheek,  
He, only boy I know.
3. The other was a tall, dark, slim man;  
The world looked dim to him;  
He only thought of the one he loved,  
She most dear to him.
4. "I have a fair, fond face upon my breast,  
I wore it to the fight  
With a sunny, cruel and bright blue eye,  
Just like the morning light.
5. "The morning light is dear to me;  
It gladdens the only light,  
But little did I think of the form of death  
When she promised to be my bride.
6. "As we ride up this hill together  
And you ride back again,  
There some little trouble I like to bring.

---

<sup>1</sup> he drew.

7. "Write my blue-eyed girl a letter  
And send her this fair, fond face;  
Tell her just where I laid;  
Lord, where is my resting place?
8. "Tell her my soul will wait for her;  
The border will lay between  
Heaven and earth, and it won't be long  
Until she comes to me."
9. The tears dim the blue-eyed boy;  
His heart was low with pain,  
"If you return .....  
I ask you to do the same.
10. "I have a mother at home waiting for me,  
Her face all covered with woe,  
One by one.....  
She barried<sup>1</sup> her husband and sons.
11. "She kissed me when my country called  
And begged me nay;  
Here we lay side by side  
As you often heard them say."
12. No one to write to the blue-eyed girl  
Or write to the mother at home.

131

#### BROTHER GREEN

"The Dying Soldier." This song is identical, in some respects, with a version in Fuson, p. 193, but has a number of changes in wording, phraseology, and arrangement of stanzas. Cf. also Cox, No. 72.

The song was recorded in southwestern Virginia by D. G. Tiller, a student in Lincoln Memorial University, Harrogate, Tennessee.

1. O Brother Green, oh, come to me,  
For I am shot and bleeding;  
Now I must die, no more to see  
My wife and my dear children.

---

<sup>1</sup> *barried*: buried.

*Brother Green*

2. The southern foe has laid me low  
On this cold ground to suffer;  
Stay, brother, stay and lay me away  
And write my wife a letter.
3. Tell her I am prepared to die  
And want to meet her in heaven;  
Since I believed in Jesus Christ,  
My sins are all forgiven.
4. My little children I loved them well;  
I could once more see them  
That I might bid them a long farewell;  
Won't we meet in heaven?
5. Dear Mary, you must train them well  
And train them up for heaven;  
Teach them to love and serve the Lord  
And then they will be respected.
6. Dear father, you have suffered long  
And prayed for my salvation;  
Now I must die and leave you all;  
So fare you well temptation.
7. Dear sister, you must not grieve  
For the loss of your dear brother;  
For I am going to learn to live  
To see my blessed mother.
8. Two brothers yet I will not forget,  
A-fighting in this Union;  
With my dear wife I have given of my life,  
So put down this rebellion.
9. O Brother Green, I am dying now;  
Oh, I do die so easy;  
Surely death has lost its sting  
Because I love my Jesus.
10. Go, tell my wife she must not grieve,  
To kiss my dear little children;  
For they will call for me in vain,  
When I am gone to heaven.

### THE DRUMMER BOY OF SHILOH

See Belden, *A Partial List of Song Ballads and Other Popular Poetry Known in Missouri*, No. 123. For the former popularity of songs of the Civil War period in community singing, see "Some Songs of Long Ago" by Pauline Grahame in *The Palimpsest*, p. 101, Vol. X, No. 3, March, 1929, published by The State Historical Society, Iowa City, Iowa; see also Brown, p. 11.

"The Drummer Boy." Obtained from Mrs. William Franklin, Crossnore, Avery County, North Carolina, July, 1930.

1. On Shiloh's dark and bloody ground  
The dead and wounded lay around.  
Amid these were a drummer boy  
Who beat the drum that day.
2. A wounded soldier held him up;  
This drum was by his side;  
He clasped his hands and raised his eyes,  
And prayed before he died.
3. "Look down upon the battle-field  
As Thou art a Heavenly Friend;  
Have mercy on our simple souls."  
The soldiers cried, "Amen."
4. They gathered 'round the little group;  
Each soldier knelt and cried:  
"Oh, listen to the drummer boy,  
Who prayed before he died."
5. They fold the winding sheet;  
I've bound a key unto his grave.  
How many loved the drummer boy  
Who prayed before he died!
6. How many homes are desolate!  
How many hearts are sore!  
How many loved the drummer boy  
Who prayed before he died!

### THE SOLDIER BOY

Fuson (p. 131) has a song entitled, "The Gambling Man," in which appear stanzas 6 and 7 of this song.

The song was recorded by Lola Rakes, a student in Lincoln Memorial University, Harrogate, Tennessee, who learned it from the singing of her mother, Mrs. J. P. Rakes, who learned it from her father, W. C. Gilbert.

1. I volunteered to Texas,  
I will have you all to know,  
A long road to travel,  
I never traveled before.  
Oh, my home, sweet home!
2. They told me to volunteer  
And go along with them.  
I truly did believe  
They were true-hearted men.  
Oh, my home, sweet home!
3. I have a father and mother,  
I never more shall see.  
The morning I left them,  
They were crying for me.  
Oh, my home, sweet home!
4. They told me to volunteer  
And they would treat me well.  
The pain that I did suffer,  
No human tongue can tell.  
Oh, my home, sweet home!
5. I had a little sweetheart;  
She was a pretty little girl;  
I truly do believe  
She was the sweetest in the world.  
Oh, my home, sweet home!

6. She took me in her parlor  
And cooled me with her fan.  
She whispered low in her mother's ear:  
"I love the soldier man."  
Oh, my home, sweet home!
7. "Dear father and dear mother,  
You know I love you both well;  
But the love I have for the soldier man,  
No human tongue can tell."  
Oh, my home, sweet home!

134

### THE DYING SOLDIER

See Dean, *The Flying Cloud and 150 Other Old Time Poems and Ballads*, p. 5. The present song appears to be modeled on the older song. Cf. also Perrow, *Journal*, XXVIII, 165.

Obtained from Mrs. William Franklin, Crossnore, Avery County, North Carolina, July, 1930.

1. There was a dying soldier boy  
Lay near the battle field.  
His comrades gathered 'round him  
And by his side did kneel.  
At length he raised his drooping head  
And a murmuring word he said:  
"Oh, who will care for mother  
Now her soldier boy is dead?"

2. "Go, tell my old father  
In death I prayed for him;  
I prayed that I might meet him  
In a world that's free from sin  
.....  
.....

His son he lies dying  
At the battle of Mill Springs.

*The Ship That Never Returned*

3. "Go, tell my little sisters,  
That I long to see,  
That I never more shall take them  
By the fire-side on my knee  
And sing to them the good old songs  
That they love to hear me sing.  
Their brother, he lies dying  
At the battle of Mill Springs."
4. "Comrades, listen, comrades,  
'Tis the girl I speak of now:  
If she was here this night,  
She would soothe my aching brow;  
But littl' does she think of me,  
As she walks along and sings.  
Her true-love, he lies dying  
At the battle of Mill Springs."
5. I listen for to hear him speak;  
Again he murmured a farewell:  
"I fought for the Union  
For the Union I have fell."  
He kissed the stars and stripes  
And he laid them by his side  
And he gave three cheers for the Union  
And he dropped his head and died.

135

THE SHIP THAT NEVER RETURNED

See Sandburg, p. 146; *Journal*, XXVIII, 191.

The song was recorded by Johnnie Shields, a student in Lincoln Memorial University, from the singing of Mrs. L. J. Bussells, Shawnee, Tennessee.

*Ballads and Songs*

1. On a summer's day, when the waves were rippled  
By the softest, gentlest breeze,  
Did a ship set sail with its cargo laden  
For a port beyond the seas.

*Refrain*

Did she ever return?  
No, she never returned,  
And her fate is yet unlearned,  
Though for years and years  
There've been loved ones watching,  
But the ship has never returned.

2. There were sad farewells, there were loving signals,  
And her fate is yet unlearned;  
Though they knew it not, 'twas a solemn parting;  
For the ship, she never returned.

*Refrain*

3. Said a feeble lad to his anxious mother,  
"I must cross the wide, wide sea,  
For they say, perchance in a foreign climate,  
There is health and strength for me."

*Refrain*

4. 'Twas a gleam of hope in a maze of danger;  
Her poor heart for her youngest yearned,  
But she sent him forth with a smile and blessing  
On the ship that never returned.

*Refrain*

5. "Only one more trip," said a gallant captain,  
As he kissed his weeping wife,  
"Only one more bag of this golden treasure  
And will last us all through life.

*Refrain*

6. "Then we'll settle down in our little cottage  
And enjoy the rest we've earned;"  
But alas! poor man, he became commander  
Of the ship that never returned.

*Refrain*

THE BLIND CHILD'S PRAYER

See Perrow, *Journal*, XXVIII, 170, for a North Carolina version; also Shearin and Combs, p. 32. The same text is printed in *Journal*, XLIV, 75. See also Fuson, p. 146.

A

"The Blind Girl." Obtained from Mrs. Emory P. Morrow, Aliceville, Alabama.



1. "They tell me, father, that tonight  
You wed another bride;  
That you will clasp her to the arms,  
Where my dear mother died.
2. "They say her name is Mary too,  
The name my mother bore.  
But, father, is she kind and true  
Like the one you loved before?
3. "Her picture is hanging on the wall;  
Her books are lying near;  
There is the harp her fingers touched;  
There sits her vacant chair,
4. "The chair by which I've oft times knelt  
To say my evening prayer.  
O father, do not bid me come;  
I cannot meet her there.
5. "Now let me kneel down by your side  
And to our Saviour pray  
That God's right hand will lead you both  
Through life's long weary way."

6. The prayer was answered and the song.  
    “I’m weary now,” she said.  
        He picked her up all in his arms  
        And laid her on the bed.
7. And as he turned to leave the room,  
    One joyful cry was given;  
        He turned and caught the last sweet smile,  
        For his blind child was in heaven.
8. They buried her by her mother’s side,  
    And raised a marble fair,  
        And on it graved the simple words:  
        “There’ll be no blind ones there.”

B

This version is identical with the song printed in Bradley Kincaid’s *Favorite Old-Time Songs and Mountains Ballads*, p. 32.

Obtained from Mrs. C. L. Franklin, Crossnore, Avery County, North Carolina, 1930.

I37

MARY OF THE WILD MOOR

See Mackenzie, *Ballads and Sea Songs from Nova Scotia*, No. 61; Cox, No. 148; Pound, No. 35; Shoemaker, p. 110 (second edition); *Journal*, XXIX, 185; XXXV, 389; Sturgis and Hughes, *Songs from the Hills of Vermont*, p. 36; Alfred Williams, *Folk-songs of the Upper Thames*, p. 213.

No local title. Obtained from Mrs. Ewart Wilson, Pensacola, North Carolina, August, 1930.

1. One night when the wind it blew cold,  
    Blew so bitter across the wild moor,  
        Young Mary, she came with her child,  
        Wandering home to her own father’s door:
2. Crying, “Father, oh, pray let me in;  
    Oh, take pity on me, I implore,  
        For the child at my bosom will die  
        From the wind that blows o’er the wild moor.”

*Orphan Girl*

3. But her father was deaf to her cries;  
Not a word or a sound reached the door.  
But the watch dog did howl and the wind blew  
So bitter across the wild moor.
4. Oh, how must her father have felt,  
When he came to the door in the morn!  
There he found Mary dead and the child  
Fondly clasped in its dead mother's arms.

138

ORPHAN GIRL

See Sandburg, p. 319; Bradley Kincaid, *Favorite Old-Time Songs and Mountain Ballads*, Book 2, p. 27; Shearin and Combs, p. 32; Cox, No. 153; Perrow, *Journal*, XXVIII, 170; Fuson, p. 106.

A

Obtained from Mrs. William Franklin, Crossnore, Avery County, North Carolina, July 17, 1930.

1. "No home, no home," said a little girl  
At the door of a prince's hall  
As she trembling sat on the marble steps  
And leaned on the polished wall.
2. Her clothes were thin and her feet were bare  
And the snow had covered her head.  
"Oh, give me a home," she feebly cried,  
"A home, and a piece of bread."
3. "My father, alas! I never knew,"  
And the tears did fall so bright;  
"My mother sleeps in a new made grave;  
'Tis an orphan that begs tonight."
4. The night was dark and the snow still fell  
And the rich man closed his door  
And his proud lips curled as he scornfully said,  
"No home, no bread for the poor."

*Ballads and Songs*

5. While a rich man slept on his velvet bed  
And dreamed of his riches and gold;  
While an orphan lay on a bed of snow  
And mourned, "So cold! so cold!"
6. Another hour and the mid-night storm  
Rolled on like a funeral.  
While the earth seemed wrapt in a winding sheet,  
And the drops of snow still fell.
7. The morning dawn, and the little girl  
Still lay at the rich man's door;  
But her soul had fled to a home above  
Where there's room and bread for the poor.

B

The song was recorded by Johnnie Shields, a student in Lincoln Memorial University, from the singing of Mrs. S. J. Bussells, Shawnee, Tennessee.

1. "No home, no home!" cried an orphan girl,  
At the door of a princely hall,  
As she trembling stood on the polished steps  
And leaned on the marble wall.
2. Her clothes were torn and her feet were bare  
And she tried to cover her feet  
With her dress that was tattered and covered with snow,  
Yes, covered with snow and sleet.
3. Her dress was thin and her feet were bare  
And the snow had covered her head;  
"Oh, give me a home," she feebly cried,  
"A home and a piece of bread."
4. "My father, alas, I never knew;"  
Tears dimmed the eyes so bright;  
"My mother sleeps in a new-made grave;  
'Tis an orphan that begs tonight.

*Orphan Girl*

5. "I must freeze," she cried, as she sank to the steps  
And strove to cover her feet  
With her ragged garments covered with snow,  
Yes, covered with snow and sleet.
6. The rich man lay on his velvet couch  
And dreamed of his silver and gold  
While the orphan in her bed of snow  
Was murmuring, "So cold, so cold!"
7. The night was dark and the snow fell fast,  
As the rich man closed his door;  
And his proud lips curled with scorn as he said,  
"No bed, no room for the poor."
8. The morn'g daw'ned but the orphan girl  
Still lay at the rich man's door  
And her soul had fled to the home above  
Where there's bread and room for the poor.

C

Obtained from Mrs. Helen Tufts Bailie, 22 De Wolfe Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts, who had it from John Oliver, Cade's Cove, Blount County, Tennessee, April 10, 1931. Mr. Oliver writes that he had it from Mrs. M. Lawson-Lequire of Cade's Cove, the daughter of Daniel Brownlow Lawson.

1. "No home, no home," cried a little girl  
At the door of a princely hall  
While she trembling stood on the marble step  
And leaned on the polished wall.
2. Her clothes were thin and her feet were bare  
And the snow had covered her head.  
"Oh! give me a home," she feebly said,  
"A home and a piece of bread."
3. "My father, alas! I never knew,"  
And the tears began to rise so bright;  
"My mother sleeps in a new made grave;  
It's an orphan that begs tonight."

*Ballads and Songs*

4. Another hour and the snow still fell  
And the rich man closed his door  
And his proud lips curled as he scornfully said:  
“No home, no bread for the poor.”
5. “I must freeze,” she said as she sank on the steps  
And strove to cover her feet  
With her tattered clothes all covered with snow,  
Yes, covered with snow and sleet.
6. Another hour and the midnight storm  
Rolled on like a funerell.  
The earth seemed wrapped in a winding sheet  
And the drapes of snow still fell.
7. The rich man slept on his velvet bed  
And dreamed of his silver and gold  
While the orphan lies on her bed of snow  
And murmurs, “So cold, so cold.”
8. The morning dawned and the little girl  
Still lay at the rich man’s door,  
But her soul had fled to that home above  
Where there’s room and bread for the poor.

*This Song Ballad wrote by D. B. Lawson for M. J. Lawson, Aug. 15th, 1880. Daniel Brownlow Lawson was the father of Martha J. Lawson (Lequire) and Leannah Lawson (Spangler), and a great-uncle of John W. Oliver.*  
—John Oliver’s Note.

*D*

Obtained from Mrs. C. L. Franklin, Crossnore, Avery County, North Carolina, February, 1930.

This version is identical with the version on p. 27 of Bradley Kincaid’s *Favorite Old Time Songs and Mountain Ballads* and also with Sandburg’s version *B*, p. 319.

### ORPHAN'S SONG

Cf. Shearin and Combs, p. 32 ("I Have No Mother Now"). Irving Brown in *Deep Song*, New York, 1929, p. 103, gives the following "lament of a dying Gypsy, who leaves his one motherless child alone in the world:

'*You've no father, you've no mother,  
You've no sister, you've no brother,  
You have no one of your own.  
I must leave you all alone.'*'"

See also Fuson, 147.

Obtained from Mrs. William Franklin, Crossnore, Avery County, North Carolina, July, 1930.

1. Oh, have you heard the mournful story?  
All my friends are dead and gone;  
I've no father, nor no mother,  
A poor orphan left alone.
2. Mother said to me when dying  
And her breath was almost gone:  
"I've no brother, nor no sister,  
A poor orphan left alone."
3. "Take your Bible to your closet;  
Read and pray both night and day;  
Seek protection in the Lord,  
And never more be kept alone."
4. I often think of my condition  
And the world so dark and dreary;  
My poor heart is almost broken,  
A poor orphan left alone.
5. I often walk the lonesome graveyard  
Praying for the time to come  
By my mother I'll be buried  
And no more be left alone.

### THE DRUNKARD'S HELL

See Lomax, *Cowboy Songs and Other Frontier Ballads*, p. 395; Fuson,  
p. 110.

#### A

"The Drunkard's Dream." Recorded by Mrs. Henry from the singing  
of Mrs. William Franklin, Crossnore, Avery County, North Carolina, July,  
1930.

1. It was a dark and starless night  
.....  
I thought [= I] saw a gulf  
Where all the drunkards go.
2. I raised my head and heard them tell:  
This is the place where drunkards dwell.  
I heard another mournful sound  
Amid a group still lower down.
3. Around them stood a weeping crowd  
With faces pale and voices loud.  
They gnashed their teeth and cried and groaned:  
"This is the whiskey sellers' home."
4. I traveled on, got there at last;  
I thought I'd take one social glass;  
I poured it out and stirred it well,  
And then I thought of a drunkard's hell.
5. I dashed it out and left the place,  
And bowed my head to redeeming grace;  
The very moment faith regained,  
Ten thousand joys around me sprang.
6. I went home to change my life  
And to see my long neglected wife;  
I found her kneeling by the bed  
Because her infant babe was dead.
7. I told her not to cry and weep  
Because our babe was just asleep.  
Its happy soul had fled away  
To dwell with Christ through endless days.

*The Drunkard's Hell*

8. I took her by a pale, white hand;  
She was so weak she could not stand;  
I sit her down and prayed a prayer  
That God would own our Blossom there.
9. They took me through a temperance band;  
They met me with a social hand;  
Five sober years have passed away  
Since first I bowed my knees to pray.
10. And now I'm living a sober life;  
And have a good home and a loving wife.  
Oh, may the legislative band  
Enact good laws throughout the land!
11. And stop all whiskey sellers' course  
From the mountain to the coast  
And then the drunkard's cry will flee  
And save the land eternally.

B

"Drunken Dream." It is interesting to note variations, however slight, as sung by different members of the same family. This song was also recorded by Mrs. Henry. It was sung by Miss Juanita Franklin, the daughter of Mrs. William Franklin, at Crossnore in 1929.

1. 'Twas a dark and starless night;  
I dreamed I saw an awful sight:  
I thought I saw a gulf below  
Where all the dying drunkards go.
2. I raised my head and heard them tell  
This is the place where drunkards dwell;  
I heard another mournful sound  
Amid a group still lower down.
3. Around them stood a weeping crowd  
With faces pale and voices loud;  
They gnashed their teeth and cried and groaned:  
"This is the whiskey seller's home."
4. I traveled on, got there at last;  
I thought I'd take one social glass  
I poured it out and stirred it well;  
And then I thought of the drunkard's hell.

*Ballads and Songs*

5. I dashed it out and left the place;  
And bowed my knees in redeeming grace;  
Five sober years have passed away  
Since first I bowed my knees to pray.
6. So I went home to change my life  
And to see my long neglected wife;  
I found her kneeling by the bed,  
Because our infant babe was dead.
7. I told her not to cry or weep  
Because our babe was just asleep;  
Its happy soul had fled away  
To live with Christ through endless days.
8. I took her by her pale, white hands;  
She was so weak she could not stand;  
I set her down and prayed a prayer  
That God would only bless us there.
9. They took me through a temperance band;  
They led me by a social hand;  
The very moment faith regained,  
Ten thousand joys around me sprang.
10. And now I'm living a sober life;  
I have a good home and a loving wife;  
I pray the legislature band  
To make a law throughout the land.
11. And stop all whiskey seller's scum  
From the mountain to the coast,  
That all the drunkard's cries may flee  
And leave the land eternally.

C

“A Drunkard’s Confession.” Copied from a manuscript in the possession of Miss Mary E. King, Gatlinburg, Sevier County, Tennessee, August, 1931.

1. On one dark and stormy night  
I heard and saw an awful sight.  
Lightning flashed and thunder rolled  
Around my dark, benighted soul.

*The Drunkard's Hell*

2. I raised my head and saw below  
Where all the dying drunkards go.  
My awful thoughts, no tongue can tell.  
Is this my place in a drunkard's hell?
3. Around me stood a weeping crowd  
With bloodshot eyes and voices loud.  
I heard a higher voice tell,  
Is this my place in a drunkard's hell?
4. I went on, got there at last,  
I thought I'd take a social glass;  
And every time I stirred it well,  
I'd think about the drunkard's hell.
5. I dashed it down and left the place,  
Seeking to find redeeming grace.  
That very moment grace begun  
Ten thousand joys around me sprung.
6. I went to change my life  
And longed to see my neglected wife.  
I found her weeping over the bed  
Because her infant babe was dead.
7. I told her not to mourn and weep,  
For little babe had gone to sleep.  
It's little soul had fled away  
To dwell with Christ in an endless day.
8. I took her by the lily-white hand;  
She was so weak she could not stand;  
I let her down and prayed a prayer  
That God would own and bless us there.
9. I went on to the Christian hall  
To take a pledge there with them all.  
They took me in with a welcome hand  
And led me into the Christian band.
10. Five long years have passed away  
Since I bowed my knees to pray  
And now I lead a sober life  
In a good home with a loving wife.

### THE DRUNKARD'S LONE CHILD

See Spaeth, *Weep Some More, My Lady*, p. 191.

"Bessie." Obtained from Mrs. William Franklin, Crossnore, Avery County, North Carolina, July, 1930, who learned it from her brother, Edmund Malone Johnson.

1. Out in the gloomy night sadly I roam.  
I've no mother, no friends, and no home.  
Nobody cares for me; nobody would cry,  
Even if poor little Bessie should die.  
Bare foot and tired I have wandered all day,  
Asking for work, but I am too small they say.  
On the damp ground I must now lay my head.  
Father a drunkard and mother is dead.

*Chorus :*

Mother, oh, why did you leave me alone  
With no one to love me, no friends, and no home?  
Dark is the night and the storm rages wild;  
God pity Bessie, the drukard's lone child.

2. We were so happy till father drank rum;  
Then all our sorrow and trouble begun;  
Mother grew paler and wept every day;  
Bobbie and I were too hungry to pray;  
Slowly they faded till one summer night  
Found their sweet faces all silent and white  
And with big tears slowly I said:  
"Father a drunkard and mother is dead."

*Chorus :*

3. Oh, if some temperance man only could find  
Poor, wretched father and speak very kind;  
If they could stop him from drinking,  
Only then I would feel very happy again.  
Is it too late? Men temperance, please try  
For little Bessie will soon starve and die.  
All day long I've been calling for bread.  
Father a drunkard and mother is dead.

*Chorus :*

BILLY BOY

For many references to this song, see Cox, No. 168. Add Flanders and Brown, p. 162; Fuson, p. 105; Bradley Kincaid, *My Favorite Mountain Ballads and Old-Time Songs*, 1928, p. 25; Leah Jackson Wolford, *The Play-party in Indiana*, p. 24; Brown, p. 10; Jones, p. 8; Shoemaker (3rd ed.), pp. 121, 153.

A

Recorded by Mrs. Henry from the singing of Mrs. C. L. Franklin, Crossnore, North Carolina, August, 1931.



1. Oh, where have you been, Billy Boy, Billy Boy?  
Oh, where have you been, charming Billy?  
I've been to see my wife; she's the joy of my life;  
But the young thing can't leave her mammy.
2. How old is she, Billy Boy, Billy Boy?  
How old is she, charming Billy?  
Six, seven, twice forty-five- eleven;  
But the young thing can't leave her mammy.
3. Does she bid you come in, Billy Boy, Billy Boy?  
Does she bid you come in, charming Billy?  
She bids me come in with a dimple in her chin;  
But the young thing can't leave her mammy.
4. Can she bake a cherry pie, Billy Boy, Billy Boy?  
Can she bake a cherry pie, charming Billy?  
She can bake a cherry pie in the twinkle of her eye;  
But the young thing can't leave her mammy.

*Ballads and Songs*

5. Can she hoe? Can she plow, Billy Boy, Billy Boy?  
Can she hoe? Can she plow, charming Billy?  
She can hoe; she can plow; she can milk a muley cow;  
But the young thing can't leave her mammy.
6. Can she whistle? Can she sing, Billy Boy, Billy Boy?  
Can she whistle? Can she sing, charming Billy?  
She can whistle; she can sing; she can do most anything;  
But the young thing can't leave her mammy.

*B*

Obtained from Mrs. J. W. Stokes, Lithonia, Georgia, October, 1931.

1. Can she bake a pumpkin pie, Billy Boy, Billy Boy?  
Can she bake a pumpkin pie, charming Billy?  
She can bake a pumpkin pie quick as a cat can wink its eye;  
She's a young gal and cannot leave her mother.
2. Can she patch a pair of breeches, Billy Boy, Billy Boy?  
Can she patch a pair of breeches, charming Billy?  
She can patch a pair of breeches with the cutest little stiches;  
She's a young gal and cannot leave her mother.
3. How old is she, Billy Boy, Billy Boy?  
How old is she, charming Billy?  
She's twice six, twice seven, twice twenty and eleven;  
She's a young gal and cannot leave her mother.
4. Can she make light bread, Billy Boy, Billy Boy?  
Can she make light bread, charming Billy?  
She can make light bread without an oven or a lid;  
She's a young gal and cannot leave her mother.

*C*

Obtained from Ray Bohanan, Indian Gap, Route 15, Sevierville, Sevier County, Tennessee, June 21, 1932.

1. Where have you been, Billy Boy, Billy Boy?  
Where have you been, charming Billy?  
I have been to see my wife;  
She is the joy of my life;  
She is a little too young to leave her mother.

*Billy Boy*

2. Did she bid you come in, Billy Boy, Billy Boy?  
Did she bid you come in, charming Billy?  
She bid me come in, with a dimple in her chin;  
She is a little too young to leave her mother.
3. How old is she, Billy Boy, Billy Boy?  
How old is she, charming Billy?  
She is twice six, twice seven, twice twenty and eleven;  
She is a little too young to leave her mother.
4. Can she make a feather bed, Billy Boy, Billy Boy?  
Can she make a feather bed, charming Billy?  
She can make a feather bed, ten feet above her head;  
She is a little too young to leave her mother.
5. Can she go to the spring, Billy Boy, Billy Boy?  
Can she go to the spring, charming Billy?  
She can go to the spring, like a bird on a wing;  
She is a little too young to leave her mother.
6. Can she make a chicken pie, Billy Boy, Billy Boy?  
Can she make a chicken pie, charming Billy?  
She can make a chicken pie, quick as a cat can wink its eye;  
She is a little too young to leave her mother.
7. How tall is she, Billy Boy, Billy Boy?  
How tall is she, charming Billy?  
She is tall as a pine and slim as a line;  
She is a little too young to leave her mother.

*D*

The song was recorded in the vicinity of Harrogate, Tennessee, by Ruth Bagwell, a student in Lincoln Memorial University.

1. Oh, where have you been, Billy Boy, Billy Boy?  
Oh, where have you been, charming Billy?  
I have been out west to find me a wife;  
She's the joy of my life,  
And she's a young thing and cannot leave her mother.

*Ballads and Songs*

2. Can she make a cherry pie, Billy Boy, Billy Boy?  
Can she make a cherry pie, charming Billy?  
She can make a cherry pie  
Quicker than a cat can wink its eye;  
She's a young thing and cannot leave her mother.
3. Can she make up the beds, Billy Boy, Billy Boy?  
Can she make up the beds, charming Billy?  
She can make up the bed,  
Set the pillow at the head;  
She's a young thing and cannot leave her mother.
4. Can she sweep up the floors, Billy Boy, Billy Boy?  
Can she sweep up the floors, charming Billy?  
She can sweep up the floors,  
Set the broom behind the door;  
She's a young thing and cannot leave her mother.
5. How tall is she, Billy Boy, Billy Boy?  
How tall is she, charming Billy?  
She's as tall as any pine,  
Slim as any pumpkin vine;  
She's a young thing and cannot leave her mother,
6. How old is she, Billy Boy, Billy Boy?  
How old is she, charming Billy?  
She's twice six, twice seven, twice twenty, and eleven;  
She's a young thing and cannot leave her mother.

*E*

"Billie Boy." Obtained from Miss Susie H. Blaylock, Rabun Gap, Georgia, May 17, 1932, for whom it was recorded from a singer in the Georgia mountains.

1. Oh, where are you going,  
Billie Boy, Billie Boy?  
Oh, where are you going,  
*Refrain*  
I am going to see my wife;  
She's the joy of my life;  
She's a young thing  
And cannot leave her mother.

*Billy Boy*

2. Did she bid you to come in,  
Billie Boy, Billie Boy?  
Yes, she bade me to come in;  
She's a dimple on her chin.  
*Refrain*
3. Did she set for you a chair,  
Billie Boy, Billie Boy?  
Yes, she set for me a chair  
With a ringlet in her hair.  
*Refrain*
4. Can she make a cherry pie,  
Billie Boy, Billie Boy?  
Yes, she can make a cherry pie  
Quick as a cat can wink her eye.  
*Refrain*
5. Can she make up a bed,  
Billie Boy, Billie Boy?  
She can make up any bed,  
Seven feet above her head.  
*Refrain*
6. How tall is she,  
Billie Boy, Billie Boy?  
She's as tall as any pine  
And crooked as a pumpkin vine.  
*Refrain*
7. Can she bake a loaf of bread,  
Billie Boy, Billie Boy?  
She can bake a loaf of bread  
That will rise above her head.  
*Refrain*
8. Did she ask you for a ride,  
Billie Boy, Billie Boy?  
Yes, she asked me for a ride;  
She sat right by my side.  
*Refrain*
9. How old is she,  
Billie Boy, Billie Boy?  
Twice six, twice seven,  
Twice twenty and eleven.  
*Refrain*

THE GROUND HOG

See Wyman and Brockway, p. 30; Bradley Kincaid, *Favorite Old-Time Songs and Mountain Ballads*, Book 2, p. 31; Shearin and Combs, p. 38; Cox, No. 176; Richardson and Spaeth, *American Mountain Songs*, p. 92.

*A*

"Whistle Pig." Obtained from Miss Mary N. Blair, 431 Broadway, Paterson, N. J., who sang the song at "The Pines," Branchville, N. J., May 25, 1930. Miss Blair learned the song in North Carolina where she formerly lived.



1. Come on, boys, and let's go down;  
Come on, boys, and let's go down;  
Let's catch a whistle pig in the groun';  
Come-a-ring-tail, poddle-link-a-di-de-oh.
2. Up come Jonah from the plow;  
Up come Jonah from the plow;  
Catch the whistle pig, catch him now;  
Come-a-ring-tail, poddle-link-a-di-de-oh.
3. Up come Susan from the spring;  
Up come Susan from the spring;  
Whistle pig grease all over her chin;  
Come-a-ring-tail, poddle-link-a-di-de-oh.
4. One big nigger was the mammy of us all;  
One big nigger was the mammy of us all;  
She fed us on whistle pig before we could crawl;  
Come-a-ring-tail, poddle-link-a-di-de-oh.

*The Ground Hog*

*B*

Obtained from Mrs. Mary Tucker, Varnell, Georgia, September, 1931.

1. In come daddy from the plow;  
I want some dinner; I want it now.  
Ground hog.
2. There lays a crust upon the shelf;  
If you get any more, you will get it yourself.  
Ground hog.
3. He picked up his gun and whistled to his dog;  
Away to the wild woods to catch a ground hog.  
Ground hog.
4. Daddy returned in a hour and a half  
With a great big ground hog as big as a calf.  
Ground hog.
5. He out with his knife and he begin;  
In a very few minutes he had it skinned.  
Ground hog.
6. In come Sal and she replied,  
I love ground hog till I died.  
Ground hog.
7. Old Kate was the mother of them all;  
She fed them on ground hog before they could crawl.  
Ground hog.
8. In come Sal with a snigger and a grin  
With ground hog gravy all over her chin.  
Ground hog.
9. In come grandma hopping on a cane;  
I'm a-gonna have that ground hog brains.  
Ground hog.
10. Ground hog stewed and ground hog fried;  
It is the best old ground hog ever I tried.  
Ground hog.

*C*

Obtained from Dr. Daniel S. Gage, Westminster College, Fulton, Missouri, August, 1931, who had the song from Richard H. Moser, Swananoa, North Carolina.

1. Get up, Max, and whistle up your dog;  
Let's go to the mountains to catch a ground hog,  
*Ground hog.*
2. We'll catch a ground hog and save his hide;  
It'll make the best shoestrings you ever tied,  
*Ground hog.*
3. I got those shoestrings and wore them one day;  
They got so darn slick I had to throw them away,  
*Ground hog.*
4. Old ground hog in, young ground hog out;  
The old ground hog is never coming out,  
*Ground hog.*
5. Two in a stump, and one in a log,  
Don't I wish I had my dog?  
*Ground hog.*
6. One in the ground, and two in a log,  
One behind that stump has got my dog,  
*Ground hog.*
7. Old Aunt Sal, mother of us all,  
Fed us on whistle pig from the time we could crawl,  
*Ground hog.*
8. There comes Sal with a snigger and a grin;  
Ground hog grease all over her chin,  
*Ground hog.*
9. Yonder comes Sal with a forty foot pole,  
To twist that ground hog out of his hole,  
*Ground hog.*
10. Come here, Sal, come here quick;  
Haven't seen my dog since a-way last week,  
*Ground hog.*
11. Old Aunt Sal, you've come too late;  
Last piece of ground hog is on my plate,  
*Ground hog.*

*The Ground Hog*

*D*

“Whistle Pig.” Obtained from C. L. Franklin, Crossnore, Avery County, North Carolina, July 13, 1930.

1. Blow your horn and call your dogs;  
Blow your horn and call your dogs;  
We'll go to the back woods and catch a ground hog.  
Tam-a rig-tail fodi dink di-de-o.
2. Treed him in a rock; treed him in a log;  
Treed him in a rock; treed him in a log;  
Dagon, boys, what a big ground hog!  
Tam-a rig-tail fodi dink di-de-o.
3. He jumped out and started to run;  
He jumped out and started to run;  
Bet I get him with my old gun.  
Tam-a rig-tail fodi dink di-de-o.
4. Skin that whistle pig; save the hide;  
Skin that whistle pig; save the hide;  
Makes the best shoe strings ever I tied.  
Tam-a rig-tail fodi dink di-de-o.
5. Take that ground hog; put him on to bile;  
Take that ground hog; put him on to bile;  
Bet, by jinks, you could smell him a mile.  
Tam-a rig-tail fodi dink di-de-o.
6. Up come Vester from the plow;  
Up come Vester from the plow;  
I want some whistle pig; I want it now.  
Tam-a rig-tail fodi dink di-de-o.
7. Up come Grace with a snigger and a grin;  
Up come Grace with a snigger and a grin;  
Ground hog gravy all over her chin.  
Tam-a rig-tail fodi dink di-de-o.
8. Up come Cloe happy as a cane;  
Up come Cloe happy as a cane;  
Swan she'd eat them red hot brains.  
Tam-a rig-tail fodi dink di-de-o.

9. They eat whistle pig all they could hold;  
They eat whistle pig all they could hold;  
Till there was none left in the bowl.  
Tam-a rig-tail fodi dink di-de-o.
10. I set a steel trap up on the hill;  
I set a steel trap up on the hill;  
Now we'll have whistle pig at our will.  
Tam-a rig-tail fodi dink di-de-o.
11. One old woman was the mother of us all;  
One old woman was the mother of us all;  
She fed us on whistle pig as soon as we could crawl.  
Tam-a rig-tail fodi dink di-de-o.

*E*

Obtained from Mrs. C. L. Franklin. This version is practically identical with that of Bradley Kincaid, p. 31, referred to under *A*.

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THE FROG AND THE MOUSE

See *Journal*, XXXV, 392; Wyman and Brockway, 25; Campbell and Sharp, No. 119; Cox, No. 162; Hudson, *Journal*, XXXIX, 166; Sandburg, 143; Scarborough, 46 ff.; R. W. Gordon, *New York Times Magazine*, January 8, 1928; Thomas, p. 154; Flanders and Brown, p. 122; Brown, p. 11.

*A*

“Froggie Went a-Courting.” Obtained from Miss Julia Stokes, Crossnore, Avery County, North Carolina, January, 1932, who recorded the song from the singing of Talton Aldridge.

1. Froggie went a-courtin' and he did ride — ur-hur;  
Froggie went a-courtin' and he did ride  
With a sword and pistol by his side — ur-hur.
2. He rode up to Miss Mouse's door — ur-hur;  
He rode up to Miss Mouse's door;  
He hit it so hard that made it roar — ur-hur.

*The Frog and the Mouse*

3. Miss Mouse got up and let him in — ur-hur;  
Miss Mouse got up and let him in;  
How they courted was a sin — ur-hur.
4. He took Miss Mouse upon his knee — ur-hur;  
He took Miss Mouse upon his knee;  
He said: "Miss Mouse, will you marry me?" — ur-hur.
5. Says: "Kind sir, I can't answer that" — ur-hur;  
Says: "Kind sir, I can't answer that  
Till I ask my Uncle Rat" — ur-hur.
6. Uncle Rat gave his consent — ur-hur;  
Uncle Rat gave his consent;  
The weasel wrote the plumbiment — ur-hur.
7. Uncle Rat, he has gone to town — ur-hur;  
Uncle Rat, he has gone to town  
To buy his niece a wedding gown — ur-hur.
8. What shall he get for the wedding gown? — ur-hur;  
What shall he get for the wedding gown?  
A piece of the skin of the old gray houn' — ur-hur.
9. Where shall the wedding supper be? — ur-hur;  
Where shall the wedding supper be?  
A-way down yonder in a hollow-tree — ur-hur.
10. What shall the wedding supper be? — ur-hur;  
What shall the wedding supper be?  
Dogwood soup and catnip tea — ur-hur.
11. The first came in was a little white moth — ur-hur;  
The first came in was a little white moth.  
She spread on the table cloth — ur-hur.
12. The next came in was a bumble bee — ur-hur;  
The next came in was a bumble bee  
With his fiddle on his knee — ur-hur.
13. Froggie came swimming across the lake — ur-hur;  
Froggie came swimming across the lake;  
He got swallowed by a big black snake — ur-hur.
14. There's a little piece of cornbread lying on the shelf — ur-hur;  
There's a little piece of cornbread lying on the shelf;  
If you want any more, you can sing it yourself — ur-hur.

B

Obtained from Miss Mary E. King, Gatlinburg, Sevier County, Tennessee, August, 1929.

1. A frog went a-courtin' and he did ride, uh, huh!  
When a frog went a-courtin' and he did ride,  
A sword and a pistol by his side, uh, huh!
2. He rode up to Miss Mouse's hall, uh, huh!  
When he rode up to Miss Mouse's hall,  
He did knock and he did call, uh, huh!
3. "Old Miss Mouse, won't you marry me? uh, huh!  
Old Miss Mouse, won't you marry me?"  
"You'll have to ask old Uncle Rat," uh, huh!
4. Old Uncle Rat laughed and shook his fat sides, uh, huh!  
Old Uncle Rat laughed and shook his fat sides.  
To think his Miss would soon be a bride, uh, huh!
5. What will give for the wedding crown? uh, huh!  
What will give for the wedding crown?  
Five gold dollars and a silver crown, uh, huh!
6. Where will the wedding supper be? uh, huh!  
Where will the wedding supper be?  
'Way down yonder in a hollow tree, uh, huh!
7. What will the wedding supper be? uh, huh!  
What will the wedding supper be?  
Spice wood, coffee and black-eyed peas, uh, huh!
8. The first come in was a little Brown Bug, uh, huh!  
The first come in was a little Brown Bug.  
He had some whiskey in a jug, uh, huh!
9. The next come in was a Bumble Bee, uh, huh!  
The next come in was a Bumble Bee.  
He turned his fiddel up on his knee, uh, huh!
10. The next come in was a Butterfly, uh, huh!  
The next come in was a Butterfly.  
He viewd the crowd and passed on by, uh, huh!
11. This is the last of one, two, three, uh, huh!  
This is the last of one, two, three.  
The Frog and Bug and Bumble Bee, uh, huh!

*The Frog and the Mouse*

C

“Froggie.” Recorded by Mrs. Henry, who learned it from her old colored mammy when she was a child in Atlanta, Georgia.



Froggie went a-courtin, and he did ride-um-hm - m — Froggie went a-



courting, and he did ride, Sword and pistol by his side—um-hm - m!

1. Froggie went a-courtin, and he did ride — um-hm!  
Froggie went a-courtin, and he did ride,  
Sword and pistol by his side — um-hm!
2. He went into Miss Mousie's den — um-hm!  
He went into Miss Mousie's den  
And said, “Miss Mousie, are you within?” — um-hm!
3. He set Miss Mousie on his knee — um-hm!  
He set Miss Mousie on his knee  
And said, “Miss Mousie, will you marry me?” — um-hm!
4. “Not without my pa's consent,” — um-hm!  
“Not without my pa's consent,  
Would I marry the president” — um-hm!
5. Mr. Rat laughed and he shook his fat sides — um-hm!  
Mr. Rat laughed and he shook his fat sides,  
To think of his daughter as being a bride — um-hm!
6. Where shall the wedding-supper be? — um-hm!  
Where shall the wedding-supper be?  
Way down yonder in the hollow tree — um-hm!
7. What shall we have for the wedding-supper? — um-hm!  
What shall we have for the wedding-supper?  
Black-eye peas all stewed in butter — um-hm!
8. First came in was Mr. Bee — um-hm!  
First came in was Mr. Bee  
With a fiddle upon his knee — um-hm!

*Ballads and Songs*

9. Next came in was Mr. Snake — um-hm!  
Next came in was Mr. Snake  
Passing around the wedding-cake — um-hm!
10. Next came in was Mr. Bug — um-hm!  
Next came in was Mr. Bug  
Passing around the whiskey jug — um-hm!
11. This is the end of the wedding-day — um-hm!  
This is the end of the wedding-day  
And I have no more to say — um-hm!

*D*

This version of the song did not come from the Southern Highlands, but came as the result of a whole-hearted, thoroughly human, and abiding interest in the work of collecting and editing all the songs of this book. Professor Charles G. Osgood of Princeton University, to whom the editor is deeply grateful for many valuable suggestions, kindly recorded both the song and the air for comparison with other versions of the song. He had them from his aunt in upper New York State.



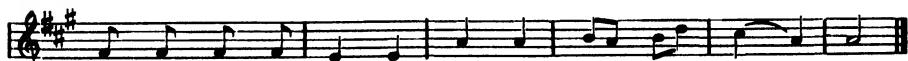
There was a frog lived in a well, Rigtum putty mitty ky - mo And



Mrs. Mouse she kept the mill, Rigtum putty mitty ky - mo Ky-mo



kayro delto kayro Kymo kayro ky - mo Strym strawn pumma diddle



Ly up - on a rig - tum Rig - tum putty mitty ky - mo.

*The Frog and the Mouse*

1. There was a frog lived in a well,  
    Rigtum putty mitty kymo  
And Mrs. Mouse she kept the mill,  
    Rigtum putty mitty kymo  
Kymo kayro delto kayro  
    Kymo kayro kymo  
Strym strawn pumma diddle  
    Ly upon a rigitum  
Rigtum putty mitty kymo.
2. He took Miss Mouse upon his knee,  
    Rigtum putty mitty kymo  
Kymo kayro delto kayro  
    Kymo kayro kymo  
Sitym strawn pumma diddle  
    Ly upon a rigitum  
Rigtum putty mitty kymo.
3. He said: "Miss Mouse, will you marry me?"  
    Rigtum putty mitty kymo  
Kymo kayro delto kayro  
    Kymo kayro kymo  
Strym strawn pumma diddle  
    Ly upon a rigitum  
Rigtum putty mitty kymo.
4. "I cannot answer as to that;  
I'll have to ask old Uncle Rat."

*E*

The song was recorded in the Cumberland Mountains by Ruth Bagwell, a student in Lincoln Memorial University, Harrogate, Tennessee.

1. Froggie went a-courtin' and he did ride,  
    Whump, whump;  
Froggie went a courting and he did ride,  
    Sword and pistol by his side,  
    Whump, whump.  
Gilliwally, gilliwally, gunk, gunk, gunk;  
Gilliwally, gilliwally, gunk, gunk, gunk.

*Ballads and Songs*

2. And he rode up to Miss Mouse's door,  
    Whump, whump;  
    He rode up to Miss Mouse's door  
    And he hit so hard till he made it roar,  
        Whump, whump.  
    Gilliwally, gilliwally, gunk, gunk, gunk;  
    Gilliwally, gilliwally, gunk, gunk, gunk.
  
3. Then Miss Mousie let him in,  
    Whump, whump;  
    And the way they courted was a sin,  
        Whump, whump.  
    Gilliwally, gilliwally, gunk, gunk, gunk;  
    Gilliwally, gilliwally, gunk, gunk, gunk.
  
4. He took Miss Mousie on his knee,  
    Whump, whump;  
    And he said, "Miss Mousie, will you marry me?"  
        Whump, whump.  
    Gilliwally, gilliwally, gunk, gunk, gunk;  
    Gilliwally, gilliwally, gunk, gunk, gunk.

*F*

The following fragment is also printed here because it came through interest in the songs of this collection. It was obtained from Professor Allen Westcott, U. S. Military Academy at Annapolis, Maryland, who had it from his grandfather in northern New York.

Kimo, caro, delto, saro,  
Strim, stram, pummididdle,  
Lally bony rightum,  
    (*or perhaps*  
Lie upon a rightum)  
Rightum bully mitty kimo.

## SOURWOOD MOUNTAIN

See Campbell and Sharp, No. 114; Wyman and Brockway, p. 91; Shearin and Combs, p. 38; Ethel Park Richardson and Sigmund Spaeth's "American Mountain Songs," New York, 1927, p. 89. Note also Horace Kephart's "Our Southern Highlanders," New York, 1913, p. 263; Thomas, p. 114; Lunsford and Stringfield, pp. 24, 26; Brown, p. 10; Fuson, p. 170; *Journal*, XXII, 249; *Berea Quarterly*, April, 1905, IX, 6—7; Minish Ms.; Combs Ms.

### A

Obtained from Misses Ronie and Annie Barbara Johnson, Crossnore, Avery County, North Carolina, July 12, 1929.

1. Chickens a-crowing in the Sourwood Mountain,  
Hey ding dang diddle all the day,  
So many pretty girls I can't count them,  
Hey ding dang diddle all the day.
2. My true lover lives over the holler,  
Hey ding dang diddle all the day,  
She won't come and I won't call her,  
Hey ding dang diddle all the day.
3. My true lover lives over the river,  
Hey ding dang diddle all the day,  
A hop and a skip and I'll be with her,  
Hey ding dang diddle all the day.
4. My true lover lives up in Letcher,  
Hey ding dang diddle all the day,  
She won't come and I won't fetch her,  
Hey ding dang diddle all the day.
5. My true lover, she is a daisy,  
Hey ding dang diddle all the day,  
If I don't get her, I'll go crazy,  
Hey ding dang diddle all the day.

B

The song was recorded by D. G. Tiller, a student in Lincoln Memorial University, Harrogate, Tennessee, from the singing of James Taylor Adams, Big Laurel, Virginia.

1. Chickens crowing on Sourwood Mountain,  
Hey ho diddle dum dee-ay;  
Get your guns and we'll go hunting,  
Hey ho diddle dum dee-ay.
2. My true love she lives in Letcher,  
Hey ho diddle dum dee-ay;  
She won't come and I won't fetch her,  
Hey ho diddle dum dee-ay.
3. My true love's a blue-eyed daisy,  
Hey ho diddle dum dee-ay;  
If I don't get her I'll go crazy,  
Hey ho diddle dum dee-ay.
4. Big dog bark and little one bite you,  
Hey ho diddle dum dee-ay;  
Big girls court and little ones slight you,  
Hey ho diddle dum dee-ay.
5. My true love lives up the river,  
Hey ho diddle dum dee-ay;  
A few more jumps and I'll be with her,  
Hey ho diddle dum dee-ay.
6. My true love lives in the hollow,  
Hey ho diddle dum dee-ay;  
She won't come and I won't follow,  
Hey ho diddle dum dee-ay.

C

“The Girl I Left Behind Me.” The first stanza suggests “Sourwood Mountain” without the usual refrain, but the singer switches off into stanzas from other songs. Cf. “Eliza Jane” and the “Forsaken Lover” songs. A variant of stanza 4 appears in Sharp, No. 56, *A* (stanza 7 of “The Rejected Lover”).

The song was recorded by a student in Lincoln Memorial University, Harrogate, Tennessee,

1. Sixteen chickens settin' on the fence  
All trying to crow,  
Dead man trying to shave himself  
And a blind man trying to sew.

*Chorus*

I'll cross that mountain one more time,  
If the tears don't fall and blind me;  
I'll cross that mountain one more time  
For the girl I left behind me.

2. Sixteen horses in my cart;  
Work old gray behind them;  
I'll cross that mountain one more time,  
Pull them leaders behind.

*Chorus*

3. Went up on the mountain top,  
Gave my horn a blow,  
Thought I heard my true love say,  
“Yonder come my beau.”

*Chorus*

4. I wish to the Lord I'd never been born<sup>1</sup>  
Or died when I was young;  
I never would have seen your rosy cheeks,  
Or heard your chattering tongue.

*Chorus*

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<sup>1</sup> Cf. a similar stanza of “Young Hunting” in this collection.

FIRST SHE GAVE ME WAS A OLD SHOT GUN

Alfred Williams, *Folk Songs of the Upper Thames*, p. 284, prints a version of this song with the title, "Here's Luck to All My Cocks and Hens." In his head-note, he makes the following interesting comment: "There were half a dozen songs or more of this kind prevalent about the Thames Vale formerly. They were very popular, especially at the inns, and all the company joined in the repetition, which served as chorus; the effect may very well be imagined."

Obtained from Mrs. Rachel Brackett, granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Harmon, Varnell, Georgia, 1931.

1. First she gave was a old shot gun  
With the plane of the trigger under my thumb.  
First give fire; then, give smoke;  
It give my shoulder a devil of jolt.

*Chorus*

Was she toting tum yea, tum-a-whacky diddleday,  
Tang fol tooting, was she toting tum yea?

2. The next thing she gave me — what do you reckon was that?  
It a mushiroon feather, a-waving in my hat.  
The next thing she gave me was a darn old coat  
With a stiff stand up collar, button up to my throat.

*Chorus*

3. Next thing she gave me was a old blind horse,  
Bridle and saddle and two tags across.  
I meet the sergeant in the road; I ask him for my list;  
With a great grand grin, he give me a knock with his fist.

*Chorus*

4. Knocked me back nine years — thank the Lord it was not ten;  
Now I am back home digging potatoes agin.  
Said I to myself, what a pity to see  
Such pretty young lady digging turf from Dee.

*Chorus*

*There Was a Little Tree*

147  
SANDY

See *Journal*, XXVII, 292; Jones, p. 6; also *Journal*, XXIV, 303.  
Learned by Mrs. Henry, when she was a child, in Decatur, Georgia.



Sandy had a nice little mill;  
The mill belongs to Sandy still.  
Said I to Sandy, "Won't you lend me your mill?"  
"Of course, I will," said Sandy.

148  
THERE WAS A LITTLE TREE

See Campbell and Sharp, No. 110; Fuson, p. 87; Alfred Williams, *Folk-Songs of the Upper Thames*, p. 182.

This song was sung by Mrs. Henry as a girl in Atlanta, Georgia. She learned it from the singing of George Allison, of Louisville, Kentucky.



1. There was a little tree, the prettiest little tree,  
The sweetest little tree, you ever did see.  
The tree in the ground  
And the green grass growing all around, all around,  
And the green grass growing all around.

*Ballads and Songs*

2. There was a little limb, the prettiest little limb,  
The sweetest little limb you ever did see.  
The limb in the tree, the tree in the ground,  
And the green grass growing all around, all around,  
And the green grass growing all around.
3. There was a little branch, the prettiest little branch,  
The sweetest little branch you ever did see.  
The branch in the limb, the limb in the tree,  
the tree in the ground,  
And the green grass growing all around, all around,  
And the green grass growing all around.
4. There was a little twig, the prettiest little twig,  
The sweetest little twig you ever did see.  
The twig in the branch, the branch in the limb,  
the limb in the tree, the tree in the ground,  
And the green grass growing all around, all around,  
And the green grass growing all around.
5. There was a little leaf, the prettiest little leaf,  
The sweetest little leaf you ever did see.  
The leaf in the twig, the twig in the branch,  
the branch in the limb, the limb in the tree,  
the tree in the ground,  
And the green grass growing all around, all around,  
And the green grass growing all around.
6. There was a little nest, the prettiest little nest,  
The sweetest little nest you ever did see.  
The nest in the leaf, the leaf in the twig,  
the twig in the branch, the branch in the limb,  
the limb in the tree, the tree in the ground,  
And the green grass growing all around, all around,  
And the green grass growing all around.
7. There was a little egg, the prettiest little egg,  
The sweetest little egg you ever did see.  
The egg in the nest, the nest in the leaf,  
the leaf in the twig, the twig in the branch,  
the branch in the limb, the limb in the tree,  
the tree in the ground,  
And the green grass growing all around, all around,  
And the green grass growing all around.

*There Was a Little Tree*

8. There was a little bird, the prettiest little bird,  
The sweetest little bird you ever did see.  
The bird in the egg, the egg in the nest,  
    the nest in the leaf, the leaf in the twig,  
    the twig in the branch, the branch in the limb,  
    the limb in the tree, the tree in the ground,  
And the green grass growing all around, all around,  
And the green grass growing all around.
  
9. There was a little wing, the prettiest little wing,  
The sweetest little wing you ever did see.  
The wing in the bird, the bird in the egg,  
    the egg in the nest, the nest in the leaf,  
    the leaf in the twig, the twig in the branch,  
    the branch in the limb, the limb in the tree,  
    the tree in the ground,  
And the green grass growing all around, all around,  
And the green grass growing all around.
  
10. There was a little feather, the prettiest little feather,  
The sweetest little feather you ever did see.  
The feather in the wing, the wing in the bird,  
    the bird in the egg, the egg in the nest,  
    the nest in the leaf, the leaf in the twig,  
    the twig in the branch, the branch in the limb,  
    the limb in the tree, the tree in the ground,  
And the green grass growing all around, all around,  
And the green grass growing all around.
  
11. There was a little flea, the prettiest little flea,  
The sweetest little flea you ever did see.  
The flea in the feather, the feather in the wing,  
    the wing in the bird, the bird in the egg,  
    the egg in the nest, the nest in the leaf,  
    the leaf in the twig, the twig in the branch,  
    the branch in the limb, the limb in the tree,  
    the tree in the ground,  
And the green grass growing all around, all around,  
And the green grass growing all around.

## KING WILLIAM WAS KING GEORGE'S SON

See Flander's and Brown, p. 188; Wolford, *Play-Party in Indiana*, pp. 62—64; Newell, *Games and Songs of American Children*, pp. 73—75; Leona Nessly Ball, *Journal*, XLIV, 10; and also, *Journal*, XIV, 299; XLII, 227.

Recorded by Mrs. Emma M. Henry from her childhood's memory of the song as sung in western Pennsylvania.

King William was King James' son.  
From the royal race he sprung.  
Go, choose your east, go, choose your west,  
Go, choose the one you love best.  
And down upon this carpet you must kneel,  
And kiss your true love in the field.

## WHO KILLED POOR ROBIN?

See Fuson, p. 56.

Obtained from Mrs. Samuel Harmon, Varnell, Georgia, November, 1931.

1. Who killed poor Robin?  
    "I," said the sparrow,  
    "With my little bow and arrow,  
    And I killed poor Robin, O."
2. And who seen him die?  
    "Oh, me," said the fly,  
    "With my little tiny eye,  
    And I saw him die, O."
3. Who caught his blood?  
    "Oh, I," said the fish,  
    "In my little silver dish,  
    And I caught his blood, O."

*Who Killed Poor Robin?*

4. Who dug his grave?  
“Oh, I,” said the Jay,  
“With my little tiny spade,  
And I dug his grave, O.”
5. Who laid him out?  
“I,” said the turkey,  
“With my old long snout,  
I laid him out, O.”
6. Who hauled him to the grave?  
“Oh, I,” said the bull,  
“Just as hard as I could pull  
And I hauled him there, O.”
7. Who laid him in?  
“Oh, me,” said the duck,  
“With my old long bill,  
And I laid him, O.”
8. Who covered him up?  
“Oh, I,” said the crow,  
“With my little tiny toe,  
And I covered him up, O.”
9. Who patted his grave?  
“Oh, me,” said the duck,  
“With my old flat foot  
And I patted his grave, O.”
10. Who sung his sambo?  
“I,” said the swallow,  
“Just as hard as I could hollow  
And I sung his sambo, O.”

151

### OLD GRAMPUS

See *New Jersey Journal of Education*, June, 1927, p. 9; *Journal*, XIII, 230—231; XXXIV, 113; XXVI, 144; XXXIX, 167; Scarborough, pp. 136—137; Brown, p. 11; Fuson, p. 186; Shoemaker, 3rd ed., p. 303; Flanders and Brown, pp. 182—183; *Folk-Lore Journal*, I, 385; *Folk-Lore*, XXV, 387.

A

“Growler.” This was spoken of as “an old stage song” that used to be caroled to his passengers by Jesse Steppe, for many years a well-known stage-driver of North Carolina. The words were obtained from his granddaughter, Mrs. Elsie Burnette, who lives in the Craggy Range of the Blue Ridge Mountains, North Fork Road, Black Mountain, North Carolina.

1. Old Growler is dead and laid in his grave,  
    He, he, laid in his grave!  
    There grew a fine apple-tree out of his head,  
    He, he, out of his head.
2. There came an old woman to gather them all,  
    He, he, to gather them all!  
    Old Growler raised up and gave her a kick,  
    He, he, and gave her a kick  
    And sent her off a-hippity hop,  
    He, he, a-hippity hop!

B

“Old Robin.” Obtained from Miss Mary E. King, Gatlinburg, Sevier County, Tennessee, Aug. 12, 1929.

1. Old Robin is dead and laid in his grave,  
    Laid in his grave, laid in his grave,  
    Old Robin is dead and laid in his grave, ho, ho.
2. A tall apple tree grows over his grave,  
    Over his grave, over his grave,  
    A tall apple tree grows over his grave, ho, ho.
3. The apples were ripe, beginning to fall,  
    Beginning to fall, beginning to fall,  
    The apples were ripe, beginning to fall, ho, ho.

*Irish Barber*

4. 'Long came an old woman, picking them up,  
Picking them up, picking them up,  
'Long came an old woman, picking them up, ho, ho.
5. Up jumped Old Robin and gave her a thump,  
Gave her a thump, gave her a thump,  
Up jumped Old Robin and gave her a thump, ho, ho.
6. He made the old woman go hip-a-hop,  
Hip-a-hop, hip-a-hop,  
He made the old woman go hip-a-hop, ho, ho.
7. If you want any more song, sing it yourself,  
Sing it yourself, sing it yourself,  
If you want any more song, sing it yourself, ho, ho.

152

IRISH BARBER

Shoemaker, p. 128 (2nd edition), has part of this song. It is entitled, "Camp Barber's Song, Black Forest." Mrs. J. C. F., who contributed Col. Shoemaker's song, says: "This song was sung by an uncle in the fifties. There may be other verses, but I have never heard any. My uncle passed away in '65, but my mother used to sing to me many of the songs he liked. It may be classed as a true 'folk song', but was sung by the common people .....

Obtained from Edna Bohanan, Indian Gap, Route #15, Sevierville, Sevier County, Tennessee, August, 1929.

1. There was in a city not far from a spot  
A barber who set up a snug little shop,  
With his looks so sad, and his smiles so sweet,  
That he drew everybody right in from the street.
2. He had bad customers he thought he would stop,  
That no one for credit should come to his shop.  
So he bought him a razor full of nicks and rust  
To shave the poor devils who came for trust.
3. An old Irishman, who was passing that way,  
Whose beard had been growing for many a day,  
He looked at the barber and lay down his hoe:  
Says, "Will you trust me a shave, for the pure love of God?"

4. "Walk in," says the Barber, "and sit down in my chair,  
Your beard shall be taken right down to a hair."  
"Oh, murder," cried Pat, "what are you doing?  
Leave off them tricks, or my chin will be ruined."
5. "Hold still," says the Barber, "don't make such a din,  
For the moving of your jaws, I'll be cutting on your chin."  
"Not cut but sawed," cried Pat. "That razor you've got  
Wouldn't cut butter if it was made hot."
6. "Ye, then, how would you like to be shaved with a saw?  
You're pulling every tooth right out of my jaw.  
Now leave off your tricks and don't shave any more."  
With that Patty jumped right out of the door.
7. "Folk, you may lather and shave your friends till you are sick,  
Be jabbers! I'd rather be shaved with a brick.  
With lather and shave, shampoo and comb"  
.....
8. Not long after that, when Pat was passing that way,  
He heard a poor donkey set up a terrible bray.  
"Oh, murder," cried Pat, "listen at that neigh,  
He's giving another poor devil the 'Love of God' shave."

153

### THE OLD GRAY MARE

The first two stanzas seem to be set to the tune of the fiddle. After that each stanza has an additional prose line. Cf. Perrow, *Journal*, XXVI, 123; Lunsford and Stringfield, p. 36.

This is another Harmon song. It was sent by Mrs. Mary Tucker, Varnell, Georgia, December 27, 1930. Mrs. Tucker is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Harmon, formerly of Cade's Cove, Tennessee.

1. Once I had an old gray mare,  
Once I had an old gray mare,  
Once I had an old gray mare;  
I saddle her up and rode her to the fair.

*The Old Gray Mare*

2. When I got there she was getting pretty tired,  
When I got there she was getting pretty tired,  
When I got there she was getting pretty tired;  
She laid down in the old church yard.

3. Some began to sing and some began to pray,  
Some began to sing and some began to pray,  
Some began to sing and some began to pray;  
My old mare began to bray —

*She wanted religion.*

4. We tuk her to the river to have her baptised,  
We tuk her to the river to have her baptised,  
We tuk her to the river to have her baptised;  
We got her in the water up to her eyes —

*The water wasn't deep enough.*

5. The preacher went to souse her under,  
The preacher went to souse her under,  
The preacher went to souse her under;  
His foot slipped and he made a blunder —

*He stepped on a slick rock.*

6. My old mare she walked right out,  
My old mare she walked right out,  
My old mare she walked right out;  
My old mare began to shout —

*She had religion.*

7. She started to walk a log and she fell off,  
She started to walk a log and she fell off,  
She started to walk a log and she fell off;  
My old mare died with the whooping cough —

*It wasn't; it was a bad cold.*

8. I got on my old mare's track,  
I got on my old mare's track,  
I got on my old mare's track;  
I found her in a mud-hole flat of her back —

*She wasn't satisfied with her baptising.*

9. I out with my knife and I began,  
I out with my knife and I began,  
I out with my knife and I began;  
It wasn't many hours till I had her skinned —  
*That was one Sunday morning as I came from meeting.*
10. I carried my hide home and put it in the loft,  
I carried my hide home and put it in the loft,  
I carried my hide home and put it in the loft;  
Long came a rogue and carried it off —  
*He wanted to make him a pair of boots out of it.*

154  
CALOMEL

See Pound, No. 54; Spaeth, *Weep Some More*, p. 203.  
"Calomel Song." Obtained from Mr. Samuel Harmon, Varnell, Georgia,  
September, 1931.



1. Physician of the highest rank,  
To pay our fees we need a bank  
Join in the mortal wisdom skill  
We had some sense of calomel.
2. Since calomel become a dost,  
How many patients have we lost!  
How many thousand have they kill  
And poisoned with their calomell
3. Mr. Ray a-being sick,  
Go for the doctor and be quick;  
The doctor comes with a free good will;  
He never forget his calomel.
4. He takes his patient by his right hand  
And compliments him as a friend.  
He sits a while his pulse to feel  
And then take out his calomel.

*My Old Banjo*

5. He turn around to his patient's wife:  
    "Have you a paper and a knife?  
    I think your husband would do well  
        To take a dost of calomel."
6. As he dose out these fatal grains:  
    "I am sure they will ease his pain,  
    And at the sound of every hour bell,  
        Then give him a dost of calomel."
7. He leaves his patient in his wife's care  
    And bids farewell with a graceful air;  
    The woman think her husband well  
        And freely gives the calomel.
8. The man grew worse very fast, indeed:  
    "Go for the doctor, go in speed."  
    The doctor comes with force and haste  
        And doubles the dost of calomel.
9. The man inclines upon his bed,  
    And over the pillow rolls his head;  
    Like hunting hares upon the hill  
        He pants and groans with calomel.
10. The man with death began to groan;  
    The fatal job for him is done;  
    His soul is waiting for heaven or hell,  
        A sacrifice to calomel.

155  
MY OLD BANJO

See White, p. 180.

Obtained from Mrs. Samuel Harmon, Varnell, Georgia, November, 1931.

1. My old banjo hangs on the case;  
    It haven't been tuned since away last fall,  
    But the darkies all says we will have a good time  
        When we ride upon the chariot in the morning.

*Chorus*

Then golden morning, then golden  
I was going to wear because they fit so neat.

2. My old mule stand in the stall;  
He ran one foot right through the wall;  
Tuk the ring bone spasm and wouldn't pull at all  
When he is hitched to the chariot in the morning.

*Chorus*

Old Brother Ben and Sis Luce  
Telegram back to their Uncle Tobacco Juice.

3. Your golden slippers must be nice and clean  
And your age must be just sweet sixteen  
And your white kid gloves that you have to wear,  
When you ride upon the chariot in the morning.

*Chorus*

Then golden that you are a-going to wear  
To walk upon the golden street.

156

KITTY WELLS

Shearin and Combs note this song, p. 22. See also Pound, No. 94; Shoemaker, p. 135 (2nd ed.). The present song is close to the wording of the latter, but lacks one stanza in that version. For other references, see Cox, No. 127.

Obtained from Miss Cora Clark, Crossnore, Avery County, North Carolina, July 13, 1929.

1. You ask what makes this darky weep,  
Why he like others is not gay,  
What makes the tears roll down his check,  
From early morn till close of day.  
My story, darky, you shall hear,  
While in my memory fresh it dwells.  
It will cause you all to drop a tear  
On the grave of my sweet Kitty Wells.

*Chorus*

While the mocking bird is singing in the morning,  
And the ivy and the myrtle are in bloom,  
The sun on the hilltops is dawning,  
'Twas then they laid her in the tomb.

*Were You There?*

2. I often wish that I was dead  
And laid beside her in the tomb;  
The sorrow that bows down my head  
Is silent in the midnight gloom;  
The spring time has no charm for me,  
Though flowers are blooming in the dell.  
The form that I do not see,  
Is the form of my sweet Kitty Wells.

*Chorus*

157

WERE YOU THERE?

See John Wesley Work's *Folk Song of the American Negro*, p. 100; Hudson, No. 91.

*A*

"Judas." Recorded by Mrs. Henry from the singing of Mrs. Samuel Harmon, Cade's Cove, Tennessee, July, 1932.



1. Was you there when Judy betrayed our Lord?  
Was you there when Judy betrayed our Lord?  
Oh, how them troubles would have made me a-trimble  
To have been there when Judy betrayed our Lord.
2. Was you there when they sold Him to the Jews?  
Was you there when they sold Him to the Jews?  
Oh, how them troubles would have made me a-trimble  
To have been there when they sold Him to the Jews.
3. Was you there when He wore the crown of thorns?  
Was you there when He wore the crown of thorns?  
Oh, how them troubles would have made me a-trimble  
To have been there when He wore the crown of thorns.

*Ballads and Songs*

4. Was you there when they crucified our Lord?  
Was you there when they crucified our Lord?  
Oh, how them troubles would have made me a-trimble  
To have been there when they crucified our Lord.
5. Was you there when they rolled the stone away?  
Was you there when they rolled the stone away?  
Oh, how them troubles would have made me a-trimble  
To have been there when they rolled the stone away.
6. Was you there when He rose up from the grave?  
Was you there when He rose up from the grave?  
Oh, how them troubles would have made me a-trimble  
To have been there when He rose up from the grave.

*B*

Mrs. Harmon sang the following song at the same time, which she called "another song about Judas."

1. Judy betrayed Him,  
Judy betrayed Him,  
Judy betrayed Him,  
And sold Him to the Jews.
2. Them Jews crucified Him,  
Them Jews crucified Him,  
Them Jews crucified Him,  
And they nailed Him to the cross.
3. There He hung bleeding,  
There He hung bleeding,  
There He hung bleeding,  
With His head upon His breast.
4. Joseph begged His body,  
Joseph begged His body,  
Joseph begged His body,  
And He laid it in the tomb.
5. The tomb would not hold Him,  
The tomb would not hold Him,  
The tomb would not hold Him,  
And He burst the bands of death.

158

### THE LITTLE FAMILY

See Cox, No. 134; Belden, No. 38 (*Journal*, xxv, 17); Tolman, *Journal*, xxix, 182; xxxv, 388. George Pullen Jackson prints a version of this song in *White Spirituals in the Southern Uplands*, Chapel Hill, N. C., 1933, pp. 195—197, which was sung by Mrs. Elizabeth Showalter-Miller, of Dayton, Virginia. He adds the following note:

“John C. Campbell records the first stanza of this song and a tune that is essentially identical with the one sung by Mrs. Miller. He found it as No. 449 in ‘*A New and Choice Selection of Hymns and Spiritual Songs for the Use of the Regular Baptist Church*, by Elder E. D. Thomas, Catlettsburg, Ky., C. L. McConnell, 1871.’ This occurrence warrants its being looked on as belonging among the southern fasola spiritual ballads. It does not, however, occur in any of the fifteen books under immediate scrutiny.”

Recorded by Mrs. Henry from the singing of Mrs. Samuel Harmon, Cade’s Cove, Tennessee, July, 1932.

1. There was a little family  
Lived up in Bethany;  
Two sisters and a brother  
Compose the family.
2. While they lived so happy,  
So kind and so good,  
Their brother was afflicted  
And rudely thrown in bed.
3. Poor Mary and poor Marthy,  
They wept aloud and cried,  
But Lazarus grew no better;  
He languished on and died.
4. The Jews came to the sisters,  
Put Lazarus in the tomb;  
They came up there for to comfort  
And drive away they gloom.

*Ballads and Songs*

5. When Jesus heard the tidings  
And in the distant land,  
So timely did He travel  
To jine the mourning band.
6. When Mary saw Him coming,  
She met Him on the way  
And told Him how her brother  
Had died and passed away.
7. When Marthy saw Him coming,  
She run and met Him too,  
And at His feet a-weeping  
He hushed the tide of woe.
8. He cheered them and He blessed them,  
He told them not to weep  
For in Him was the power  
To raise him from his sleep.
9. He rolled away the cover,  
And looked into the grave,  
And prayed unto His Father  
His loving friend to save.
10. And Lazarus with full power  
Come from the gloomy morn;  
With holy strength and vigor  
He walked upon the ground.
11. Now, friends, if you love Jesus,  
And do His holy will  
Like Mary and like Marthy,  
He'll always love you still.
12. In death He will redeem us  
And bring us to the sky;  
For sorrow never enters  
Nor pleasure never die.

OLD SHIP OF ZION

See G. D. Pike, *The Jubilee Singers*, etc., Boston, 1873, p. 192; William Francis Allen, Charles Pickard Ware, and Lucy McKim Garrison, *Slave Songs of the United States*, New York, 1929, p. 102; J. B. T. Marsh, *The Story of the Jubilee Singers With Their Songs*, Boston (n. d.), p. 152 (same version as that given by Pike); Howard W. Odum and Guy B. Johnson, *The Negro and His Songs*, Chapel Hill, N. C., 1925, p. 117; Newman I. White, *American Negro Folk-Songs*, p. 93; Kennedy, *Mellows*, New York, 1925, p. 41; T. W. Higginson, *Atlantic Monthly*, June, 1867, p. 685. Cf. also *Journal*, XLI, 566. The song wanders off in stanzas 8, 9, and 10 to lines remembered from one of the gospel train songs. See No. 162 of this collection.

Obtained from Mr. C. L. Franklin, Crossnore, Avery County, North Carolina, July, 1930.

1. What's that a-coming yonder?  
When she comes;  
What's that a-coming yonder?  
When she comes.
2. It's the old ship of Zion,  
When she comes;  
It's the old ship of Zion,  
When she comes.
3. Oh, with what she'll be loaded?  
When she comes;  
Oh, with what she'll be loaded?  
When she comes.
4. She'll be loaded with bright angels,  
When she comes;  
She'll be loaded with bright angels,  
When she comes.
5. Oh, how do you know they'll be angels?  
When she comes;  
Oh, how do you know they'll be angels?  
When she comes.
6. We'll know by their shining,  
When she comes;  
We'll know by their shining,  
When she comes.

*Ballads and Songs*

7. We will neither rock nor todder,  
When she comes,  
We will neither rock nor todder,  
When she comes.
8. She'll be coming around the mountain,  
When she comes;  
She'll be coming around the mountain,  
When she comes.
9. We'll kill the domernecker rooster,  
When she comes;  
We'll kill the domernecker rooster,  
When she comes.
10. We'll have some chicken and gravy,  
When she comes;  
We'll have some chicken and gravy,  
When she comes.

160

ALL MY SINS ARE TAKEN AWAY

See Hudson, "Specimens of Mississippi Folk-Lore," No. 99. Cf. also Odum and Johnson, "The Negro and His Songs," p. 60, ff., and Professor Newman I. White's "American Negro Folk-Songs," 1928, pp. 60, 132.

"I Went Down in the Valley to Pray." Obtained from Miss Mary E. King, Gatlinburg, Sevier County, Tennessee, August, 1929, who had it from Miss Grace Franklin, Maryville, Tennessee.

1. I went down in the valley to pray,  
I went down in the valley to pray,  
I went down in the valley to pray.  
My soul got happy and I stayed all day!  
All my sins are taken away, taken away.

*Chorus*

All my sins are taken away,  
All my sins are taken away,  
All my sins are taken away.  
Oh, glory be unto His name!  
All my sins are taken away, taken away.

*All My Sins Are Taken Away*

2. Mary wore the golden chains,  
Mary wore the golden chains,  
Mary wore the golden chains,  
Every link in Jesus name.  
All my sins are taken away, taken away.

*Chorus*

3. Ever since I've been reemed<sup>1</sup>,  
Ever since I've been reemed,  
Ever since I've been reemed,  
I've been walking on the golden stream.  
All my sins are taken away, taken away.

*Chorus*

4. Enoch was a good old man,  
Enoch was a good old man,  
Enoch was a good old man.  
The good Lord came down and took him to the promised land.  
All my sins are taken away, taken away.

*Chorus*

5. I had a little book and read it through,  
I had a little book and read it through,  
I had a little book and read it through.  
I've got my Jesus as well as you.  
All my sins are taken away, taken away.

*Chorus*

6. I do love that good old way,  
I do love that good old way,  
I do love that good old way.  
When I get down on my knees, try to pray.  
All my sins are taken away, taken away.

*Chorus*

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<sup>1</sup> redeemed.

161

MY LORD, WHAT A MORNING!

See Marsh, "The Story of the Jubilee Singers," p. 199.

Obtained from Miss Julia Stokes, who recorded the song from the singing of Hettie Twiggs (10 years of age), Crossnore, North Carolina, July, 1931.

1. My Lord, what a morning!  
My Lord, what a morning!  
My Lord, what a morning!  
When the stars begin to fall.
2. Oh, sinner, what shall you do?  
Oh, sinner, what shall you do?  
Oh, sinner, what shall you do?  
When the stars begin to fall.
3. I'll cry for the rocks in the mountains,  
I'll cry for the rocks in the mountains,  
I'll cry for the rocks in the mountains,  
When the stars begin to fall.
4. Rocks in mountains, they would hide you;  
Rocks in mountains, they would hide you;  
Rocks in mountains, they would hide you;  
When the stars begin to shine.

162

SHE'LL BE COMING AROUND THE MOUNTAIN

This song is nearly identical with Sandburg, p. 372. He remarks: "An old-time negro spiritual, *When the Chariot Comes*, was made by mountaineers into *She'll Be Comin' Round the Mountain*, and the song spread to railroad work gangs in the midwest in the 1890's." See stanzas 8, 9, and 10 of No. 159 of this book.

Obtained from Miss Julia Stokes, who recorded the song from the singing of Bowie Wiseman, Crossnore, North Carolina, July, 1931.

*She'll Be Coming around the Mountain*

1. She'll be coming around the mountain,  
When she comes;  
She'll be coming around the mountain,  
When she comes.  
She'll be coming around the mountain,  
She'll be coming around the mountain,  
She'll be coming around the mountain,  
When she comes.
  
2. She'll be riding two white horses,  
When she comes;  
She'll be riding two white horses,  
When she comes.  
She'll be riding two white horses,  
She'll be riding two white horses,  
She'll be riding two white horses,  
When she comes.
  
3. We'll kill the old red rooster,  
When she comes;  
We'll kill the old red rooster,  
When she comes.  
We'll kill the old red rooster,  
We'll kill the old red rooster,  
We'll kill the old red rooster  
When she comes.
  
4. We'll have chicken and dumplin',  
When she comes;  
We'll have chicken and dumplin',  
When she comes.  
We'll have chicken and dumplin',  
We'll have chicken and dumplin',  
We'll have chicken and dumplin',  
When she comes.

WHEN YOU HEAR THAT WHISTLE BLOW

White, p. 65, in his head-note to a song beginning,

*Oh, don't you hear that whistle blo'n',*

remarks that "every line is found in printed versions of other songs but the combination is original." No printed version of the following song has been found. Cf. Scarborough, p. 246, stanzas 5 and 6.

Obtained from Dr. Daniel S. Gage, Fulton, Missouri, August, 1931, who had it from Richard H. Moser, Swannanoa, North Carolina.

1. When you hear the whistle blow,  
When you hear the whistle blow,  
When you hear the whistle blow,  
I am coming home.
2. Oh, my darling, if you say so,  
I will ride the rail no more;  
I will sidetrack my train,  
And go home.
3. You can hear the whistle blow,  
You can hear the whistle blow,  
You can hear the whistle blow,  
Ninety miles away.
4. If you don't believe I'm gone,  
You can number the train I'm on;  
You can hear the whistle blow,  
Ninety miles away.
5. If I die a railroad man,  
You can bury me in the sand;  
You can hear old number nine  
As she rolls by.

I HEARD THE WHISTLE BLOWING

See White's head-note (p. 65) quoted in the preceding song.

Obtained from Miss Julia Stokes who recorded it from the singing of Hettie Twiggs, Crossnore, North Carolina, July, 1931.

1. I heard the whistle blowing;  
I heard the whistle blowing;  
I heard the whistle blowing;  
Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye.
2. The train is at the station;  
The train is at the station;  
The train is at the station;  
Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye.
3. Off to war, I'm going;  
Off to war, I'm going;  
Off to war, I'm going;  
Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye.
4. I give you a dime of my ring;  
I give you a dime of my ring;  
I give you a dime of my ring;  
Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye.

165

FRAGMENT OF A NEGRO SONG

Cf. R. W. Gordon, *New York Times Magazine*, January 8, 1928, p. 23; Perrow, *Journal*, XXVI, 160.

Learned by Mrs. Henry, when a child in Decatur, Georgia.



(*First two lines recitative*)

God made man, man made money;  
God made bees and the bees made honey.

Oh, mourner brother, you shall be free.  
Shout to glory, sister, you shall be free.  
When am I gonna be free?  
When the Good Lord sets you free.

166

THE GREAT TITANIC

See Professor Newman I. White's "American Negro Folk-Songs," 1928, p. 347. When the present version of this song first came to the attention of the writer, it appeared to be so nearly like the one included in Professor White's collection as to make the printing of it unnecessary. A careful comparison, however, of the two songs shows nearly fifty verbal changes in the present version. It seems, therefore, that these word variations in a modern song will be interesting to note. There is also some transposition of lines and stanzas. See also Brown, p. 12.

"Sinking of Titanic." Obtained from Miss Mary E. King, Gatlinburg, Sevier County, Tennessee, August, 1929.

*The Great Titanic*

1. It was on one Monday morning about four o'clock;  
The great Titanic began to reel and rock;  
The people began to scream and cry, saying:  
"Oh, Lord, we've got to die."  
Wasn't it sad when that great ship went down?

*Chorus*

Wasn't it sad when that great ship went down?  
Husbands and wives, dear little children lost their lives.  
Wasn't it sad when that great ship went down?

2. And when they were a-building,  
They declared what they could do:  
They could build a ship that water couldn't go through;  
But God with his power in hand  
Showed to the world it could not stand.  
Wasn't it sad when that great ship went down?

*Chorus*

3. When Paul was out a-sailing with all his men around,  
God who sits in Heaven says not a one should drown.  
If you'll trust Him and obey, He will save you all today.  
Wasn't it sad when that great ship went down?

*Chorus*

4. Oh, it must have been awful to the people on the sea  
When they were singing, "Nearer, My God, to Thee."  
When they were homeward bound, sixteen hundred had to drown.  
Wasn't it sad when that great ship went down?

*Chorus*

5. And when the ship left England a-sailing for the shore;  
The rich had declared with the poor they wouldn't go.  
So they put them below and they were the first that had to go.  
Wasn't it sad when that great ship went down?

*Chorus*

### SHORTENING BREAD

See Scarborough, pp. 149—153; Lunsford and Stringfield, p. 55, (“Wild Horse”); Richardson and Spaeth, p. 81; White, p. 193; Perrow, *Journal*, XXVIII, 142.

Obtained from Dr. Daniel S. Gage, Fulton, Missouri, August, 1931, who had it from Richard H. Moser, Swannanoa, North Carolina.

1. Ain’t I glad that the old sow’s dead;  
    We can have some shortening bread.  
    Don’t those negroes love shortening, shortening,  
    Don’t those negroes love shortening bread?
2. I slipped to the oven, and I raised up the lid;  
    Mama slapped the shovel up beside my head.  
    Don’t those negroes love shortening, shortening,  
    Don’t those negroes love shortening bread?
3. I went up stairs to go to bed;  
    And put a piece of corn-bread under my head.  
    Don’t those negroes love shortening, shortening,  
    Don’t those negroes love shortening bread?
4. Two little negroes lying in the bed;  
    One turned over and said:  
    “Don’t all negroes love shortening, shortening,  
    Don’t all negroes love shortening bread?”
5. Two in the middle, two at the head,  
    Two at the foot make six in a bed,  
    Don’t all negroes love shortening, shortening,  
    Don’t all negroes love shortening bread?

I WENT UP ON THE MOUNTAIN TOP

See Richardson and Spaeth, p. 50.

“Sugartown.” Obtained from Mrs. Samuel Harmon, Varnell, Georgia,  
January, 1932.

1. I went up on the mountain top  
To give my horse a blow;  
I saw old Peter a-combing his head  
Just white as snow.
2. When I was a little boy,  
I lived in Sugartown;  
I climbed up in a sugar tree  
And shake the sugar down.
3. Jay bird on a swing limb,  
Sparrow on the ground;  
The sparrow said to that jay bird:  
“Shake that sugar down.”
4. Jay bird pulled to horse plow  
Ten foot in the ground;  
Sparrow standing at the other end,  
A-watching him turn around.
5. Jay bird pulled to horse plow,  
“Sparrow, why can’t you?”  
“My legs so long and slender, love,  
Afraid they will break in two.”
6. I went up on the mountain top  
To give my horse a blow.  
I thought I heard some pretty girl say:  
“Yonder come my beau.”

ELIZA JANE

See Sandburg, p. 133; Bradley Kincaid (*Favorite Old-Time Songs and Mountain Ballads*, Chicago, 1929), p. 29; Cf. also *Journal*, XLI, 575; Fuson, p. 172; Thomas, p. 30; Natalie Curtis-Burlin, *Hampton Series Negro Folk-Songs*, Book IV, p. 41, a dance-game song. Add *Journal*, XL, 97; Thomas, p. 30; *Journal*, XXVIII, 178.

Professor Newman I. White, in his *American Negro Folk-Songs* (p. 172), has so illuminating a note on this song that it is given entire as follows:

"Various songs about Eliza Jane are sung by both whites and Negroes, in addition to other songs into which a stanza, or a line, or a part of the chorus, has been attracted from the Eliza Jane songs. Probably they go back to one or more common originals, but I have seen no printed version older than several here given. A comparison with other published versions shows that they all depend on five episodes, generally treated in distinct songs; a proposal, a sleigh-ride, a visit to Eliza Jane, goodbye, and Eliza's death on the train.

"'Goodbye, Eliza Jane' was copyrighted in 1903 by Harry Von Tilzer, author of several other ragtime 'coon' songs which have found their way into popular tradition; for example, 'Alexander,' 'Please Go Way and Let Me Sleep' (Cf. XIV, no. 32), and 'What you Goin' to Do When the Rent Comes Round?' (cf. no. 43, in this chapter).

"Intrusions from other songs are common. In particular the sleigh-ride, which looks suspicious in a Negro song, has become very much mixed with a mule song.

"I find the following Eliza Jane variants: J. A. F. L., 1890, p. 290 (from Virginia); *ibid.*, 1893, p. 131 (from North Carolina mountain whites); Perrow, 1915, pp. 178—180 (eight variants, from Tennessee, Mississippi, Indiana, and Kentucky, all but two from whites); Burlin (*Hampton Series*), 1919, iv, 41; Talley, 1922, p. 134; Odum, 1925, pp. 235, 237 (republished from J. A. F. L., 1911), 1926, p. 180; Scarborough, 1925, pp. 8, 169, 192, 227."

*A*

Obtained from Mr. C. L. Franklin, Crossnore, Avery County, North Carolina, July 7, 1930.

*Eliza Jane*

1. Woa, mule, woa!  
Woa, mule, I say!  
I ain't got time to kiss you  
'Fraid my mule will run away.

*Chorus*

Po' little Liza, my po' gal;  
Po' little Liza Jane.  
Po' little Liza, my po' gal;  
She died upon the train.

2. When I go a-fishing,  
I go with a hook and line;  
When I go to marry,  
I go with a willing mind.

*Chorus*

3. Once I had a fortune;  
I laid it in my trunk;  
I spent it all a-gambling,  
When I got on a drunk.

*Chorus*

4. I left my wife in the mountains;  
I left her all alone;  
Went down to the railroad;  
Said, "Honey, I am gone."

*Chorus*

*B*

"Whoa, Mule." The song was recorded by a student in Lincoln Memorial University, Harrogate, Tennessee.

1. 'Twas bright and early one morning;  
Ole Masse was throwing out hay;  
He saw that mule flap his ears  
And saw him wag his tail.

*Chorus*

Now, whoa! I tell you;  
Now, whoal I say;  
Keep your seat, Miss Liza Jane,  
And hold onto that sleigh.

*Ballads and Songs*

2. 'Twas bright and early one morning;  
The snow was fallin' fast;  
I got that mule in harness, gal;  
I got 'im hitched at last.

*Chorus*

3. Miss Liza, get your bonnet  
And come and take your seat;  
Take that board you're sittin' on  
And cover up your feet.

*Chorus*

4. Miss Liza, get your bonnet;  
Miss Liza, you sleep cool;  
I ain't got time to kiss you now;  
I'm busy with this mule.

*Chorus*

C

"Mountain Top." The song was recorded by Dora Testerman, a student in Lincoln Memorial University, from the singing of relatives.

1. I went up on the mountain top  
To plant me a patch of cane,  
To make me a jug of molasses too  
To sweeten up Liza Jane.

*Chorus*

A-po' Liza, poor gal!  
A-po' Liza Jane!  
A-po' Liza, poor gal!  
She died on the train.

2. Come along, sweet Liza;  
Just come along with me;  
We'll go up on the mountain top;  
Some pleasures there we'll see.

*Chorus*

*Eliza Jane*

3. I'll go up on the mountain top,  
    Put out me a moonshine still;  
I'll sell you a quart of old moonshine  
    Just for one dollar bill.

*Chorus*

4. I will eat when I am hungry  
    And drink when I am dry;  
If a tree don't fall on me,  
    I'll live until I die.

*Chorus*

5. I went to see my Liza Jane;  
    She was standing in the door;  
Her shoes and stockings in her hand  
    And her feet all over the floor.

*Chorus*

6. The hardest work that ever I did  
    Was a-breaking on the train;  
The easiest work that ever I did  
    Was a huggin' Liza Jane.

*Chorus*

*D*

Recorded by Florence Stokes Henry from the singing of Mrs. Lee Johnson, Pyatt, North Carolina, July 14, 1930. Mrs. Johnson says that she has known the song from childhood.

1. Woa, mule, woa, mule,  
    Woa, mule, I say.  
I ain't got time to kiss you,  
    I'm busy with my mule.

*Chorus*

Po' little Liza, my po' gal;  
Po' little Liza, my po' gal;  
Po' little Liza, my po' gal;  
She died upon a train.

2. When I go a-fishing,  
    I go with a hook and line;  
When I go a-marrying,  
    I go with a willing mind.

*Chorus*

170

CINDY

See Professor Newman I. White's *American Negro Folk-Songs*, p. 161; Bradley Kincaid's *My Favorite Old-Time Mountain Songs*, Book 2, Chicago, 1929, p. 23. Most of the stanzas of this song are nearly identical with those of the latter, but the arrangement is different. Professor White says, "Without definite evidence, I am of the opinion that this is an old banjo song of the whites" (p. 161). Cf. also R. W. Gordon, *New York Times Magazine*, Nov. 27, 1927, p. 23; Lunsford and Stringfield, p. 42.

A

Obtained from Mrs. Cleophas L. Franklin, Crossnore, Avery County, North Carolina, February, 1930.

1. Cindy in the summer time,  
Cindy in the fall;  
If I can't get Cindy all the time,  
I won't have her at all.

*Chorus*

Get along home, Cindy, Cindy;  
Get along home, Cindy, Cindy;  
Get along home, Cindy, Cindy;  
I'm going to leave you now.

2. You ought to see my Cindy;  
She lives away down south;  
She's so sweet the honey bees  
Swarm around her mouth.

*Chorus*

3. I wish I was an apple  
A-hanging on a tree;  
Every time that Cindy passed  
She'd take a bite of me.

*Chorus*

4. I took my Cindy to preaching  
And what you reckon she done?  
She stood right up in the preacher's face  
And chewed her chewing gum.

*Chorus*

*Cindy*

5. Cindy went to preaching;  
She shouted all around;  
She got so full of glory  
She rolled her stockings down.

*Chorus*

6. When I go a-fishing,  
I go with hook and line;  
And when I go to marry,  
I go with a willing mind.

*Chorus*

*B*

"Sindy." Obtained from Dr. Daniel S. Gage, Westminster College, Fulton, Missouri, August, 1931, who had it from Richard H. Moser, Swannanoa, North Carolina.

1. Grief and sorrow is about to break my heart,  
Thinking about that girl of mine;  
Good Lord, nobody knows my heart.  
Get along home, Sindy, get along home.

2. Sindy is a pretty girl;  
Sindy is my lover;  
If Sindy dies before I do,  
I'll marry Sindy's mother.  
Get along home, Sindy, get along home.

3. I went to Sindy's house one day,  
Sindy was a-sweeping;  
When I told her of my love,  
She commenced weeping.  
Get along home, Sindy, get along home.

4. Sindy in the summer time,  
Sindy in the fall;  
If I can't get Sindy,  
I won't have any at all.  
Get along home, Sindy, get along home.

5. Sindy got religion,  
She got it once before;  
Every time she heard a banjo,  
She was the first on the floor.  
Get along home, Sindy, get along home.  
Sindy, fare thee well.

171

MASSA HAD A LITTLE YALLER GAL

See Newman I. White's *American Negro Folk-Songs*, pp. 152—155; Scarborough, pp. 66—68; Odum's *The Negro and His Songs*, p. 236. The chorus with some variation will be found in "Bile 'Em Cabbage Down," a song in Richardson and Spaeth's *American Mountain Songs*, p. 88.

Mrs. Henry learned the following fragment in Atlanta, Ga. when she was a child.



1. Massa had a little yaller gal;  
Brung her from the South;  
Had her hair done up so tight  
She could not shut her mouth.

*Chorus*

Bile that cabbage down;  
Bake them 'taters brown;  
Look here, yaller gal,  
I'll have no foolishness!  
Turn that hoe-cake 'round.

172

LULU

Louise Rank Bascom in "Ballads and Songs of Western North Carolina," *Journal*, XXII, 248, remarks: "Of the ruder ballads, 'Lulu' is an example, though it is obviously not of mountain origin, from the very fact of the allusion to 'ole Missus'. Still it is probable that many of the stanzas have been invented in the highlands." Cf. Newman I. White, *American Negro Folk-Songs*, p. 304. See also Reed Smith, *The Traditional Ballad and Its South Carolina Survivals*, p. 19, in his treatise on "Communal Composition" (reprinted in his *South Carolina Ballads*, p. 20). Cf. also Scarborough, p. 104.

Obtained from C. L. Franklin, Crossnore, Avery County, North Carolina, July, 1930.

*Sal's Got a Meat-Skin*

1. Shine, little Lulu,  
Shine your best;  
Your poor old granny  
Gone to rest.
2. Lulu shouted;  
Lulu squalled;  
Lulu kicked a  
Hole in the ground.
3. Pennies makes nickles;  
Nickles makes dimes;  
I go to see Lulu gal  
A whole heap of times.

173

BIG-EYE RABBIT

See "American Mountain Songs," by Ethel Park Richardson and Sigmund Spaeth, New York, 1927, p. 100.

No local title. Obtained from Mr. C. L. Franklin, Crossnore, Avery County, North Carolina, who learned it when a child from his father, William Franklin.

Big eyed rabbit behind the pine;  
Big eyed rabbit, you are mine.  
Rabbit skipped; rabbit hopped;  
Rabbit ate my turnip top.  
I cocked my gun; the hammer flew;  
I tore that rabbit square in two.

174

SAL'S GOT A MEAT-SKIN

See Ethel Park Richardson and Sigmund Spaeth, *American Mountain Songs*, New York, 1927, p. 94; White, *American Negro Folk-Songs*, p. 271; Handy, *Blues*, New York, 1926, p. 35.

No local title. Obtained from Mr. C. L. Franklin, Crossnore, Avery County, North Carolina, July, 1930.

Sal got a meat skin laid away;  
Sal got a meat skin laid away;  
Sal got a meat skin laid away  
To grease my wooden leg every day.

175

WHEN I DIE

Cf. White, p. 368; Frank Shay, *My Pious Friends and Drunken Companions*, p. 53.

A

Learned by Mrs. Henry as a child in Atlanta, Georgia.

1. And-a when I die,  
When I die,  
Don't bury me at all,  
Bury me at all;  
Just pickle my bones,  
Pickle my bones  
In alcohol —  
Alcohol
2. Place a bottle of booze,  
Bottle of booze,  
At my head and feet,  
Head and feet;  
You may think I'm dead,  
Think I'm dead,  
But I'm walking the street —  
Walking the street.

B

Obtained from Mr. C. L. Franklin, Crossnore, Avery County, North Carolina, August, 1931.

When I die, don't bury me at all;  
Just pickle my bones in alcohol.  
Put a bottle of booze at my feet and head;  
If it stays there, you will know I am dead.

176

FRAGMENTS OF NEGRO SONGS

These fragments were recorded from the singing of William P. Corbett, Frost Proof, Florida, who learned them many years ago from Negroes in Laurens County, Georgia.

*A*

MY FRIEND, GARFIELD'

I'm gwine to weep like er willo';  
I'll moan like er dove,  
Kase my po' frien' Garfiel' is dead,  
Sweet Love!

*B*

(no title)

Fling dat hook in de middle of de pon'  
To ketch dat gal  
Wid de red frock on.  
Ol' lady, can't you git up in the mornin'?

*C*

(no title)

Wish I had a jug o' rum,  
And sugar by the pound,  
Great big bowl to stir it in,  
Pritty gal to stir it 'round,  
Pritty gal to stir it 'round.

*D*

(no title)

*Leader :*

Crawfish runnin' down de stream.

*Refrain :*

Yes, my love, I'll meet you.

*Leader :*

Ax dat cat-fish what he mean.

*Refrain :*

I'll meet you bye and bye.

*Leader :*

Ho' dat corn, ho' dat corn, Moses,  
Ho' dat corn.

*Refrain :*

Meet you bye and bye.

177  
COCAINE

Odum and Johnson, *The Negro and His Songs*, p. 218, give a song on the *Cocaine Habit* and remark: "The Negro singer pays his respects to the cocaine habit and whiskey. The majority of these songs are indecent in their suggestion."

Recorded from the singing of Barnet George, Lithonia, Georgia, July, 1931.

Cocaine gonna run me crazy;  
Cocaine gonna kill my baby;  
Pretty gal gonna cause me to lose my mind.  
My gal runs a weiner stand  
Way down in no-man's land;  
Ain't nobody's business if she do.

178  
JAKE WALK BLUES

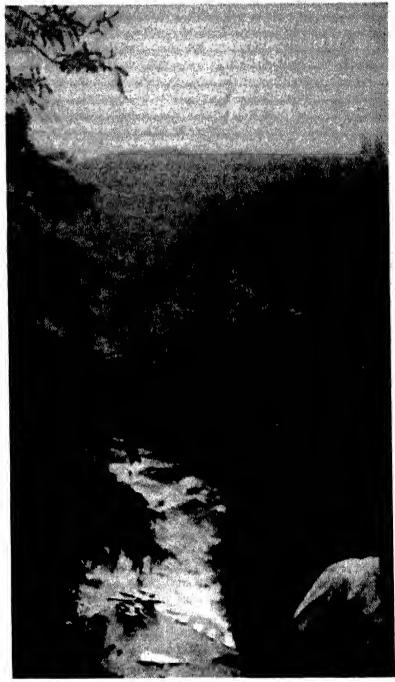
Cf. various kinds of "blues" in W. C. Handy's *Blues : an Anthology*, New York, 1926.

Obtained from Miss Margaret Combs, Guerrant, Breathitt County, Kentucky, September, 1931.

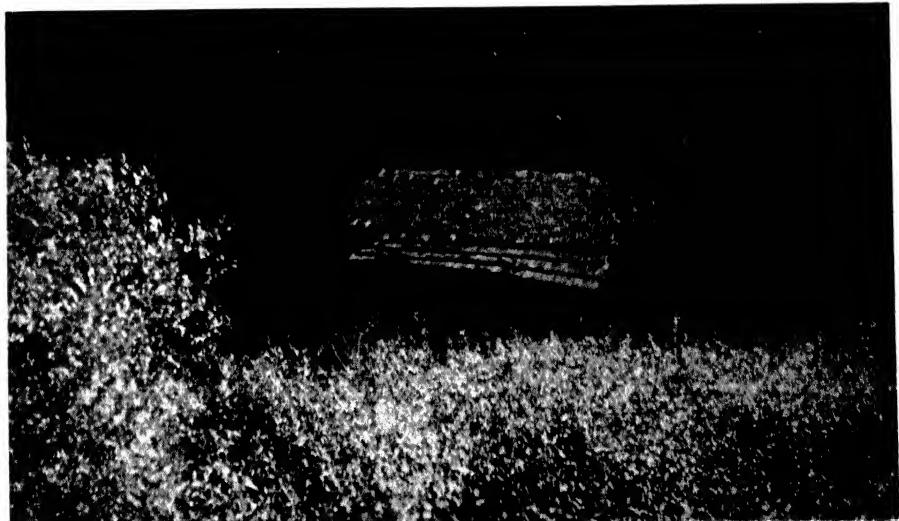
1. I can't eat; I can't talk;  
Woke up this morning — I couldn't walk.  
You're a jake walking papa, with the jake walk blues;  
I'm a red-headed mama that you can't afford to lose.
2. Listen here, papa, can't you see?  
You can't drink jake and get along with me.  
Listen here, mama, I have to call your hand;  
I'm a jake walking papa from a jake walk land.
3. Listen here, papa, while I tell you once more,  
If you're going to drink jake, don't knock at my door.  
If you're a jake walk papa with the jake walk blues,  
I'm a red-headed mama that you can't afford to lose.



*Robert Kirby Who Sings "John Henry" Songs*



*Linville River, N.C.*





*John Henry*

4. I'm not good looking; I'm not low down;  
I'm a jake walking papa just hanging around;  
I made this song but it may not rhyme;  
I'm a jake walking papa having a good time.
5. My daddy was a gambler; he was a drunkard too;  
I'm going to drink jake — have the jake walk blues.  
When I die, I give you my hand  
To take bottle jake to the promised land.

179

JOHN HENRY

The quest for the John Henry songs was inspired by the scholarly and extremely interesting work<sup>1</sup> of Professor Guy B. Johnson, of the University of North Carolina. A study of this work at Montreat, North Carolina, in the summer of 1931, led to the questioning of Robert Kirby, colored porter at Geneva Hall. He assured us that he had an uncle who worked with John Henry. He "disremembered exactly" where John Henry lived, but he was sure that he was a North Carolina man. He insisted that this hero was only of average size and that he weighed about one hundred and forty pounds. He could, however, drive with a hammer in each hand, first with the right hand and then with the left. According to Robert Kirby, John Henry dropped dead while driving the hammer at "Big Ben" Tunnel.

Professor Johnson in his sympathetic study distinguishes clearly two types of John Henry songs — the "work song type" and the "ballad type." To quote him: "The work song type is composed of short lines repeated several times, with pauses intervening for the stroke of pick or hammer and usually sung by a group."<sup>2</sup> The "ballad type" has a somewhat different structure and more formal style. Professor Johnson through extensive advertising in Negro newspapers obtained eventually an old printed *John Henry*. While he is practically certain that this is not the original *John Henry* but a sort of composite version, yet it is evidence that the song did exist in printed form.

<sup>1</sup> *John Henry: Tracking Down a Negro Legend*. Chapel Hill, The University of North Carolina Press, 1929.

<sup>2</sup> *John Henry*, p. 2.

This, with the name of the author, W. T. Blankenship, is estimated to have been printed about 1900. However, "The work song type of *John Henry* probably antedated the ballad type".<sup>1</sup> Professor Johnson surmises that the hammer song could have sprung up almost immediately after John Henry's death, between 1870 and 1872, at Big Bend Tunnel on the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad about nine miles east of Hinton, West Virginia, "Whereas the ballad type required more time in the making."<sup>2</sup> His whole story is fascinating. He outlines the evolution of *John Henry* as follows:

"The first songs about John Henry are simple, spontaneous hammer songs which did not go into the details of the John Henry story. Perhaps here and there someone made up a brief song of the ballad type. A short time later some person who was familiar with the tradition composed a ballad and had it printed on single sheets for distribution at a low price, say five or ten cents. This was circulated in West Virginia and a few other states and was taken by the Negro laborers to various parts of the country."<sup>3</sup>

For various versions of John Henry songs, see Professor Guy B. Johnson's "*John Henry: Tracking Down a Negro Legend;*" Cox, pp. 175—188 (includes John Hardy songs); White, pp. 189—191; W. C. Handy's "Blues," p. 135; Scarborough, pp. 219—221; Shearin and Combs, p. 19; Campbell and Sharp, pp. 257—258; Odum and Johnson's "*Negro Workaday Songs,*" pp. 221—240; Talley's "*Negro Folk-Rhymes,*" p. 105; Brown, p. 12; *Journal*, XXII, 247; XXVI, 163, 180; XXVIII, 14; XXXII, 50; XXVII, 249; XXIX, 400; *Berea Quarterly*, October, 1910, p. 26; October, 1915, p. 20; Roark Bradford's "*John Henry,*" Harper and Bros., 1931 (an altogether different kind of John Henry); "*John Henry, Mighty Man of the Roustabouts,*" a review of Roark Bradford's Book in *New York Times Book Review*, September 6, 1931; "*A Mighty Legend,*" another review of Roark Bradford's *John Henry* in *The Nation*, October 7, 1931, p. 367, by Professor Guy B. Johnson.

*A* and *B* of the present group are work songs while *C* and *D* are the ballad form. *E* appears to be merely a contracted form of the "ballad type." Evidently the singer had learned only two or three points in the John Henry story. *A*, *B*, *C*, and *D* were obtained from Robert Kirby. *E* was obtained from Joe Dixon, colored porter at Hotel Alba, Montreat, N. C.

<sup>1</sup> *John Henry*, p. 69.

<sup>2</sup> *John Henry*, p. 69.

<sup>3</sup> *John Henry*, p. 85.

*John Henry*

*A*



1. I've been drivin'  
Around Bald Mountain;  
I've been drivin'  
Around Bald Mountain;  
I've been drivin'  
Around Bald Mountain;  
Now's my time, Buddy,  
Now's my time.
2. Say, old man,  
Where you got your learnin',  
Say, old man,  
Where you got your learnin',  
Say, old man,  
Where you got your learnin',  
When you come here, Buddy,  
When you come here?
3. Got my learnin'  
Way in the Big Ben Tunnel,  
Got my learnin'  
Way in the Big Ben Tunnel,  
Got my learnin'  
Way in the Big Ben Tunnel,  
When I come here, Buddy,  
When I come here.
4. I've been drivin'  
Ever since Johnny was a baby,  
I've been drivin'  
Ever since Johnny was a baby,  
I've been drivin'  
Ever since Johnny was a baby,  
When I come here, Buddy,  
When I come here.

*Ballads and Songs*

5. Take this hammer  
And give it to the captain,  
Take this hammer  
And give it to the captain,  
Take this hammer  
And give it to the captain,  
And tell him I'm gone, Buddy,  
Tell him I'm gone.
6. If he asks you  
If I was runnin';  
If he asks you  
If I was runnin';  
If he asks you  
If I was runnin',  
Tell him I's flyin', Buddy,  
Tell him I's flyin'.
7. This ole hammer  
Sholy must be loaded;  
This ole hammer  
Sholy must be loaded;  
This ole hammer  
Sholy must be loaded,  
It won't ring, Buddy,  
It won't ring.
8. Everything-thing  
That you see shinin',  
Everything-thing  
That you see shinin',  
Everything-thing  
That you see shinin',  
It ain't no gold, Buddy,  
It ain't no gold.

*John Henry*

*B*

1. I've been drivin'  
All 'round Bald Mountain,  
I've been drivin'  
All 'round Bald Mountain,  
I've been drivin'  
All 'round Bald Mountain  
All my time, Buddy,  
Now's my time.
  
2. I've been drivin'  
When the Big Ben Tunnel,  
I've been drivin'  
When the Big Ben Tunnel,  
I've been drivin'  
When the Big Ben Tunnel  
And now my time, Buddy,  
Now's my time.
  
3. I've been drivin'  
Ever since Johnny was a baby,  
I've been drivin'  
Ever since Johnny was a baby,  
I've been drivin'  
Ever since Johnny was a baby  
He's a man, Buddy,  
He's a man.
  
4. Take the hammer  
Fallin' from my shoulder,  
Take the hammer  
Fallin' from my shoulder,  
Take the hammer  
Fallin' from my shoulder  
On the ground, Buddy,  
In the ground.

C

1. John Henry was a water boy  
Settin' on his papa's knee,  
John Henry cried out with a very loud voice  
That the hammer would be the death of me.
2. So they took John Henry  
And put him in the mine to drive.  
John Henry struck and the wall did shuck:  
"And there is nothin' but my hammer comin' down,  
And there is nothin' but my hammer comin' down."

John Henry cried out again  
With a very loud voice:  
"The hammer will be the death of me,  
The hammer will be the death of me."

John Henry had a little woman  
And her name was Julie Ann,  
Says, "She went down to the cut about half-past nine,  
And she hammered like a natural man,  
And she hammered like a natural man."

Says, "Who's gonner buy you a gown?"  
Says, "Who's gonner buy you gloves?"  
Says, "Who's gonner buy the shoes you wear?"  
Says, "Who's gonner be your man?"  
Says, "Who's gonner be your man?"

Says, "My papa's gonner buy me a gown,"  
Says, "My mama's gonner buy me gloves,"  
Says, "I'm gonner buy the shoes I wear,"  
Says, "I ain't gonner marry no man,"  
Says, "I ain't gonner marry no man."

7. John Henry says to the captain:  
"A man ain't nothing but a man."  
Says, "Let this steam drill beat me down,  
I'll die with my hammer in my hand,  
I'll die with my hammer in my hand."

*John Henry*

8. John Henry, he took sick and died  
And they buried him in the sand.  
And they wrote down at John Henry's head:  
"Here lies my steel drivin' man,  
Here lies my steel drivin' man."
9. John Henry had a little woman  
And the dress she wore was red.  
And she went down the track and she never looked back:  
"I'm goin' where John Henry fell dead,  
I'm goin' where John Henry fell dead."

*D*

1. John Henry was a water boy,  
A-settin' on his papa's knee,  
The steam drill on the right side,  
John Henry on the left,  
The Big Ben Tunnel on the C. C. and O.  
He laid down his hammer and he died.
2. John Henry had a little woman  
And the dress she wore was red.  
She went down the track and she never looked back:  
"I'm going where my man fell dead,  
I'm going where my man fell dead."
3. "Who's gonna buy the shoes you wear  
And the dress you wear so fine?"  
Says, "I got my shoes from a railroad man;  
And my dress from a man in the mines,  
And my dress from a man in the mines."

*E*

1. John Henry said before he would let  
Steam drill beat him,  
He would die with the hammer in his hand,  
He would die with the hammer in his hand.

2. When John Henry was a little boy  
He set upon his daddy's knee.  
He said when he died that nine pound hammer  
Would be the death of me,  
The hammer will be the death of me.

3. John Henry said before he died  
That he was a steel driving man;  
Before he would let that steam drill beat him down,  
He'd die with that hammer in his hand,  
He'd die with that hammer in his hand.

180

SWANNANOA TUNNEL.

The similarities of this song to some of the John Henry songs will be recognized. It is fairly logical to assume that the John Henry stanzas preceded those of "Swannanoa Tunnel" by a few years. Professor Guy B. Johnson in a letter of April 28, 1932, remarks:

"The relation of 'Swannanoa Tunnel' to John Henry work songs is something of a puzzle, and I have not investigated the tune derivations as much as I should. The tune in Lunsford and Stringfield is fairly common as a John Henry work song tune. As you have probably noticed, it is very similar to the tune in my book, p. 80, transcribed from a Brunswick phonograph record. I have never yet seen or heard a version of this tune which did not include a John Henry stanza, and I think this is pretty good evidence that the early history of the tune was closely connected with a work song about John Henry. The real derivation of the tune, of course, is probably to be found in an old hymn, but in its present secular usages, I am inclined to think that it has had a longer connection with John Henry than with the other work song types like 'Swannanoa Tunnel'."

See Campbell and Sharp, No. 91; Lunsford and Stringfield, p. 34; *Journal*, xxvi, 163.

"Swan O Tunnel." Obtained from Mrs. Rachel Brackett, granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Harmon, Varnell, Georgia, February, 1932.

*Swannanoa Tunnel*

1. I am going back to the Swan O Tunnel,  
For this is not my home, it not my home.
2. I didn't come here to get no learning,  
For I already knowed, I already knowed.
3. There is not another hammer in this tunnel  
That rings like mine, that rings like mine.
4. When you hear my bull dog barking,  
Some one around, some one around.
5. When you hear my pistol firing,  
Another man dead, another man dead.
6. Some one stole my blue eyed darling  
And got her and gone, they got her and gone.
7. Take this hamner and give it to my captain  
And tell I gone, and tell I gone.
8. For I did not come here to stay always,  
For this is not my home, it not my home.



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